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Organized November 1, 1883
PARTS I. and II.

Incorporated February 12, 1891
VOL. X.

ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS



HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

1915-1916

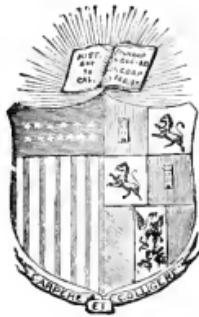
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CONTENTS

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Officers of the Historical Society, 1916, 1917.....	4
Aspects of the Study of History.....Rockwell D. Hunt....	5
Thirty-three Years of History Activities.....J. M. Guinn....	16
A History of Los Angeles Journalism....Julia Norton McCorkle....	24
A Presbyterian Settlement in Southern California.....James Main Dixon....	44
The Passing of the RanchoJ. M. Guinn....	46
The Great Los Angeles Real Estate Boom of 1887....Joseph Netz....	54
Gifts Made to the City of Los Angeles by Individuals.....Arthur Chapman....	69
James Harmon Hoose, A.M., PhD., LL.D.....Tully C. Knoles....	75
A List of Newspapers in the Los Angeles City Library.....C. C. Baker....	80
California's First American School and its Teacher.....Mary M. Bowman....	86
The Lost Islands of San Pedro Bay.....J. M. Guinn....	95
Brownies in Their Home Land.....James Main Dixon....	101
The Title of a Mexican Land Grant.....George Butler Griffin....	107
John Bidwell's Arrival in California.....Robert G. Cleland....	110
Meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical AssociationRockwell D. Hunt....	114
Commodore Stockton's Report.....J. M. Guinn....	116
A Letter of Don Antonio F. Coronel to Father J. Adam on the Founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles and the Building of the Church of our Lady of the Angels, with a Translation and CorrectionsGeorge Butler Griffin....	124
A Review of Newmark's "Sixty Years in Southern California".....J. M. Guinn....	128
REPORTS—	
Secretary's Report for Years 1915-16.....J. M. Guinn....	131
Treasurer's Report for Years 1915-16.....M. C. Bettinger....	132

Officers of the Historical Society

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ASPECTS OF THE STUDY OF HISTORY

ROCKWELL D. HUNT

It is my pleasant task to bring to your attention and urge upon your consideration a branch of human study—department of knowledge—which while not highly conducive to material ends, is yet most highly practical in its nature and admirably suited to widen, deepen and project the life. The subject is History.

And first of all, let us endeavor, with such care as we may in a few moments, to reach a just conception of history: for on the answer to the oft-recurring question, what is history? obviously depend its real importance and value.

The original Greek conception of *historia* was that of research, or investigation. Not the rigidly scientific method of research employed by historical critics today, but an investigation into and a setting forth of the great deeds of illustrious men, often with distinct bias. "Show me," Savage Landor makes one of his heroes say, "how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the generals and the statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence. Let the books of the treasury lie closed as religiously as the Sibyl's. Leave weights and measures in the market place; commerce in the harbor; the arts in the lights they love; philosophy in the shade. Place History on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her—Eloquence and War."¹ The Greeks "did not regard history as the simple narration of what had happened in the past, but rather (to use the words of Professor H. Morse Stephens) as a certain arrangement of a narrative of events so as to bring out certain ideas."² Some of the most conspicuous merits of Herodotus, as his simplicity and credulous good faith, would today, I fear, go far to condemn a writer in the eyes of historical criticism. It would be a doubtful compliment to a diligent historian to tell him he is a capital story teller. So Thucydides, the first of the philosophic historians, owes his brilliancy not so much to an accurate and impartial account of the age of which he wrote as to the faultlessly constructed speeches he put into his characters' mouths, but which in truth they never delivered.

1. Pericles and Aspasia. Quoted by Lecky, Pol. Value of Hist., 10-11.
2. Syllabus, History of Writing History, 5.

Modern conceptions of history are very numerous and widely different in scope; yet in all there is somewhat of common ground. In a comprehensive view these will for most part be found to be but different aspects of the one great truth. History is biography, we are told by Carlyle with oft-repeated emphasis. It is best understood from personalities. "The function of the historian," says Froude, "is to discover and make known great men." Emerson explains all history from the individual: "All public facts are to be generalized. Then at once History becomes fluid and true, Biography deep and sublime." So President Wheeler postulates, in his *Alexander the Great*, "History and Biography blend."

One step removed from this aspect of the biographies of heroes is the poet-philosopher's view that history is a great epic. "He (Carlyle) says it is a part of his creed that history is poetry, could we but tell it right." The only poetry there is is history. "All history is an imprisoned Epic, nay an imprisoned Psalm and Prophecy." Is there not then more of essential truth in the Homeric poem or the Shakespearean drama than in the jejune annals of the early chroniclers? "History has its foreground; and it is principally in the management of the perspective that one artist differs from another."¹ Macaulay here states an important partial-truth; and he is the consummate artist in the arrangement of glittering perspective.

But history, or the writing of history, is no longer to be considered only as an art. History is a science. Indeed, recent thought has so magnified the critical and rigidly scientific, frequently at the expense of the artistic and even the literary, that we are in danger of not being able soon to recover fully our sense of the beautiful and the picturesque in historical writing. Under the exhortation to leave off "fine writing" and rhetorical antithesis and account for everything in the calm, judicial spirit with scientific accuracy, are we not in danger of compromising the beauty, the attractiveness, the truth itself, of history? of making of real heroes mere colossal machines or veriest puppets? History viewed as science "is an attempt to interpret human life and human character by the record, however imperfect, of men's actions and their thoughts."² Can any science be more interesting or more dignified? But, after all, history cannot be claimed as an exact science. While we apply to historical construction a certain scientific methodology, it must be remembered that "Every historical image contains a large part of fancy."³ Adopting the words of Langlois and Seignobos: "The realities of the past are things which we do not observe, and which

1. Macaulay, *Essays*, I, 129.

2. Atkinson, *History and the Study of History*, 42-43.

3. Langlois and Seignobos, *Introd. to Study of History*, 222.

we can only know in virtue of their resemblance to the realities of the present."¹ Their study involves "an application of the descriptive sciences which deal with humanity, descriptive psychology, sociology or social science; but all these sciences are still but imperfectly established, and their defects retard the establishment of a science of history." The biologic concept of society, so recently urged in many quarters, has suffered many and serious reverses. The methods of the physical and biological sciences, resting upon objective observation, cannot be bodily super-imposed upon historical study, which clearly demands the subjective method in dealing with a developing social consciousness. Thomas Buckle, in his erudite history of civilization, made a heroic effort to reduce history to the status of a natural science. Everything, including the actions of men, was to be governed by strict law fully discoverable. The writings of Buckle teach a sort of historic fatalism, "reducing almost to nothing the action of individualities."² His efforts necessarily failed: it is safe to say his exact science of history has never yet been established. I know of no more significant commentary on this aspect of the subject than Professor H. Morse Stephens' Presidential Address before the American Historical Association, December, 1915, in which he confesses, with evident sadness, that "as student and teacher of history he has come to realize more and more the futility of pretended impartiality; and at the last he has yielded to the conviction that the first duty of the historical scholar is to grasp the fact that his limitations as a human being must ever debar him, even if the most complete material lies ready to his hand, from attempting more than a personal interpretation of some part or period of the past."³

At the opposite pole from the *ultra*-scientific stand such writers as Carlyle, Creasy and Lecky. "The older one becomes," said Lecky, "the more clearly one sees that King Hazard fashions three-fourths of the events in this miserable world." "Pascal tells us," he quotes, "that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole face of the world might have been changed." "Arletta's pretty feet, twinkling in the brook," wrote Creasy, "made her the mother of William the Conqueror. Had she not thus fascinated Duke Robert, the Liberal of Normandy, Harold would not have fallen at Hastings, no Anglo-Norman dynasty could have arisen, no British Empire."⁴

I must forego further illustration of the fortuitous and picturesque to remark that history is concerned with the *truth* about man.

1. *Op. cit.*, 224.
 2. Lecky, *Political Value of History*, 26.
 3. *Am. Hist. Review*, Jan., 1916, 225.
 4. *Decisive Battles*, ch. VIII.

Down to the middle of the nineteenth century history was reckoned a branch of literature. It is only in the last generation that the cardinal aim of historical writing has been generally discerned as knowledge, or truth pure and simple. It cannot now be too strongly emphasized that the first and most essential criterion of historical writing is its truthfulness.¹ But, interposes Macaulay, "perfectly and absolutely true it cannot be; for to be perfectly and absolutely true, it ought to record all the slightest particulars of the slightest actions. If history were written thus, the Bodleian library would not contain the occurrences of a single week,"—and, he might have added, the world would presently be filled with literary lumber. Hence we should qualify our statement and observe that history is concerned with the *important*. "The trivial must be eliminated. It is only the important, vital, enduring facts and ideas that go to make up 'history.'² The various peoples and states are to be studied comparatively. Professor Freeman has laid great emphasis on the comparative method. "My position, then," said he, "is that in all our studies of history and language . . . we must cast away all distinctions of 'ancient' and 'modern,' of 'dead' and 'living,' and must boldly grapple with the great fact of the unity of history."³ The best text-book writers of today are coming to accept the truth uttered long since by him when he pointed out, "We are learning that European history, from its first glimmerings to our own day, is one unbroken drama, no part of which can be rightly understood without reference to the other parts which come before and after it." It was Thomas Arnold who first taught that the political history of the world should be read as inter-related parts of a great unity. Ancient and modern, religious and political, are rolled together into the one long record of a related, unified Humanity.

We observe, also, in seeking data for a definition of history, with Professor Johnston, that "Man is the first postulate of history. He is the beginning and the end of it. He enacts it; he tells it; he accepts it as a message or gospel for guidance and self-realization."⁴ History, then, in its broad acceptation of the study of developing man—primitive man, man in civil society, man in politics and in the church, man wherever he touches *men*—is the most comprehensive and difficult, as well as the most attractive of all sciences. The historian must employ as handmaids to his study many other sciences. Indeed, there is no department of knowledge with which the perfect historian must not be familiar. Because History's

1. Cf., Johnston, A. H. A. 1893, p. 49; Langlois and Seignobos, 303.

2. Johnson, *op. cit.*, 50.

3. Unity of History, 303.

4. *Op. cit.*, 47.

horizon is so extended, the perfect historian is yet to seek. "The perfect historian," wrote Macaulay, "is he in whose work the character and spirit of the age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his character which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But by judicious selection, rejection and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. . . . He shows us the court, the camp and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. Man will not merely be described but will be made intimately known to us. A historian such as we have been attempting to describe would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakespeare or another Homer." Let us not be dismayed if we fall short of Macaulay's unattainable ideal!

Before attempting finally to define history, it will be well to mention one or two misconceptions for the sake of avoiding them. And first, chronology is not history. It should be a solace and a spur as well to the plodding youth to remember that learning history does not consist solely in the learning of dates. "Let us suppose," says Atkinson, "that you have got painfully into your memories, in their proper order, all the kings of England and Europe, and all the battles, . . . and all the rest of the compendium. You have no more got history than a man has got a house who has simply put up the frame of it." Insight is rather to be sought than information. The well-crammed cranium, without penetration and creative power, is imbecile. Annals, chronicles, and memoirs abound in the materials of history, but alone they do not constitute it.

Another misconception is that history is constituted of mere costume, or picturesque narrative. While there are many things in history that are picturesque, history itself must rest on the firm basis of important, ascertained facts and phenomena. Well selected fiction is an invaluable accessory to historical reading; but the chances are that he deceives himself who thinks that he reads real history in the novel. The vivacious descriptions of mediaeval chivalry in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, while possessing elements of truth and human interest, fail to disclose the prosaic dullness and hateful countenance of much of feudal society.

What, then, is history? Is it the book I hold in my hand—that is, a more or less complete narration and personal interpretation of the life of people; or is it the actual events and characters that have been imperfectly portrayed in the printed page; or is it the unfolding process of knowledge, the gradual emergence and course of social self-consciousness, which comprehends events and char-

acters and renders the book both possible and useful? In some proper sense it is all these if not still more than these. History is a harmonious combination, or synthesis, in due subordination, of the several partial conceptions and various aspects.

It must be remarked here, however, as is clearly hinted in the above questions, that history has its subjective and its objective side; that is to say, the empirical perception and apprehension by men of their related experience and social growth, and the events themselves—the overt acts—that mark the advancing subjective stages. Let me try to illustrate by means of the American Declaration of Independence. Certain forces, including geographical separation from the mother country, geographical unity over-seas, substantial ethnical unity and identity of interests "conspired, at last, to awaken the consciousness of the people of the thirteen colonies to the fact that they had attained the natural conditions of a sovereignty—a state."¹ Here was the subjective reality, an emerging social self-consciousness. "The revolution," as Professor Burgess points out, "was an accomplished fact before the declaration of 1776, and so was independence. The act of the Fourth of July was a notification to the world of *faits accomplis*. . . . The significance of the proclamation was this: a people testified thereby the consciousness of the fact that they had become, in the progressive development of history, one whole, separate and adult nation, and that they were determined to defend this natural status against the now no longer natural supremacy of a foreign state."² Finally, a contemporaneous or subsequent narrative of the subjective and objective phases of our great Declaration by a student of national life furnishes us with a third concept of history, namely, historical writing. Perfectly and absolutely accurate historical writing cannot be; even if we should grant that every detail of every event may be recorded with absolute fidelity, the narration would still be essentially untrue if it failed to reveal the *Zeitgeist*, to body forth the living atmosphere of time and place.

At this point one is tempted to indulge in some speculation on the philosophy of history, but it is emphatically true that a little philosophy is a dangerous thing. There is at least much truth in Hegel's dictum of human development conceived as a great process of self-realization. Subjectively, then, history is the progress in the larger consciousness of freedom: it becomes an active, self-conscious process of knowledge, ascertaining the world-life of humanity. Correcting the deductions of Hegel by the inductions of Spencer, we have the data of the evolution of society. In the noble words of Droysen: "History is humanity becoming and being

1. Burgess, Political Science, 1, 100.

2. *Ib.*

conscious concerning itself. The epochs of History are not the life periods of this 'I' of Humanity; . . . but they are stages of that ego's self-knowledge, its knowledge of the world and of God." Again: "To apprehend the moral world historically means to apprehend it according to its development and growth, according to the causal succession of its movements."

We are only beginning to recognize the stupendous force of the fact of human sociality. No man liveth to himself alone. "In plain prose," wrote Professor Small, nearly twenty years ago, "our lives, ourselves, are atoms of the life of humanity that has been working to form us through all the ages."¹ In the most recent textbook of sociology we read: "One's life is not his own, but is his share in the inheritance which comes down from a long social past, in turn to be transmitted, improved or degraded, to his successors."²

Society is just now becoming intelligent about itself. After untold centuries of association by men, the social mind becomes a concrete, if not organic reality, social consciousness emerges. Long after the dawning of the social consciousness, however, comes the social self-consciousness, which enables society to contemplate itself as an objectified reality and entity, and to set before itself the attainment of definite social aims. Without pursuing the thought further, it is sufficient to suggest that the solution of the problem of social teleology lies in the fact, as pointed out by Small, that, "The necessary working basis of social improvement today is accordingly the body of judgments lodged in the minds of living men about the things that are essentially desirable." It follows that, "There can be no very stable theories of social action until there are convincing standards of social aim."³

Having at length gained some conception of history itself, let us inquire, what is there attractive about history? Wherein lies its peculiar value? Can the busy youth of today really learn anything about history? It must be obvious that one cannot in a single paper fully answer these and numerous questions that suggest themselves. My main purpose, therefore, is now to set forth rapidly several practical considerations with the hope that they may suggest avenues of thought, and leave their more complete discussion and elaboration to others.

I hold that no study is in itself more attractive than history, or selected portions of history. Fact is always preferred to fiction, provided it is equally interesting. Even little children are delighted to learn that heroes were real, live men instead of make-believes,

1. Am. Journ. of Sociology, Sept., '97, p. 150.

2. Hayes, *Introd. to Sociology*, 355.

3. *Op. cit.*, 170.

and history is the record of the doings of humanity. Young men study physics, mathematics, manual training, and the like: but in such a list of subjects something is wanting to the complete rational education. "It is the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark," says Frederic Harrison.

"The proper study of mankind is man." "Whilst man is wanting, all the rest remains vague, and incomplete, and aimless." The one subject, the first postulate of history, is *man*. The paleolithic ax is a historical source, for it tells us of primitive man: the metropolitan newspaper is the greatest commentary on today's humanity. History is man's telegraph of the ages: its records bring us into converse with the nations of remotest past. With sound reason and telling force did the Committee of Seven on the Study of History in the Schools affirm: "If it is desirable that the High School pupil should know the physical world, that he should know the habits of ants and bees, the laws of floral growth, the simple reactions in the chemical retort, it is certainly even more desirable that he should be led to see the steps in the development of the human race, and should have some dim perception of his own place, and of his country's place, in the great movements of men."¹

The present is indissolubly bound to the past, which it cannot, even by the most colossal effort, throw entirely off. History is essential to progress. "Suppose . . . a man to be interested in any study whatever," to quote once more Mr. Harrison, "either in promoting general education, or eager to acquire knowledge for himself. He will find, at every step he takes, that he is appealing to the authority of the past, is using the ideas of former ages, or carrying out principles established by ancient but not forgotten thinkers. If he studies geometry, he will find that the first textbook put into his hand was written by a Greek 2000 years ago. If he takes up a grammar, he will be only repeating rules taught by Roman school-masters or professors. Or is he interested in art? He will find the same thing in a far greater degree . . . the moment he begins to act, to live or to think, he must use the materials presented to him, and . . . he can as little free himself from the influence of former generations as he can free himself from his personal identity: unlearn all that he has learned; cease to be what his previous life has made him, and blot out of his memory all recollection whatever."² Let one despise history as he will, he cannot escape it, he cannot utterly ignore it: let him be separated from mankind as was Robinson Crusoe; still he carries with him—it may be unconsciously—somewhat of history's rich legacy. If it were possible for one to render himself wholly in-

1. Com. of Seven, Rep., 16-17.

2. *Op. cit.*, 4

dependent of the past and of the present human environment, he would be little more than primitive man.

History is absolutely fundamental. Attention to its lessons makes men wisely conservative: wise conservatism leads to enduring progress. To be specific, note the ideal for legislators set by that eminent sociologist, the late Lester F. Ward: "History furnishes the statesman an additional basis for legislation . . . No man should consider himself qualified to legislate for a people who is not conversant with the history of modern nations at least, with their various systems of finance, revenue, taxation, public works, education, land surveying, patent and copyright law, military and naval equipment, general jurisprudence and constitutional, statute, and unwritten law. It will, of course, be said that few legislators are thus informed, and this is true, but these few will be the ones who will do most to shape the action of the State and will furnish examples to all who aspire to play a leading part in the political drama." It is by a proper interpretation of history that man throws himself into the stream of previous human endeavor and assists to carry on the work of the ages.

At this point may I quote the calm judgment of a thoughtful and suggestive writer as to the value of history to young men, Professor Wm. P. Atkinson, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: "In my serious judgment no study is half so valuable to young men engaged in the active pursuits of real life, as the real study of History, and all the preparatory and collateral work which a real study of History implies. I say a real study of History; for I do not mean by it that petty memorizing of miserable compendiums, the 'moths of history,' as Bacon long ago called them, which goes on in schools; nor do I mean . . . that pottering over the mere gossip of the past, that perusal of volume upon volume of 'memoirs of the unmemorable,' which passes for History with antiquarians. . . . By the study of History I mean that robust and manly grappling with the real problems of the Past which will make you more thoughtful, more useful, more far-seeing and wide-seeing men in the Present. . . . History is the record of the life of the past. It shows how the men of the past solved the ethical, religious, social, economic, political problems in their day and generation. The purpose of the wise man's studies is to learn how to solve his own life problem."¹

Mr. Atkinson's statement is cogent and comprehensive. It presumes collateral study of certain theoretical subjects. Thus, says Professor Seeley, "industrial facts cannot be understood without political economy, nor military facts without military science, nor

1. *Psychic Factors of Civilization*, 311.
2. *Right Use of Books*, 28-9.

legal facts without legal science, nor constitutional and legislative development without political science. I have gone further and laid it down that these theoretical subjects are the real object for which historical facts are collected and authenticated."¹

But we must not imagine that we can vitalize the past unless we can appreciate the history that is being enacted all about us. I have elsewhere said: "Local history is of value as furnishing, as it were, a first horizon or circumference to the young, expanding mind. As all knowledge proceeds from the known to the unknown, so the activities of other peoples in by-gone ages are made real to the pupil by process of ever-widening circumferences, in each case the point of departure being the *here* and the *now*."² History lies all about us and is daily in the making; much real history may be learned without reference to the ponderous and musty tomes of the library shelves.

But history is pre-eminently a knowledge of man's achievement in many ages, acquired through many books; and good books are the delight of an awakened intellect. It was the poet Southeby who once affirmed that the greatest pleasure in the world, next to domestic happiness, is that which is felt on opening a box of new books. Erasmus, that most zealous disciple of the New Learning, on one occasion wrote: "I have given up my whole soul to Greek learning, and as soon as I get any money I shall buy Greek books,—and then I shall buy some clothes."³ "Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library," says Emerson. "A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all countries in a thousand years have set in order the results of their learning and wisdom." Have a passion for books: treat good books as you would treat best friends. Bacon has finely called them "ships of thought," "voyaging through the sea of time and carrying their precious freight so safely from generation to generation."⁴ Hear Cicero's beautiful expression of History: "The witness of past ages, the light of truth, the life of memory, the guide of life, and the messenger of antiquity."

The history of the races and of mankind is worthy of study for its own sake—for its very truth—as a means of culture. It should be studied, again, because through its pursuit the imagination is rationally cultivated. A cultivated imagination, which is akin to philosophical insight and poetic instinct, is in some measure essential in commercial life, in social betterment, and in the interpretation of history itself and a just application of its truths to existing conditions. Let no student be guilty of asserting, "I hate

1. In Hall's *Methods*, 199.

2. Green, *Short History*, 306.

3. In Atkinson, *op. cit.*, 64.

history." Such a one has never well considered what it is he hates. He hates he knows not what; for surely he could never with seriousness assert: "I hate all the good and the great of all ages; I hate the illustrious law-giver, the wise reformer, the conquering hero; I hate the train of antecedents which have opened up this new world of freedom and cradled me in constitutional and religious liberty;—all these I steadfastly hate, and renounce all desire to know of them."

Let us then turn to history for its true and ennobling lessons, not with selfish desire or mercenary purpose. With Harrison: "Let this be our test of what history is and what it is not, that it teaches us something of the advance of human progress, that it tells us of some of those mighty spirits who have left their mark on all time, that it shows us the nations of the earth woven together in one purpose, or is lit up with those great ideas and those great purposes which have kindled the conscience of mankind."¹ The intellectual, the aesthetic, the social, and the ethical meet and combine in history: "Its most precious lessons are moral ones. It expands the range of our own vision and teaches us in judging the true interests of nations to look beyond the immediate future." So writes Lecky.² "History, indeed," said E. F. Coudert, "is of no use and preaches in a desert if its ghastly record bears with it no fruit in the way of lesson or of sermon."³

As students, as teachers, as men in society, I would exhort you to study history with earnest purpose. Make the test and prove that it is attractive, vitalizing, energizing, moral. Then may you sing with Emerson, the poet, the historian, the philosopher:

"I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain."

1. *Op. cit.* 10.

2. *Pol. Value of History*, 52.

3. *Forum*, July, 1894.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS OF HISTORY ACTIVITIES

BY J. M. GUINN

Read at the meeting of the Pacific Branch of the American Historical Association, San Diego, December 2, 1916.

Local historical societies are growing in importance as the cities and districts in which they are located age in years and increase in population.

The trials, tribulations and successes of one of these that has survived a third of a century and bids fair to be the chronicler of events in its particular field for centuries to come may be interesting and valuable to historians ambitious to become the founders of similar institutions. The first local historical society founded in California that has become a permanent institution and is also the oldest historical society in any State west of the Rocky Mountains was organized in Los Angeles thirty-three years ago.

On the evening of November 1, 1883, a little coterie of representative men met in a room in old Temple Block to form a historical society. Their names are as follows: Col. J. J. Warner, Don Antonio F. Coronel, ex-Governor John G. Downey, Gen. John Mansfield, Col. E. W. Jones, Prof. Ira Moore, Prof. Marcus Baker, James M. Guinn, C. N. Wilson, John B. Niles, Henry D. Barrows, Noah Levering, August Kohler, George Hansen and A. J. Bradfield. At an adjourned meeting the following were added to the roll of founders: Dr. J. P. Widney, Gen. Volney E. Howard, J. Q. A. Stanley, Edwin Baxter, George Butler Griffin, Horatio N. Rust and J. W. Redway. Of these twenty-two founders but three are living: Col. E. W. Jones, Dr. J. P. Widney and J. M. Guinn. Only one of them, J. M. Guinn, is now a member of the Society. Some of these men were new-comers, others were pioneers whose residence in the city covered periods of thirty, forty and fifty years. These had seen it grow from a little Mexican pueblo to a flourishing American city; had witnessed its transition from the inchoate and revolutionary domination of Mexico to the stable rule of the United States.

The object for which these men had met was clearly stated in the call, but the scope, the purpose and the province of an historical society were not very clear to them. There were those in that assemblage who doubted whether a society purely historical could

be maintained. There was not enough material in the city's history to arouse and to sustain an interest in the Society's proceedings. These argued that it would be better to organize a Society, dual in its purpose, part historical and part scientific. A few weeks later when a constitution was evolved, among the objects for which the Society was created were "the discussion of historical subjects, the reading of such papers and the trial of such scientific experiments as shall be determined by the General Committee." The Society was christened "The Historical Society of Southern California." The author of the constitution and the sponsor for the name was an enthusiastic State divisionist. He had hopes that when the illusory State of Southern California materialized into a commonwealth, our organization would become its State historical society. This General Committee deserves a passing notice. It was an autocratic decemvirate—a body of ten—that supervised the affairs of the Society. It decided who should become members, what papers should be read, what experiments tried and who should be admitted to the Society's meetings. It never tried a scientific experiment and censored but one paper, and that raised the wrath of its author above the boiling point and an explosion followed that eventually censored, by an amendment to the constitution, the General Committee out of existence.

The formation of our Society came at an opportune time in the city's history. Two years before—to be exact, September 4, 1881—the city had celebrated with considerable pomp and parade the hundredth anniversary of its founding. Before our Society, at its organization, stretched away back a century of ungleaned history. The only attempt to write a history of the city, up to that time, was the centennial history of the City and County, written by J. J. Warner, Benjamin Hayes and J. P. Widney in 1876. It was a fairly good history what there was of it. It condensed the story of a century into seventy-two pages.

That centennial celebration was a quaint mixture of the past and the present, a curious blending of the new with the old. In the procession rode the graceful cabellero on his silver-mounted saddle. Following the horsemen, came fashionable coupes and family carriages. Then came the weather-stained and travel-battered emigrant wagons of '49 and the early '50's fitted out with all the impedimenta that belonged to a trip the "plains across" even to the frowsy headed children peeping out from under the wagon covers, but they were home products of a recent date. The automobile was not in evidence.

In a creaking old wooden-wheeled carreta, the last of its kind, rode Benita, an ancient Indian lady reputed to be 115 years old. She was the belle of Yangna, the Indian Village down by the river,

when Los Angeles was born. She had witnessed the ceremonial founding of the little pueblo by Governor Felipe de Neve and the priests of San Gabriel, just a century before. No doubt she had dumbly wondered what it all meant. She had lived to realize that it meant the extinction of her people. She and her century-old companion who rode by her side were the last of their race.

Our Society early in its life was inspired with an ambition to purify history of the myth and fiction with which it is adulterated. In the first year of its existence it provided its Secretary with a "Historical Tablet, in which shall be recorded the corrections of Apoeryphal History, both local and general." Our Secretary, then George Butler Griffin, was a stickler for pure history. After a number of attempts to purify our local history of the numerous fictions incorporated into it he gave up in despair.

The particular *bête noir* that annoyed us at that time was the alleged Fremont Headquarters—an old adobe house on South Main Street, two miles below the then business center. Periodically its picture appeared in the local pictorial papers and it even crossed the continent and showed up in Eastern illustrated journals. Its appearance was usually accompanied by a historical context more or less erroneous according to the space the author had at his command. It was then occupied by a Chinese laundry. The Mongolian proprietor frequently exhausted all the expletives in the Chinese vocabulary on the souvenir hunters who were carrying away his domicile piecemeal for historical relics. The march of improvement finally overtook the old adobe and trampled it into dust.

This in brief is its history: It was built five or six years after Fremont and his battalion were out of the service of the United States. In 1856 when Fremont was a candidate for the presidency, a party opened a saloon in the building and named his resort "Fremont's Headquarters." In the three decades of our Society's existence some of us have tried to exorcise other of these phantoms of illusory history, but, like Banquo's ghost, they would not down at our bidding. A company of real estate promoters once offered to build a hall for our Society inclosing the old adobe, provided we would indorse the scheme and help them to sell stock. The hall was not built.

Although a transformation had been steadily going on in its civic and social conditions, Los Angeles at the beginning of its second century still retained some of its old pueblo customs. The Mayor had taken the place of the Alcalde and the Court of First Instance had become the Police Court: the Mayor still acted as Judge, and Monday, as of old, was judgment day.

The fire department had recently been re-constructed. The bucket brigade and the old hand brake machine had given place

to a steam fire engine, and a bell had been substituted for the old alarm system which consisted of three revolver shots fired in quick succession, a pause and three more. The alarmist kept banging away until the machine came or his ammunition gave out. Hearing the alarm the fire laddies rallied at the fire house, harnessed themselves to the machine and trotted off in the direction of the alarm; they always reached the fire in time at least to play on the ruins.

There was one institution that had come down to us from the Spanish founders of the pueblo that was still in full force and effect, and that was the zanja, or open ditch system of water distribution for irrigation. The first communal work that the pobladores did after the ceremony of the founding was over was the construction of the Zanja Madre or Mother ditch.

For a century the maternal zanja and her brood of branches had watered the arable lands within the city limits and even beyond. At the beginning of the second century the zanja system was still in its prime and was one of the city's most prized possessions; and well it might be; it had cost a royal patrimony in pueblo lands. One brief illustration must suffice. Branching off from the Zanja Madre near First and Los Angeles Streets, Zanja No. 6 paralleled Main to near Fifth Street, then it angled in an open channel across Main, Fort (now Broadway), Olive and Hill, now all business streets. It debouched into Central Park at Fifth Street; from there it meandered away out to Adams Street, where it watered the orange groves and vineyards of that rural suburb, now the center of the city's aristocracy.

Where now the alternate jam and rush of street cars, automobiles and motor-cycles vex the traffic officers and keep the pedestrians at the crossing in constant fear and dread, then the bare-footed school boy on a hot summer's day bathed his feet in the flowing waters of the zanja. That zanja was not an important one as zanjas ranked in those days, yet in the light of present land values it ranks as the most costly improvement the city ever made.

A few years before, the City Council had given two of our enterprising citizens a body of city land approximating one hundred acres extending from Main to Grasshopper (now Figueroa) Streets, and lying between Seventh and Ninth Streets, for the construction of that zanja. That land is now in the heart of the new business section and is rapidly rising in value. At a conservative estimate it is worth fifty million dollars. The city authorities at that time considered they had received full value for the few acres they had given away from the royal patrimony of twenty-seven thousand acres of pueblo lands that we had inherited from Mexico or rather, to be historically correct, we had wrested from her by force. Had they foreseen that posterity would plant business blocks where they

planted trees and grow sky scrapers where they grew grain, they might have found some other means of paying for that ditch and thus escaped the wailings and railings of ungrateful posterity over a lost patrimony.

The zanja system once so important has disappeared from our city as completely as if it had never existed. There is no trace on our modern city maps of the course of the Zanja Madre and her branches. No ordinance in our Civic Code metes out punishment to the culprit who pollutes her waters. No autocratic zanjero defies Jupiter Pluvius, God of rain, when he withholds the refreshing showers. Gone, all gone and forgotten, and yet there was a time when the zanja system was the municipality's most valued possession.

I have wandered off into this digression to show that there are fields of local history uncleaned, untouched, and to assure our local historians that the fear of some of our founders that there was not history enough in our city's past to keep their pens busy is unfounded. Had our Society done nothing more than record the wonderful growth and development of Southern California, the founding of its many cities and towns, the passing of systems and customs and the changing of conditions that have taken place in the past thirty-three years, it would deserve well of its constituents.

It has seen the City of Los Angeles expand in area from twenty-seven square miles to three hundred, and to grow in population from fourteen thousand to half a million. When our Society was born, Pasadena, now a city of millionaires, had a post-office and a cross-roads grocery, these and nothing more in the shape of a city.

Long Beach, that seaside metropolis of marvelous growth, was then a burg of a few board houses and was struggling along under the name of Willmore City. It was trying to attract inhabitants by promising to be very, very good and to exclude forever from its domain intoxicating drinks. Its promises were regarded as pipe dreams. How could a city live and thrive without stimulants? There was not then a temperance city in the State.

Our Society has directed its activities and most of its means to the collection and publication of historical papers. In its thirty-three years it has issued thirty-two annuals, aggregating about three thousand pages. We have published nine volumes and have the tenth ready for the press. We have expended about \$4,000 in publication. Of the three hundred monograph papers published, the principal subjects treated upon are history and biography, but the contributors occasionally wander into other fields of literature. Nor are the subjects confined to the district from which we take our Southern California name, but include the whole State and history in general. We have done the work of a State historical society

without the State aid that always goes to such societies. We have never received a nickle from State, County or City.

Our books have a wide circulation. We have distributed about 10,000 copies. Besides their distribution among members, they have gone into England, France, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Italy and Spain. They have crossed the wide Pacific to Australia and New Zealand. They may be found in the libraries of historical societies and universities in the Dominion of Canada.

Our exchange list in the United States includes many of the leading historical societies, universities and scientific associations. Through exchange we are constantly adding to our library, which now numbers over five thousand titles. Our publications are used for reference in the teaching of local history which has recently been introduced in the Course of Study in our Los Angeles City schools.

In our earlier years we had ambitions that were never realized, and schemes for the upbuilding of our Society that failed. The original by-laws of the Society provided for Standing Committees in History, Geology, Meteorology, Conchology, Botany, Genealogy and Heraldry, Mineralogy, Entomology and Archaeology. These Committees were supposed to report annually on the work done in their several fields. Four reports were published in the Annuals of 1890 and 1891. The chairman of the Meteorology Committee proved that the growing of trees will not increase the rainfall, and he of the Geological Committee put out the internal fires and cooled the molten mass at the earth's center. The Chairman of the Genealogy and Heraldry Committee showed the great value of knowing who were your forbears and what titles might be hanging on your family tree. A bluff member of the Committee made one more to the point. He said the Committee had found no scions of royalty in Los Angeles and the only titled gents were Kentucky Colonels. His report was considered an insult to the numerous generals and judges who out-ranked the colonels. An amendment to the By-Laws put the Committees in the discard.

Another of our activities that failed was an effort to secure files of all the newspapers published in Southern California. We entered into an agreement with the proprietors of the papers to exchange publications, we to give copies of our annuals for files of their papers. We soon had daily and weekly papers from Inyo County to San Diego and from Arizona to the sea coast coming regularly. Our object was to bind these in volumes and thus secure histories of all the cities and towns of the Southland. The papers kept coming, but the money to bind them did not materialize. They stacked to the ceiling and weighed tons on the floors of the room where they were stored. Five times I superintended the removal of

this mass of papers, then I donated them to the Public Library. A new librarian turned them back upon us.

About four years ago I dumped them into the basement of the Museum of History. There, with the boxed remains of saber-toothed tigers, giant sloths, mastodons and other antediluvians that have come over from the scientific department of the Museum they rest in peace. Some of these papers would be valuable as curios. They contain the ancient history of some of the cities of the boom that perished and left no ruins. They existed on paper only or in the imagination of their promoters. Our efforts to secure a library of newspaper files reacted on the files of our own publications. Our exchange exhausted our supply of our annuals from 1885 to 1890, which compose our first volume. In the twenty-five years that I have acted as Secretary and Curator I have had numerous requests for that first volume. An eastern university has a standing offer of \$3.00 for one of these annuals, a pamphlet of 43 pages, to complete its file of our publications.

Of the historical value of our publications it is not for me to make an estimate. Our aim is to publish original matter in preference to learned disquisitions of historical questions. Of the nineteen documents from the Sutro Collection translated by George Butler Griffin, a former president, and composing Vol. II of our publications, seventeen had never before been printed. They are copies of original historical material obtained from the *Archivo General de Indias* at Seville, Spain, by Mr. Sutro.

We made three efforts to secure a hall of our own before we succeeded. The first was in 1892. We joined with the Trustees of the Public Library and induced the City Council to call a bond election to vote a bond issue of \$50,000 to build a library building in Central Park, we to have rooms in it. The election was called. Then the oratorical freaks that at that time aired their eloquence in that free forum, Central Park, the Silurians who could see no necessity for such a building and the men afraid of taxes all rose up and went to the polls and voted down our scheme.

Our next effort was in 1905. A bill was introduced into the Legislature appropriating \$125,000 to erect a building in Los Angeles to be used jointly by the newly created Appellate Court and the Historical Society. It passed both houses of the Legislature and went to the Governor (Pardee). We kept the telegraph wires hot with appeals for his signature to the bill, but he finally vetoed it. Our third effort was in conjunction with the County Supervisors. The Museum of History, Science and Art located in Exposition Park was completed in 1912, and our library and collection moved into it. We have one wing of the building 50 by 100 feet, with a main floor, a balcony and a basement. The basement is filled with our

boxed newspapers and the caged remains of Silurians from the Brea pits, west of the city, but they are not dangerous. They do not vote like those that killed our library scheme long ago.

By not having a permanent place for our collections, we lost a golden opportunity to secure a valuable collection of curios, historical relics and Spanish manuscripts which were more plentiful and more easily obtained in our earlier years than now. To six different places we moved our collection while in the Court House and County building. Its last resting place before it went to the Museum of History was a dark basement under the Bridge of Sighs, a causeway that leads from the jail to the Hall of Justice, over which criminals pass to judgment.

Such is the story of the life and activities of one historical society, from infancy to mature years. What its future may be, the founders leave to the rising generation—that intangible thing that is forever rising but seems never to get up.

The life of a society is very similar to that of an individual. It begins with a struggle for existence and keeps it up through life. It has its successes and its failures; its trials and its triumph; its ambitions that are not always realized; and its hopes that do not materialize; its life may be three score and ten, or more, or it may be the ten or less with the scores left off. Infantile paralysis is often as fatal to societies as to individuals.

A HISTORY OF LOS ANGELES JOURNALISM

BY JULIA NORTON MCCORKLE

This paper aims to give a brief survey of the history of Los Angeles journalism from its beginning in 1851 to the present date. For the history of the earlier publications I am very greatly indebted to Mr. J. M. Guinn's History of Los Angeles and his paper on the Los Angeles *Star* in Vol. 5 of the Historical Society's documents. For the history of the intermediate years, material has been gathered largely from the city and newspaper directories. For the history of the present-day journals, the directories have also been used and other information has been gained through interviews with editors and publishers of papers, and through files and current issues of papers.

A history of Los Angeles publications is largely a graveyard record. Probably there is no profession which suffers so much as journalism from brilliant and promising beginnings, steady downhill career, and hurried and ignominious endings. The spirit of risk, which is a necessary qualification for the newspaper man, seems to lead naturally to journalistic ventures.

Los Angeles has her literary graveyard. That she also has a large number of living and flourishing publications is an indication of the size of her journalistic burying-ground.

Newspaper publication has a later date for its beginning in Southern California than in other parts of the state, owing to the fact that Southern California was largely a ranch and cattle country, with little population outside of the native Spanish-speaking Californians. No newspapers were published in any part of California while the state was under Spanish and Mexican control. On August 15, 1846, thirty-eight days after Commodore Sloat took possession of the territory in the name of the United States, the first California newspaper, *The Californian*, was published by Semple and Colton in Monterey. The gold discovery in 1848 brought crowds of Easterners to the Western coast. Their coming gave impetus to California journalism, and by 1850 all the leading mining towns had established newspapers.

Late in the year 1850, the first suggestion for a newspaper in Southern California was made to the city council of Los Angeles. At a meeting of that body held October 16, 1850, Theodore Foster presented a petition proposing to establish a newspaper in Los Angeles and asking for the grant of a lot for his printing establish-

ment. His original choice of a site "situated at the northerly corner of the jail" shows that he was strongly endowed with the journalistic sense and thoroughly awake to the chief source of news. Foster was not given this exact location, although he was granted a lot by the City Council.

The records of the City Council for October 30, 1850, contain this entry: "Theodore Foster gave notice that he had selected a lot back of Johnson's and fronting the canal as the one where he intended establishing his printing house; and the Council resolved that he be granted forty varas each way." The site of Foster's printing office was opposite the Bell block, which stood on the southeast corner of Aliso and Los Angeles Streets.

On the seventeenth of May, 1851, appeared the first issue of the first newspaper ever published in Southern California, *La Estrella de Los Angeles*, or the Los Angeles *Star*. Foster had dropped out of the enterprise before this date. The two English pages were edited by John A. Lewis and the two Spanish ones by Manuel Clemente Rojo. The *Star* was a four-page, five-column paper 12x18 inches in size. Subscribers paid in advance at the rate of ten dollars a year. The price of advertising was two dollars per square for the first insertion; one dollar for each subsequent insertion. The circulation did not exceed two hundred and fifty copies.

The individual history of any of these early publications is a record of numerous changes both in the editorial and in the managerial administration. During the twenty-eight years between its origin and final publication, the *Star* was not published for four years, suffered an alteration of name when it changed from a weekly to a daily, and experienced sixteen or seventeen changes in the personnel of its officers.

By August 1, 1853, less than two and a half years since its first issue, the paper was completely out of the hands of its original owners. In December, 1855, the Spanish department was transferred to *El Clamor Publico*, which had begun publication June 8, 1855. Between October 1, 1864, and May 16, 1868, the paper was suspended, the press and type being sold to Gen. Phineas Banning, who used it in the publication of the Wilmington *Journal*. June 1, 1870, the *Daily Star* began publication, the second daily in Los Angeles. During the last fifteen months of its existence, the *Star* had several different managers and editors, and represented three or four parties. Early in 1870 it was attached by the sheriff for debt. The plant and files were stored away and later destroyed by fire.

How many papers were published for at least a brief time during these early years it is impossible to ascertain with any exactitude. The following papers have found a place in Los Angeles histories:

The *Southern Californian*, a weekly publication with one Spanish page, had a short life of only three years, being published from July 20, 1854, to 1857.

El Clamor Publico, the first paper in Los Angeles entirely printed in Spanish and the first Republican paper of the city, was the organ of the better class of native Californians of the South between the dates June 8, 1855, and December 3, 1859, when it suspended publication for want of support.

The *Southern Vineyard*, a four-page weekly devoted to general news, began publication in 1858, using the press and materials of the *Southern Californian*, which had been discontinued the previous year. For a while it was published as a semi-weekly, and in the two years of its life veered from a mildly Democratic interest to an equally mild Republican one. It was discontinued in 1860.

The *Christian Church*, a monthly devoted to religious subjects, was printed in English and Spanish at *El Clamor* office during a few months of 1859, after which it was discontinued for lack of support.

January 18, 1860, the *Semi-Weekly Southern News* began publication. It seems to have had a very successful career. It was twice enlarged before October 8, 1862, when its name was changed to the Los Angeles *Semi-Weekly News*. With the issue of January 12, 1863, it became the Los Angeles *Tri-Weekly News*. It was three times enlarged before January 1, 1869, when it was succeeded by the Los Angeles *Daily News*, the first daily in Los Angeles. It was issued daily except Sunday, at a subscription price of twelve dollars a year. It was again enlarged twice before its final suspension in 1873, after a life of thirteen years.

Amigo Del Pueblo, a Spanish weekly, independent in politics, began publication November 15, 1861, and in May, 1862, announced its suspension for want of adequate support.

The Los Angeles *Chronick*, a German weekly journal, existed from May 19, 1869, to August, 1870, when it also stopped publication for lack of support.

La Cronica, a Spanish weekly, was established May 4, 1872. With the issue of February 1, 1873, it became a semi-weekly; was twice enlarged; and in 1892 was sold, changing its name to *Las Dos Repùblicas*.

The *Sued Californische Post*, first issued July 25, 1874, by Conrad Jacoby, seems to have filled a definite want. In 1880 it was the only German paper published in Southern California. After a life of forty years it was discontinued in August, 1914, only because the *Germania Daily* began publication.

The *School-Master*, established in 1876, and edited by Dr. W. T. Lucky, superintendent of city schools, was the organ of the public

schools of the county. The resignation and removal of Dr. Lucky from the state caused its discontinuance at the end of its second year.

The *Evening Republican* was founded in June, 1876. During most of its existence a weekly edition also was published. In September, 1878, the daily was discontinued for lack of support, and a few months later, in January, 1879, the weekly ceased publication.

L'Union, a French weekly, democratic in politics, existed from August, 1876, until March, 1880.

The *Daily and Weekly Journal* began life June 23, 1879, as an evening paper, but later in the season changed to a morning issue. It was a Republican paper. Its history after September, 1879, is uncertain, but it has no connection with a present Republican paper called the *Los Angeles Daily Journal*.

The *Los Angeles Daily Commercial*, first issued in 1879, was a Republican paper, devoted mainly to the interests of the Pacific Coast. The date that publication ceased cannot be determined.

The papers whose history has been thus briefly outlined are those started during the first thirty years of Los Angeles journalism, i.e., between 1850 and 1880, and now no longer existent. A brief historical account follows of those papers and magazines of the first three decades which are still published.

The *Wilmington Journal*, the first newspaper published in Los Angeles County outside of the city, used the old press of the *Star*, sold to Phineas Banning in 1864. It existed between 1864 and 1868, and ceased publication when the prosperity of Wilmington, during war times the liveliest town on the coast, declined, following the removal of troops. The date that re-publication commenced is not certain, but a paper of that name is now published at Wilmington.

The *Los Angeles Express*, the oldest daily now published in Los Angeles, is nearing the half-century mark. It was founded March 27, 1871, by an association of practical printers. It was Republican in politics. Under the editorship of Col. James J. Ayers from 1876 to 1882, it was independent with a democratic bearing in national politics. In 1886 The Evening Express Company was incorporated. In 1900 E. T. Earl bought the *Express* and erected a three-story brick building on Fifth Street, between Broadway and Spring. The *Express*, together with a morning paper called the *Tribune*, which began publication in 1911, is now published by the Express-Tribune Company on Hill Street, between Seventh and Eighth.

The *Los Angeles Weekly Mirror*, a small four-page sheet started February 1, 1873, was published Saturdays and distributed free. One of its two founders, Jesse Yarnell, had been a member of the association which founded the *Express* in 1871. In 1875 the paper

was enlarged and its subscription price placed at one dollar a year. In August, 1880, the subscription price was raised to two dollars. In December, 1881, when the *Daily Times* was started, the *Mirror* became practically its weekly edition, but retained its original name for a while.

The *Daily and Weekly Herald*, which began publication October 3, 1873, was sold in August, 1874, to a stock company whose membership was largely made up of grangers. It was edited and managed by J. M. Bassett in the interest of, and as an organ of, the Grange. With the decline of the patrons their organ was sold in October, 1876, to Joseph D. Lynch, who had, the previous year, bought a half partnership in the Los Angeles *Express*. He retired from active interest in the *Express* and took editorial charge of the *Herald*. The *Express* was virtually an evening edition of the *Herald*, under the editorship of Col. James J. Ayers, who in the fall of 1886 bought a half interest in the *Herald*. Lynch and Ayers were old-time newspaper men and they made the *Herald* the leading Democratic journal of Southern California, if not of the state. In October, 1894, Lynch and Ayers sold the paper to a syndicate of leading Democratic politicians. After various changes it was sold July 7, 1900, to a syndicate composed largely of men interested in the petroleum industry. Publication was conducted, as formerly, under the *Herald Publishing Company*, but the new manager changed the politics from Democratic to Republican. The paper was enlarged and greatly improved in typographical appearance. Its motto was, "No enemies to punish—no special friends to serve." In 1904 it was again sold to a syndicate. It is now under the control of William Randolph Hearst.

In September, 1877, the first number of the *Southern California Horticulturist* was issued by the Southern California Horticultural Society. It was free to all members of the society, but had, for others, a subscription price of two dollars. In January, 1880, Carter and Rice obtained control and issued it under the name *Semi-Tropic California and Southern California Horticulturist*. It managed to exist under this burdensome name for three issues. Then, when Carter had retired, Rice changed its name to the *Rural Californian*, by which name it was known until 1914, when it consolidated with the *California Cultivator*, which had begun publication in 1889.

L'Union Nouvelle, a French Democratic weekly, was started June 1, 1879, by P. Ganee, the original editor of *L'Union*. It is still published as a weekly, but now is independent in politics.

In 1880, more than half of the publications started had come to a close, most of them for acknowledged lack of support. None of the six papers of the first decade still existed. Many of the later ones had ceased publication, some of them after less than a year.

of life. A great deal is heard in these days about the power of the press, but any review of former journalism emphasizes the utter powerlessness of the press which cannot gain a hearing—the absolute financial dependence of most publications.

Since 1880 there has been scarcely a year in which several periodicals have not been courageously started, many of them to pass into oblivion after a very short life. Since 1880, a little over thirty-five years ago, have been started four of the six leading daily papers of Los Angeles, besides most of the successful magazines now published in the city.

The *Times*, an independent Republican paper established in 1881, is edited by Gen. Harrison Gray Otis. Since the printers' strike in 1890, it has vigorously opposed union labor, an opposition which resulted October 1, 1910, in the dynamiting of the *Times* Building. The publication of the paper, however, was not suspended, for with the use of an old press stored in another building, an edition was issued the next morning.

The *Los Angeles Record*, one of the Scripps-McRae chain of papers, independent of advertising, is an evening paper started in 1895.

The *Los Angeles Examiner*, a morning daily published by William Randolph Hearst, was started in December, 1903, at the inducement of the labor unions, who felt the support of only one paper, the *Record*, insufficient. "The Typographical Union, with the support of labor in general, made financial pledges and promised a definite circulation to Mr. W. R. Hearst to establish a morning newspaper in the city supporting their interests." The labor policy of the paper was definitely stated in the first issue. Within a few months, however, this radical support of labor ceased.

The *Los Angeles Tribune*, a morning daily affiliated with the evening *Express*, began publication in 1911.

There are now published in Los Angeles one hundred and twenty-one papers, journals and magazines, concerning which definite data can be supplied. These are tabulated below according to frequency of publication, according to object or material handled, and according to age.

FREQUENCY OF PUBLICATION

Daily	12
Weekly	50
Semi-monthly	3
Monthly	48
Bi-monthly	3
Five times a year.....	1

Quarterly	2
Annual	1
Unclassified	1
Total.....	121

PURPOSE

Religions and cults.....	13
Finance, trade, professional.....	23
Foreign	18
Suburban	13
Political	8
Club and fraternal.....	10
Sports	8
Agricultural	4
Photoplays	2
Literary	2
Art and music.....	2
Miscellaneous	18

Total.....	121
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FOREIGN

Spanish	7
<i>Las Buenas Nuecas</i> (Bi-M).	
<i>El Correo Mexicano</i> (W).	
<i>El Eco de Mexico</i> (W).	
<i>El Mensajero Cristiano</i> (M).	
<i>El Mexicano</i> (Q).	
<i>La Pluma Roja</i> (W).	
<i>La Prensa</i> (W).	
Japanese	2
<i>L. A. Morning Sun</i> (D).	
<i>Rafu Shimpo</i> (D).	
German	2
<i>Deutsche Presse</i> (W).	
<i>Germania</i> (D).	
Negro	2
<i>L. A. Post</i> (W).	
<i>The New Age</i> (W).	
French	1
<i>L'Union Nouvelle</i> (W).	
Italian	1
<i>L'Italio Americano</i> (W).	

South Slavonian	1
<i>Novo Vrijeme</i> (W).	
Swedish	1
<i>California Vcekoblad</i> (W).	
Yiddish	1
<i>Progress</i> (W).	
 Total.....	 18

AGE OF PUBLICATION

1850-1859	0
1860-1869	1
1870-1879	4
1880-1889	8
1890-1899	16
1900-1909	34
1910-1915	146
Unclassified	12
 Total.....	 121

A general survey of the whole journalistic situation in Los Angeles leads to the conclusion that, in spite of the number of publications issued, the real journalistic field is small, and Los Angeles is very far from being a publishing city. Nearly all of the journals and magazines are class publications, published in the necessarily narrow interests of some organization. Los Angeles is a city of cults and isms, and each one establishes its organ for the dissemination of its doctrines. Besides these publications of restricted scope, there are a number of suburban papers, each of which handles the local news of a small section of the city. There are several publications whose object is literary, but there is none which passes or aims to pass beyond purely local interest.

A great many of the journalistic ventures of the city are one-man enterprises. Several of the publications are written, almost without exception, entirely by the editor.

One of the points which is most impressive, in a general survey of the field, is the mushroom character of the growth of Los Angeles publications. Springing up suddenly, the publication not infrequently has a very brief period of prosperity (at least on the surface), then languishes, and finally ceases publication, only to be succeeded in a short time by other publications with the same affiliation or purpose.

Los Angeles newspapers rank well with the newspapers of other cities. Los Angeles journals and magazines are not such that they can aspire to any national recognition.

FORMER LOS ANGELES PUBLICATIONS

The following list of publications which are no longer published in Los Angeles does not claim to be final. Doubtless there are many publications of short life which never found their way into the newspaper directories. Of such there is now no public record. A second hindrance to the absolute accuracy of the list is the impossibility of determining in some cases whether publication was actually stopped or whether the magazine was merged in another of different name. The date of founding may be found to vary a year or so from the exact date, since there is great discrepancy in the directories for the various years. Still another hindrance to the completeness of the list is the inaccessibility in Los Angeles of the newspaper directories for certain years.

The following directories were available and were consulted: Rowell's *Newspaper Directory*, 1887, 1892, 1893, 1896, 1900, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1907, 1908; Ayer's *American Newspaper Directory and Annual*, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1914, 1915.

Wherever possible the date that publication ceased has been determined. In most cases, however, it has been necessary to use the date in which the magazine disappeared from the directories.

1851	Los Angeles Star—W—(1870-D).....	1879
1854	The Southern Californian—W.....	1857
1855	El Clamor Publico (1st paper in Spanish).....	1859
1858	The Southern Vineyard—W.....	1850
1859	The Christian Church—M.....	1859
1860	The Los Angeles News—Semi-W.—(1869-D).....	1873
1861	Amigo del Pueblo (Sp.)—W.....	1862
1869	Los Angeles Chronick (Ger.)—W.....	1870
1872	La Cronica (Sp.)—W.—(1892 became Los Dos Republicas)	
1874	Sued-Californische Post—W.—(Discontinued when Germany Daily began publication, August, 1914).....	1914
1876	The School-Master (Organ of County Public Schools)	1876
1876	The Evening Republican—D. & W.—(1878 Daily discontinued; 1879 Weekly discontinued).....	1879
1876	L'Union (Fr.)—W.....	1880
1879	The Daily and Weekly Journal—Rep.....	
1879	Los Angeles Daily Commercial—Rep. and devoted mainly to interests of Pacific Coast	
1881	Mining and Metallurgical Journal—Semi-M....Bet. 1900-03	
1881	Pacific Coast Bullion—Semi-M.—Mining....Bet. 1896-1900	
1882	Advocate—W.—Ind.	Bet. 1890-92
1882	Porcupine—W.—Ind.	Bet. 1896-1900
1883	Censor—W.	Bet. 1887-92
1884	Parish Churchman—M.—Prot. Episc.....	Bet. 1890-92

1884	Le Progres—W.—(Official organ of French Benevolent Society of L. A.).....	Bet. 1896-1900
1885	Christian Advocate—W.—M. E. South.....	Bet. 1890-92
1885	Trade Journal—Semi-M.—Commercial	Bet. 1887-92
1886	So. Cal. Christian Advocate—Semi-M.—M. E....	Bet. 1893-96
1886	Sunday Social World—W.—Social.....	Bet. 1900-03
1886	Tribune—Morn.—Rep.	Bet. 1890-92
1901	Higher Science—M.—Science.....	Bet. 1905-07
1901	Pacific Home Journal—M.....	Bet. 1903-04
1901	Union Labor News—W.—Labor.....	1915
1901	Western Investments—M.—Finan.....	Bet. 1905-07
1902	Common Sense—W.—Socialism.....	Bet. 1907-08
1902	The Liberator—W.—Local (Negro)	1914
1902	Pictorial American—M.—Lit.....	Bet. 1912-14
1902	Socialist—W.—Socialism	Bet. 1904-05
1902	Western Mechanic—W.—Labor.....	Bet. 1903-04
1903	Humanitarian Review—M.—Ethical Cult.....	Bet. 1912-14
1903	Pacific Sporting News—W.—Sports.....	Bet. 1904-05
1903	Ye Sou. Cal. Elk—M.—(1907—Golden Elk)....	Bet. 1908-10
1903	Young Men—W.—Y. M. C. A.....	Bet. 1907-08
1905	Cal. Products—M.—Fruit Trade, Wine.....	Bet. 1907-08
1905	Financier—W.—Finan.....	Bet. 1908-10
1905	Pacific Fancier—M.—Poultry and Pet Stock....	Bet. 1910-11
1906	National Visitor—M.—Lit.	Bet. 1912-14
1907	Am. Journal of Eugenics—Bi-M.—Sociolog....	Bet. 1911-12
1907	The Rounder—W.—Theatrical	Bet. 1914-15
1908	The Bystander—M.—Lit.—(Consolidation of Little Devil 1905 and Little Classic 1907).....	Bet. 1912-14
1908	Oil and Mining Digest—Fortn'tly	Bet. 1912-14
1908	Oil Industry—M.—Trade	Bet. 1912-14
1908	Tribun—W.—Ind.—(Swedish)	Bet. 1911-12
1909	Pacific Ocean—W.—(Russian)	Bet. 1912-14
1909	Southwest Druggist—M.—Pharmaceutic	Bet. 1911-12
1910	Arroyoside Forum—W.—Local	Bet. 1912-14
1910	Democrat—W.—Dem.	Bet. 1912-14
1910	Truth—W.—R. R. men	Bet. 1911-12
1910	World-Wide Publicity—Semi-M.—Adv.	Bet. 1911-12
1911	Aviation—M.—Aeronautic	Bet. 1912-14
1911	The Jewish Herald—M.....	Jan., 1913
1911	Pacific Prohibitionist—W.....	Bet. 1912-13
1912	Jewish Weekly News—(Merged June, 1913, in Cal. Criterion—discontinued)	Jan., 1914
1912	Municipal News—W.....	1913

FORMER PUBLICATIONS OF RECENT YEARS

Data Lacking

Ancient and Mystic Aryans—Stopped 1912 or 1913
 Benton's City Guide
 Call of the West
 The Character Builder—Stopped 1912
 Commercial Review
 Concrete Era
 Daily Commercial Chronicle—Stopped 1915
 Daily Market Reporter.
 L. A. Real Estate Bulletin and Building News.
 Mexico.
 The Pacific Eastern Star—Merged into Southwestern Free-mason.
 Pan-American Progress.
 The Program—(Theatres, Amusements, Sports.)
 Railway Investment Magazine.
 The Tatler.
 The Thinkograph.
 The Weakly Freak—(Humorous Magazine)—Stopped 1915.

DIRECTORY OF LOS ANGELES PUBLICATIONS

August 1, 1915

American Globe—Monthly—Ind. Protective Financier—1903—Wm. J. Schaeffle, Ed. and Pub., 402 International Bldg.—\$1.00. Began as a weekly, Oct. 16, 1903—Monthly 1906.

American Theosophist—Monthly—Theosophical—1909—\$1.50—American Section of the Theosophical Society, Pub., near Vista Del Mar Ave.

Arrowhead Magazine—Monthly—R. R.—Dec., 1904—Free to Salt Lake Agents, etc.—Douglas White, Ed.—Indus. Dept. Salt Lake, Pub. 610 S. Main, Rm. 590.

Baby Book—Monthly—Care of Infants—1914—\$.50—Ruth Burke Stephens, Ed.—J. H. Freese Co., Pub.—107 N. Spring St.

Bakers and Confectioners' Review—Monthly—Trade—1910—\$1.00—Trades Publishing Co. (Inc.)—236 E. Fourth St.

B'nai B'rith Messenger—Friday—Jewish—1897—\$1.00—V. Harris and M. N. A. Cohen, Eds.—Lionel Edwards, Pub.—315 S. Broadway, Rm. 531.

Boyle Heights Suburban—Weekly—Local—1906—Harlan G. Palmer, Pub.—6424 Hollywood Blvd.

Brain and Brawn—Monthly—June, 1912—\$1.00—Harry Ellington

Brook, N. D., Ed.—Naturopathic Pub. Co. (Inc.)—130 S. Broadway, Rm. 508.

Las Buenas Nuezas—Bi-monthly.

The Builder and Contractor—Thursday—Building—1893—\$3.00. Harry Iles, Ed. and Pub.—122 N. Broadway.

The California Cultivator and Rural Californian—Thursday—Agric. 1889—\$1.00—C. B. Messenger, Ed.—Cultivator Pub. Co. (Inc.) 115 N. Broadway.

California Druggist—Bi-monthly—Pharmaceutic—1891—\$1.00—F. J. Carter, Ed.—Cal. Druggist Pub. Co.—P. O. Box 176.

California Eagle—Weekly—Negro—1891—\$2.00—J. E. Bass, Ed.—814 S. Central Ave.

California Eclectic Medical Journal—Monthly—Medical—1908—\$1.00—O. C. Welbourn, Ed.—Cal. Ec. Med. College, Pub.

California Homeless Children's Friend—Quarterly—Philan. 1899—\$.50—Herbert W. Lewis, Ed.—Children's Home Soc., Pub., 2414 Griffith Ave.

California Independent—Thursday—Interdenom.—1896—\$1.50—Andrew Park, Ed.—Cal. Ind. Pub. Co.—115½ N. Main St.

California Medical and Surgical Reporter—Monthly—1900 \$1.00—A. S. Dodge, M. D., Ed.—Cal. Med. & Surg. Rep. Co., Pub., 707 Grant Bldg. Bought L. A. Medical Journal (Rowell's Directory, 1907).

California Outlook—Saturday—Progressive—1906—\$2.00—Cal. Outlook Co., Pub., 507 Lissner Bldg.

California Social Democrat—Saturday—Socialist—1911—\$1.00—Cal. Soc. Dem. Pub. Co. (Inc.)—711 San Francisco Bldg.

California Tourist and Hotel Reporter—Saturday—Hotel—1903—\$2.00—R. Edward Lewis, Ed. and Pub., 332 Mason Bldg.

California Veckoblad, (Swedish)—Friday—Independent—1910—\$1.00—Alfred Hajj, Ed. and Pub., 101½ S. Broadway.

California Voice—Thursday—Prohibition—1884—\$1.00—Wiley J. Phillips, Ed. and Pub., 145 S. Spring St.

California Woman's Bulletin—Bi-Monthly—Women—June, 1912—Harriet H. Barry, Ed.—630-1 Higgins Bldg.

Catholic Tidings—Friday—Catholic—1895—\$2.00—Alice J. Stevens, Ed.—Tidings Pub. Co. (Inc.), H. W. Hellman Bldg.

Central Avenue Suburban—Weekly—Local—121½ N. Broadway.

The Citizen—Friday—Labor—1901—\$1.00—Union Labor News Co. (Inc.)—Stanley B. Wilson, Ed., 203 New High St. Formerly The Union Labor News. Official organ of L. A. Central Labor Council.

Clubwoman—Monthly—Women's Clubs—1908—\$1.00—E. M. Smith, Ed. and Pub., P. O. Box 1066.

El Correo Mexicano—Weekly—619 N. Alameda.

Commercial Bulletin—Friday—Grocery—1887—\$1.50—Preston McKinney, Ed. and Pub.—311 E. Fourth St.

Daily Doings—Saturday—Week's Events—1909—\$1.50—Daily Doings Pub. Co.—311 E. Fourth St.

Deutsche Presse, (German)—Weekly—Independent—1915—\$2.50—Edward Stuetz, Pub.—123 E. Ninth St.

Eagles Aerie—Monthly—F. O. of E.—1904—\$1.00—John W. Stailey, Ed.—Eagles Aerie Pr. & Pub. Co. (Inc.), 127 S. Kingsley Drive.

East Hollywood Inquirer—Friday—Local—1913—\$1.00—D. B. Peck, Ed. and Pub.—1738 Berendo Place.

East Side Interview—Friday—Local—1909—Will L. Pollard, Ed.—Suburban Pub. Co.—313 E. Fourth St.—(Issued for free distribution.)

El Eco de Mexico—Weekly—107 W. Market St.

Empire Builder and Business Farmer—Semi-monthly—Agric.—1910—\$1.00—Oswald Wilson, Ed.—Empire Pub. Co.—Exchange Building.

Eternal Progress—Monthly—New Thought—1912—\$1.50—Christian D. Larson, Ed.—New Literature Pub. Co.—524 Union League Bldg.

Everyman—Monthly—Radical—1904—\$1.50—Luke North, Ed.—Golden Press, Pub.—129 W. Second, Rm. 516.

Financial News—Saturday—Finan.—1913—\$3.00—A. F. Phillips, Ed.—Financial News Pub. Co. (Inc.)—I. W. Hellman Bldg., Room 252.

Garvanza Eagle—Weekly—Local—March, 1915—Chas. E. Stokes, Pub., 122 W. Third, Room 107.

Germania (German)—Evening except Sunday—Ind.—1889—\$2.00—Max E. Socha, Ed.—Germania Pub. Co., 228 Franklin St. Weekly, published on Friday, until August, 1914.

The Graphic—Saturday—Social and Political—1895—\$2.50—Samuel Travers Clover, Ed. and Pub., 406 S. Main St., Rm. 404.

Grizzly Bear—Monthly—Cal. topics—1907—\$1.00—Clarence M. Hunt, Ed.—Grizzly Bear Pub. Co. (Inc.)—248 Wilcox Bldg. Official organ of The Native Sons of the Golden West and The Native Daughters of the Golden West.

The Herald of Truth—Weekly—Church of God—1913—David L. Walker, Ed.—Herald of Truth Pub. Co.—1204 Colton St.

Highland Park Herald—Saturday—Local—1905—\$1.50—C. H. Randall, Ed. and Pub., 5711 Pasadena Ave.

Hollywood Citizen—Weekly—Local—1905—Harlan G. Palmer, Pub., 6426 Hollywood Blvd.

Insurance and Investment News—Semi-monthly—Insurance and Finance—1907—\$2.00—Cuthbert Powell, Ed.—Ins. and Inv.

News (Inc.), 210 W. Seventh St., Rm. 1025. Formerly *Western Insurance News*.

International White Cross Magazine—Monthly—1914—Social and Religious—\$1.00—Dr. Geo. H. MacNeill, Ed.—White Cross Society, Pub., 3512 Arroyo Seco Ave. (Moved here from East when headquarters of Society were moved here. Magazine founded 7 or 8 years ago.)

L'Italo Americano—Saturday—(Ital.)—1908—\$1.00—G. Spini, Ed. and Pub., 646 San Fernando St.

The Jeffersonian—Saturday—Dem. 1912—\$2.00—S. A. Conner, Ed. The Jeffersonian Pub. Co., 200 New High St.

King's Business—Monthly—Evangel.—1910—\$.50—D. R. A. Terry, Ed.—Bible Institute of L. A. (Inc.), Pub., Auditorium Bldg.

Los Angeles Apparel Gazette—Monthly—Dry goods and furnishings—1908—\$1.00—Preston McKinney, Ed. and Pub., 311 E. Fourth.

L. A. A. C. Mercury—Monthly—Sports—1911—\$2.50—W. G. Bradford, Ed.—Los Angeles Athletic Club, Pub., 427 W. 7th.

Los Angeles Churchman and Church Messenger—Monthly—Episcop.—1897—\$1.00—Rev. J. D. H. Browne, Ed. and Pub., Box 398, Santa Monica, Cal.

Los Angeles Daily Journal—Morn. ex. Sunday—Rep.—1887—\$9.00—Warren Wilson, Ed.—Daily Journal Co. (Inc.), Pub., 205 New High St.

Los Angeles Evening Herald—Evg. ex. Sun.—1873—\$3.00—Ind. Herald Company, Pub., Chamber of Commerce Bldg. (See history for further information.)

Los Angeles Examiner—Morn.—Ind.—1903—\$8.00—Wm. Randolph Hearst, Ed. and Pub., Eleventh and Broadway. (See history for further information.)

Los Angeles Express—Evg. ex. Sun.—Ind.—1871—\$3.00—E. T. Earl, Ed.—Express-Tribune Co., Pub., 719-21 S. Hill St. (See history for further information.)

Los Angeles Freemason and Scottish Rite Review—Monthly—Masonic—1896—\$1.00—A. B. Cartwright, Ed.—Ralph L. Criswell and L. B. Littlefield, Pub., 324 S. Spring St., Rm. 323.

Los Angeles Morning Sun (Japanese Daily)—Morn. ex. Mon.—1910—\$6.00—H. Tanaka, Ed. and Pub., 348 E. Second St.

Los Angeles News—Saturday—Ind. (Local)—1889—\$1.00—C. H. Dubois, Ed. and Pub., 2106 N. Broadway.

Los Angeles Post—Saturday—Negro—1914—Charles Alexander, Ed., 501 Thorpe Bldg.

Los Angeles Record—Evg. ex. Sun.—Ind.—1895—\$3.00—Record Pub. Co., 612 Wall St. (See history for further information).

Los Angeles Star—Monthly—Local—1873—\$.25—Geo. T. Hanly, Ed. and Pub., 1304 N. Main St.

Los Angeles Tourist—Monthly—R. R.—1908—Gordon Hair, Ed. and Pub.—Distrib. on Santa Fe trains, no subscription price. 112 W. Ninth St., Rm. 402.

Los Angeles Tribune—Morn.—Ind.—1911—\$5.00—Edwin T. Earl, Ed.—Express-Tribune Co., Pub., 719-21 S. Hill St. (See history for further information.)

Main-Moneta Observer—Weekly—Local—12½ N. Broadway.

Master Mind—Monthly—New Thought—1911—\$1.00—Annie Rix Militz, Ed.—Master Mind Pub. Co., 649 S. Flower St.

El Mensajero Cristiano (Spanish)—Monthly—1915.

El Mexicano—Quarterly—1914—Spanish-American Institute, Gardena.

Moose—Friday—L. O. of M.—1911—\$1.00—Charles A. Pattee, Ed. and Pub., 306 N. Grand.

Motor West—Semi-monthly—Motoring—1907—\$2.00—Frederick Pabst, Ed.—Motor West Co., Pub., Marsh-Strong Bldg.

The Movie Magazine—Monthly—Photoplays—1915—\$1.00—Wycliffe A. Hill, Ed.—Movie Magazine Pub. Co. (Inc.), 10th Floor, Van Nuys Bldg.

The New Age—Saturday—Ind. (Negro)—1907—\$1.50—New Age Pub. Co., 787 San Pedro St.

Northwest Enterprise—Friday—Rep.—1906—\$1.00—Suburban Pub. Co., 12½ N. Broadway.

Novo Vrijeme (The New Times—South Slavonian)—Thursday—1913—\$1.50—The New Times Pub. Co. (Inc.), 125 N. Broadway.

The Oil Age—Monthly—Petroleum—1910—\$3.00—Wm. Nelson Shell, Ed.—Oil Age Pub. Co. (Inc.), 456 S. Spring, Rm. 811.

The Oil Bradstreet—Annual—Oil Directory—1906—Geo. G. Ellis, Ed.—411 S. Main St., Rm. 252. (Next will contain companies of Nevada and Arizona and mining companies.)

Out West—Monthly—Lit. and Descrip.—1910—\$1.50—Geo. W. James, Ed.—Out West Corporation, Pub., 546 S. Los Angeles St. (Formerly *Land of Sunshine*, founded 1894 by Charles F. Lummis.)

Pacific Coast Elk—Monthly—Elks—1913—\$1.00—T. Newman, Ed. and Pub., 313 W. Third St., Rm. 204.

Pacific Coast Hotel and Apartment Record—Monthly—Hotel—1910—\$1.00—J. D. Minster, Ed. and Pub., O. T. Johnson Bldg.

Pacific Coast Musician—Monthly—Music—\$1.50—Nov. 1911—Frank H. Colby, Ed.—Colby and Prybil, Pub., 308 Blanchard Bldg.

Pacific Coast Packer—Saturday—Fruit and produce markets—1909—\$1.00—Barrick Pub. Co., 606 S. Hill St., Rm. 1023.

Pacific Coast Tennis Review—Monthly—Tennis—1914—\$1.50—L. H. Morris, Ed.—J. H. Freese and H. J. Rose, Pub., 107 N. Spring St.

Pacific Fruit World—Saturday—Trade—1895—\$2.00—H. V. Brummel, Ed.—Fruit World Pub. Co., 534 S. Hill St.

Pacific Kennel Gazetteer—Monthly—Dogs—1914—\$1.00—M. C. Kneib, Ed. and Pub., 115 N. Broadway.

Pacific Motorcyclist—1897—Burger, Ed.—Majestic Theatre Bldg. (Originally Wheeling, founded 1897 by Charles Fuller Gates. In 1904 became *Pacific Automobiling*, in 1905 *Pacific Motoring*, and 1912 *Pacific Motorcyclist*.)

Pacific Poultrycraft—Monthly—Poultry and pigeons—1895—\$50—Pacific Poultrycraft Co. (Inc.), Pub., 108 W. 2nd, Rm. 706.

The Pacific Veteran—Weekly—Old Soldiers—1914—\$1.00—Allie A. Schultz, Ed.—W. A. Wyatt, Pub., 215 Franklin St.

La Pluma Roja (The Red Pen—Spanish)—Weekly—Socialistic—1913—Blanca de Moncaleano, Ed. and Pub., 1538 San Fernando St.

La Prensa (Spanish)—Saturday—Ind.—1912—\$3.00—Adolfo Carrillo, Ed.—International Pub. Co.—108 Commercial St.

Progress (Yiddish)—Weekly—1915—M. Ch. Lerner, Ed.—The Progress Co., Pub., 114 S. Spring St.—\$1.00.

Rafu Shimpo (Japanese Daily News)—Daily—Nonpart.—1905—\$6.00—S. Shibuya, Ed.—M. Okamura, Pub., 230 E. First St.

Railway and Steamship Journal—Monthly—R. R.—1910—\$2.00—A. M. Gunsaulus, Ed.—Railway Men's Pub. Co., 314 W. 1st.

Reason—Monthly—Spiritualist—1902—\$1.00—Rev. B. F. Austin, Ed.—The Austin Pub. Co., 649 S. Flower St.

Rialtographs—Saturday—Amusements and Sports—1914—\$3.00—Jay Davidson, Ed. and Pub., Union League Bldg.

San Pedro Daily News—San Pedro Pub. Co.—254 W. Sixth St., S. P.

San Pedro Daily Pilot—116 W. Seventh St., S. P.

Script—Monthly—Photoplays—1914—Will M. Ritchey, Ed.—Photo Play Authors League (Inc.), Pub., 604 San Fernando Bldg.

Searchlight—Monthly—Anti-Saloon—1897—\$50—D. M. Gandier, Ed.—Anti-Saloon League of So. Cal., Pub., 1324 Washington Bldg.

Serial Bible Course—Monthly—Bible Study—1907—\$1.00—W. Leon Tucker, Ed. and Pub., 308½ W. Second St.

Society Magazine—Wednesday—Society—\$1.00—Edith Francis Ling, Ed.—Society Magazine Pub. Co., Majestic Theatre Bldg.

South End Suburban—Weekly—121½ N. Broadway.

Southern California Practitioner—Monthly—Medical—1885—\$2.00—Geo. E. Malsbary, Ed. and Pub., 1414 S. Hope St.

Southern California Retailer's Journal—Monthly—Grocery—1913—\$1.00—So. Cal. Retail Grocers' Assn., Pub., Wilcox Bldg.

Southern California Trolley—Monthly—Street Ry.—So. Cal. Trolley Pub. Co., 353 Pacific Electric Bldg.

Southwest Advertiser—Weekly—Local—12½ N. Broadway.

Southwest Contractor and Manufacturer—Saturday—Building and Engineering—1905—\$2.00—Southwest Pub. Co. (Inc.)—505 Donglas Bldg.

Southwestern Freemason—Monthly—Masonic—224 S. Spring, Rm. 323.

Theosophy Magazine—Monthly—Theosophical—1912—Wescott Clough, Bus. Agent—Metropolitan Bldg., Rm. 504—\$2.00.

The Times—Morn.—Ind. Rep.—1881—\$9.00—Harrison Gray Otis, Ed.—The Times-Mirror Co., Pub., New Times Bldg., First and Broadway. *Times Illustrated Weekly*, established Dec. 5, 1897. (See history for further information.)

Touring Topics—Monthly—Motoring—1909—\$1.00—Automobile Club of So. Cal., Pub., 758 S. Olive St.

The Triple Link—Friday—I. O. O. F.—1910—\$1.00—Lynch W. Smith and Lewis W. Klinker, Ed. and Pub., 309 Lankershim Bldg.

L'Union Nouvelle (French)—Saturday—Ind.—1879—\$3.00—International Pub. Co., 108 Commercial St.

West Coast Magazine—Monthly—Literary—1906—\$1.00—John S. McGroarty, Ed.—Grafton Pub. Co., 223 E. Fourth St.

Western Art—5 times a year—Art—1914—\$1.00—Beatrice de Lack Krombach, Ed. and Pub., 1040 Grand View Ave.

The Western Comrade—Monthly—Socialist—1913—\$1.00—Frank E. Wolfe, Ed.—Llano del Rio Colony, Pnb., 203 New High St.

The Western Empire—Monthly—Agric. and farming—1898—\$.50—Bensel Smythe, Ed.—Western Empire Pub. Co., C. of C. Bldg.

Western Field—Monthly—Sports—1902—\$1.00—Edwin L. Hedderly, Ed.—Western Field (Inc.), Pub., American Bank Bldg.

The Western Pythian—Monthly—K. of P.—1914—\$1.00—C. C. Mungen, Ed.—Western Pythian Pub. Co., 224 S. Spring St.

Wilmington Journal—Saturday—Ind.—1864—\$1.50—118 W. Third St., Wilmington. (See history for further information.)

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST WITHOUT DATA

(Where information is given, it is that for 1914 and has not been verified to date.)

American Merchants' Journal and Merchants' Magazine—Monthly

—Mercantile — 1902 — \$1.00 — American Merchant Syndicate,
Pub., 236 S. Los Angeles St.

American Spiritualist—Tuesday—Spiritualist—1911—\$1.00—Dr. T. Wilkins, Ed. and Pub., Bond Street Court.

California Exporters' Trade Journal—130 S. Broadway, Rm. 619.

Central Avenue Advocate—2511 S. Central Ave.

Central Avenue News—4415 S. Central Ave.

The Daily Bulletin—118 E. Market St.

Grand Army Advocate and W. R. C. Magazine—Monthly—G. A. R.—1879—\$1.00—W. M. Howell, Ed. and Pub., 309 Equitable Bldg.

Home Product Bulletin—Weekly—754 S. Los Angeles St.

The Knocker—126 W. Third, Rm. 314.

Little Farms Magazine—Monthly—Agric. — 1911 — \$1.00 — Little Farms Magazine Publishing Co., 213 S. Broadway, Rm. 114.

Los Angeles Church News—Weekly—730 S. Grand Ave., Rm. 669.

Motion Picture—Monthly — Photoplay — 1911—\$1.50—J. Arthur Nelson, Ed.—Photoplay Pub. Co., Republic Theatre Bldg.

New and Greater Los Angeles—116 Temple St.

The New Thought News—Weekly—649 S. Flower St.

Oil and Mining Bulletin—224 S. Spring St., Rm. 300.

Oil City Derrick—Semi-Weekly—305 Wesley Roberts Bldg.

Pacific Commerce—357 S. Hill St., Rm. 1128.

Pacific Spotlight—129 W. Third St., Rm. 522—(Probably ceased).

Pacific Tourist—Monthly—115½ N. Main St., Rm. 9.

La Patria—Weekly—126 Commercial St.

Peniel Herald—227 S. Main St.

The Pictureplayer—326 W. Third St., Rm. 319.

Print Shop Talk—333 W. Second St., Rm. 424.

Southwest Union Jack—Weekly—British-American—1914—C. L. Montgomery, Ed.—1136 W. Thirty-fifth St.—Canadian Club and Sons of St. George, Pub.

Western Railway News—Thursday—R. R.—1910—\$2.00—Thos. Foss, Ed.—Railway Men's Pub. Co. of Cal., 207 New High St.

1887 *Fraternity*—M—Internat. Printer's Protect. Fraternity Bet. 1900-03

“ *Southwest News*—W—Ind. Bet. 1896-1900

1888 *Citizen*—W—Ind. Rep.—East L. A. Bet. 1893-96

“ *Hotel Gazette*—W. Bet. 1911-12

1889 *California Family Ledger*—W—Fiction..... Bet. 1896-1900

“ *Civic Review*—W—People's Party..... Bet. 1896-1900

“ *El Monitor Mexicano*—W—(Sp.)—Ind..... Bet. 1912-14

“ *Revista Hispano Americano*—W—(Sp.)—1893 became *Revista Latino-American*..... Bet. 1896-1900

1889	<i>So. Cal. White Ribbon</i> —M—W. C. T. U....	Bet. 1896-1900
1890	<i>Alliance Farmer</i> —W—Farmers' Alliance.....	Bet. 1892-3
"	<i>Southwest News</i> —W.....	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Workman</i> —Semi-W—Labor	Bet. 1892-93
1891	<i>Association Record</i> —M—Evangel.....	Bet. 1892-93
"	<i>Baptist Monthly</i>	Bet. 1892-93
"	<i>California</i> —W—Agric.	Bet. 1893-96
"	<i>Cause</i> —W—Catholic	Bet. 1893-96
"	<i>Gospel Union Record</i> —Semi-M.....	Bet. 1893-96
"	<i>New Californian</i> —M—Occultism	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Science and Horticulture</i> —M—Hortic.	Bet. 1892-93
"	<i>Southern California Guide</i> —W.....	Bet. 1893-96
"	<i>Der Sued-Californier</i> —W—(Ger.)	Bet. 1893-96
1892	<i>California Trade Review</i> —W—Mercan.	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Labor Review</i> —W—Labor	Bet. 1893-96
"	<i>Land and Water</i> —W—Irrig., Man., and Min..	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Pacific Household Journal</i> —M.....	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Trade</i> —W—Comm.	Bet. 1893-96
1893	<i>East Side News</i> —W—Rep.	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Pacific Field</i> —W—Cycling	Bet. 1896-1900
1894	<i>California Producer</i> —W—Hortic.	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Capital</i> —W—Lit.	Bet. 1903-04
"	<i>L'Eco Della Colonia</i> —W—(Ital.)	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Epworth Radiator and University Courier</i> —W—M. E.	Bet. 1900-03
"	<i>Investor</i> —W—Finan.	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Phoenix</i> —W—Anti-prohib.	Bet. 1900-03
"	<i>Tocsin</i> —W—Am. Protect. Assn.	Bet. 1896-1900
1895	<i>El Independente</i> —Semi-W—(Sp.)	Bet. 1896-1900
"	<i>Medium</i> —W—Spiritualist	Bet. 1900-03
1896	<i>California Poultry Tribune</i> —M—Poultry industry— (1900— <i>Live Stock Tribune</i>).....	Bet. 1910-11
"	<i>Californian</i> —M.	Bet. 1900-03
"	<i>Le Francais</i> —W—Ind.—(Fr.)	Bet. 1900-03
"	<i>Mertz's Magazine</i> —M—Adv.	Bet. 1911-12
"	<i>Osteopath</i> —Q—Scientific	Bet. 1905-07
"	<i>Pacific Bee Journal</i> —M—Bees.....	Bet. 1903-04
"	<i>Pacific Coast Advertising</i> —M.	Bet. 1905-07
1897	<i>Oil, Mining and Finance</i> —W—Finan.....	Bet. 1903-04
"	<i>Public Ownership Review</i> —M.....	Bet. 1903-04
"	<i>Western Child Life</i> —Q—Educ.	Bet. 1900-03
1898	<i>Los Angeles Mining Review</i> —W.....	1913
"	<i>Southern California Chopper</i> —M—Woodcraft...	Bet. 1903-04
"	<i>Thoughts of the Hour</i> —W.....	Bet. 1903-04

1899	<i>Belgian Fancier</i> —Semi-M—Rabbitry	Bet. 1900-03
"	<i>Fellowship</i> —M—Undenom.	Bet. 1908-10
"	<i>Southwest Official Guide</i> —M—R. R.	Bet. 1907-08
1900	<i>Il Corriere</i> —W—(Ital.)	Bet. 1905-07
"	<i>Internat. Mining News</i> —M—Oil, Min., Finan...	Bet. 1904-05
"	<i>Saturday Post</i> —W—Lit.	Bet. 1907-08

A PRESBYTERIAN SETTLEMENT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY JAMES MAIN DIXON

Lying in Orange County, close to Anaheim and a few miles northwest by west of the county seat, Santa Ana, there is a village whose name at once brings up Presbyterian associations. It is called Westminster, but its growth has not yet warranted its incorporation as a city. Away back in the sixties Anaheim was attracting many settlers, the Polish exile Madam Modjeska and her husband among them. Very fine results in fruit raising were obtained in these early years, when the flat plain was rescued from cactus and brush and alkali and grape blights were not as yet a menace. In the last of the sixties a Mr. Webber, a Presbyterian minister originally from New Jersey, came from the shores of the Golden Gate to settle in the South, and it struck him as a Presbyterian minister that there was an opportunity of founding a God-fearing community in the vicinity, centering in a church. Some ten thousand acres were secured to the south of Anaheim, and the project was pushed both in California and in the East. The cultivation of the grape was not to be encouraged, as leading to drunkenness; it was to be an orchard and farm tilling community.

The first settler on the place is still alive at a ripe age, Mr. J. P. Anderson, a Virginian from the Shenandoah Valley, who had come west across the plains, found Fresno malarious and was living in the neighborhood of Monterey. He was an active member of the Presbyterian church there, whose minister, Mr. Compton, came later to Westminster to succeed Mr. L. P. Webber in the pastorate. A good many others came from the northern part of the State, and advertising broadcast of the attractions of the place brought a number from the Eastern states. At one time there were as many as six Presbyterian ministers among the residents. The church flourished in unity for several years, until a division sprang up, associated with dissensions in the choir, and there was a split. The separating membership included the oldest resident, Mr. Anderson, who had begun a Sunday School very early at his own residence. The new organization was affiliated with the Congregationalists. Later the Methodists established a church, and the other two congregations came together again. In the year 1914

the church edifice was burned down and a new frame building has just been erected.

There is a resident population in and around the village of about five hundred souls. A handsome grammar school of brick is a recent addition to the attractions of Westminster. It is a station on a branch line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. By careful draining the alkali which interfered with crop-raising has been got rid of, and the community is prosperous. Visiting the homestead of Mr. Anderson, we found his son busy in the fields, harvesting beets. There is a beet-sugar mill in the neighborhood.

At one time a good quality of apple was raised around Westminster, but this is a thing of the past. Among the early settlers was a Frenchman who had a flock of sheep, but this kind of stock did not suit the conditions. The principal products of the neighborhood today are beets, peppers, dairy produce, celery, alfalfa and beans.

THE PASSING OF THE RANCHO

BY J. M. GUINN

The first real estate boom—that is, a rapid rise in land values—in Southern California was brought about by a disaster that destroyed its leading industry certainly an anomalous condition in the history of a country.

For nearly half a century the one great commercial industry of the Southland had been cattle raising, first for their hides and tallow for export, and later to supply beef to the miners in the gold fields. To make it profitable, the cattle industry required the land devoted to it to be held in large tracts called ranchos, consequently the settlement and development of the country was slow and real estate booms impossible.

The first wild rush of miners to the gold fields stimulated the cattle industry. The only source from whence the gold hunters could obtain fresh meat was the ranchos of Southern California. The rapid rise in cattle values forced wealth on the rancheros and they spent it lavishly. The importation of cattle across the plains from western states and the settlement of the valleys in the central and northern part of the State being nearer the mines, brought a decline in the prices of cattle on the southern ranchos. To compete with the northern producers, the rancheros of the south had allowed their ranges to become overstocked, hoping to make up by quantity for the decrease in value.

The famine years of 1863 and 1864, when for two seasons not enough rain fell to start the green feed, put an end to the industry. A million animals, cattle and horses, starved to death. This calamity forced a change in the industries of the Southland. The rancheros had no money to restock their ranges nor to cultivate them. To add to their misfortune, most of them were deeply in debt and cancerous mortgages were eating away their possessions.

The only hope for the country lay in the subdivision of the great ranchos and the distribution of the land among small land owners who would cultivate the soil. The first great subdivision was that of the Stearns' Ranchos—seven great ranchos located in the San Gabriel and Santa Ana valleys.

Don Abel Stearns, the Rockefeller or Pierpont Morgan of the old pueblo, in the flush days of '49 and the early 50's, when a cattle range was more profitable than a gold mine, with that Yankee shrewd-

ness that characterized him in all his dealings, had turned his genius to the acquisition of land. By loaning money on mortgages to impecunious rancheros, by the purchase of equities in encumbered estates and by foreclosures, he had possessed himself of immense land holdings. When the famine years had passed and the bones of his hundred thousand cattle lay bleaching on the sun-scorched plains, Stearns found himself the owner of a principality in land; greater than that of an English lord; but financially on the verge of bankruptcy. He was the owner of 200,000 acres of land mortgaged for \$50,000. The ruling rates of interest then ranged from 15 to 24 per cent per annum. Without income from his acres and indebtedness piling up, Stearns found himself not only on the very verge of bankruptcy but just ready to topple over into the vortex of insolvency. In 1864 all of Stearns' landed possessions were advertised to be sold at a sheriff's sale for delinquent taxes and the total amount of his taxes was only about \$4,000. The ruling prices of land in Southern California after the famine years was 25 to 50 cents per acre.

The land known as the Stearns' ranchos comprised the following grants: Los Coyotes, La Habra, San Juan Cajon de Santa Ana, Los Bolsa y Paredas, La Bolsa Chica, and a part of the Los Alamitos. Stearns, with the assistance of his old-time friend, Alfred Robinson, succeeded in negotiating the sale of these ranchos and the holdings he had in San Bernardino County to a syndicate of San Francisco capitalists. The original members of the syndicate were Sam Brannan, E. F. Northam and C. B. Polhemus. Stearns reserved an eighth interest in the land. The price paid was one dollar and fifty cents per acre. The partners in the deal incorporated under the title of the Los Angeles and San Bernardino Land Company. Alfred Robinson, the author of the famous book, "Life in California," was made trustee and signed all transfers.

These 200,000 acres were subdivided and in 1868 were put on the market in tracts of 40 acres and up, on easy terms at prices ranging from \$2 to \$10 per acre. They were extensively advertised.

The lure of cheap lands brought a rush of immigrants from central and northern California and from the eastern states, and our first boom was on, and it might be added, that booms have been on again and off again and gone again many times since, but none of them was such a success or did so much for the development of the country as that first one. The price of the land was advanced from time to time as the country was settled. When the land was all sold, the members of that syndicate or their heirs cleaned up a profit of \$2,000,000.

The 200,000 acres that Stearns parted with in the financial gloom of the 60's for \$300,000 are worth today a hundred millions dollars. The Laguna, one of the Stearns' ranchos, lying southeast of and

adjoining Los Angeles City, was not included in the syndicate deal. It was recently sold for eight million dollars.

Nearly twenty years before the subdivision of the Stearns' ranchos and other great ranchos, and the distribution of the land among small land holders, changed the character of the population and the industries of Southern California. Henry Dalton, a pioneer of the Mexican era and a large land holder, projected a scheme for the distribution of some of his landed interests, which, had it been carried out successfully, would have precipitated the subdivision of the large ranchos and hastened their colonization.

Dalton in nearly a column advertisement in the *Southern Californian* and an abbreviated one in the *Los Angeles Star* in 1855, the only newspapers then published in Los Angeles County, thus outlines his scheme:

"A Magnificent Real Estate Distribution by Henry Dalton. Four hundred and thirty-four splendid prizes, consisting of splendid modern-built private residences in the City of Los Angeles; very valuable city and town lots eligibly situated on the principal thoroughfares. Magnificent vineyards and fruit orchards in the highest state of cultivation, valuable town property in the city of Benton, numerous farms on the Rancho Azusa, comprising the finest agricultural lands in the lower country, offering the most attractive inducements to those wishing to obtain future homes in this the loveliest portion of California; and at no late date to form the most valuable section of country on the coast of the Pacific, together with an extensive lot of improved stock comprising in part valuable horses of the best blood in the country, broken to the harness and saddle; also horned cattle of improved breeds, etc.

"Mr. Henry Dalton, proprietor of a large amount of the most valuable and productive tracts of land in the beautiful and fertile valleys of the County of Los Angeles, and wishing to throw them into market and under cultivation by the settlement thereon of an agricultural community, has deemed it advisable to present to the public the above magnificent distribution scheme amounting to Eighty-four Thousand Dollars.

"No other enterprise in this country has ever presented the attractive features offered by this scheme, either in point of real magnitude or intrinsic value. Unlike similar operations which have heretofore combined a host of worthless articles of no earthly value or utility to the possessor; with perhaps some half a dozen capital prizes, this scheme comprises none but the most valuable and desirable objects, the least of which is well worthy the attention of the public."

Dalton evidently wished to give the impression that his Magnificent Distribution Scheme was not to be classed with the numer-

ous drawings, distributions, raffles and lotteries that were as plentiful in his day as stock companies were in ours before the blue sky law put them out of business.

In a parallel column with Dalton's ad. in the *Californian* is the advertisement of H. M. Smith & Co.'s great \$100,000 prize raffle. The first prize was \$10,000 in octagon-shaped \$50 gold slugs of Argonautic days. No prize in this raffle was worth less than fifty dollars. Unfortunately for the investors the proprietors forgot to mention the number of prizes, but that was not material. Everyone was after the slugs.

In another column of the *Californian*, the California Art Union was advertising its monthly drawings, where for the consideration of \$1.00 you could take a chance on a \$5,000 gold ingot, silver-lined trumpets, Persian shawls, magnificent paintings of the "Descent from the Cross," "The Holy Family" and other pious pictures done in oil by the young masters. But the prize of prizes was the largest diamond in the United States done in paste by experts.

Sixty years ago lotteries were as thick as leaves in Valambrosa. Maryland and Louisiana licensed them, and all the other States tolerated them. Even the churches sometimes took a hand in drawings that bordered close on to lotteries, and justified themselves with the plea that the end sanctified the means. Even the Father of his Country, it is said, took a chance in a lottery to raise money to build a wagon road over the Blue Ridge. He did not win the capital prize. Sixty years ago there was no censorship of the mails. Everything that went into them went through them.

Dalton, after justifying his method of distribution, launches forth in a eulogy on the southern country that for the tropical exuberance of adjectives and richness of descriptive phrase would turn our whole Million Club of real estate boosters green with envy.

He says, "The well-known and justly-celebrated natural advantages of this section of country with its beautiful scenery; its unsurpassed salubrity of climate, its unparalleled fertility and richness of soil, its extensive valleys and broad and limitless plains, its beautiful streams and rich and varied scenery need no description to those who have visited this garden spot of the Pacific; situated on the shores of the illimitable expanse of this mighty waste of waters, possessing one of the finest harbors upon the coast on the one hand and the only feasible pass through the mountain barriers on the other, through which the project of an interoceanic railroad between the two oceans can be consummated, the future of this county is beyond the power of imagination to conceive, and whether we consider its present or its future, it presents infinitely superior inducements to all portions of the State."

"The catalogue," says Dalton, "will embrace a large number of beautiful and convenient modern built dwelling houses, city and town lots eligibly situated in the city of Los Angeles; magnificent vineyards and fruit orchards unsurpassed in point of thrift and productiveness; very valuable town lots in the town of Benton, together with splendid farming lands adjacent thereto and comprising a portion of the splendid Rancho of Azusa, one of the finest tracts in the lower country, and on the direct line between San Pedro and San Gorgonio, the prospective location of the Great Pacific Railroad.

"For the purpose of disposing of these valuable and highly attractive objects, together with a choice selection of personal property, comprising horses, cattle and other live stock, a 'distribution scheme' has been formed on the plan of similar associations in other portions of the world, thereby offering to all an opportunity of securing at a trifling cost a desirable home for themselves and families where the remainder of their days may be passed in the quiet and peaceful enjoyment of the domestic hearth surrounded by the comforts and conveniences that the richest soil and most salubrious and healthy climate can afford."

"The whole is divided in shares placed by general desire at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR EACH, giving to the holder an interest, by purchase, in the entire enterprise and constituting a membership with all the privileges annexed thereto, and the right to decide on the mode of distribution. The sale will be completed by the disposal of all the shares or by the first Monday in May, 1855, and the property will await the order of the shareholders, through the fair and impartial decision of a committee chosen by themselves.

"Among other highly attractive and valuable features offered in this enterprize are one of the most magnificent private dwellings in the southern country, now occupied by the Hon. Judge Olvera, fronting eighty-six feet on the Main Plaza, with wings extending back ninety-five feet, possessing an open court within, a beautiful corridor along the entire front, with numerous apartments elegantly finished, and combining every convenience pertaining to a first-class residence. Value \$11,000.*

Dalton's "one of the most magnificent private dwellings in Southern California," is still standing and known as the Olvera house. It is located on the northeast corner of Marchessault and Olvera Street, fronting on the Plaza. It is the last of the Plaza

*Note.—This historic house, with an unwritten history, was built about eighty years ago by Don Tiburcio Tapaia. For many years it was the residence of Don Agustin Olvera. Olvera was a prominent citizen in pueblo days, and active in pueblo politics. He was deputado at the treaty of Cahuenga and was one of the signers of the articles of capitulation between Col. J. C. Fremont and General Andres Pico. He was the first county judge in 1850, when the county was organized, and president of the Court of Session.

fronts that were once the homes of the pueblo aristocracy and almost the last relic of the adobe age of our city.

After it ceased to be the palatial home Dalton describes it, in the later 50's and early 60's, when Satan and his imps had their innings on the Plaza, it became a saloon and gambling hell. Nigger Alley, the Plaza's chief tributary from the south was known as the wickedest street on earth. After several vigilance committees had regulated the morals of the Plaza by hemp and exile, the old house became the habitation of the "heathen Chinee." When dilapidation and decay had reduced it until it was unfit for even Mongolians to inhabit, it was converted into a hay barn and coal yard. The spacious hall where once the beauty and the chivalry of the pueblo whirled through the dance is now occupied by a Mexican restaurant where, if you are indifferent to your surroundings, you can appease your hunger at any price from cinco centavos (5 cents) to cuarta reales (50 cents) on enchiladas (meal and meat cakes) gallina, (chicken), huertos (eggs), fritos empanados (meat cakes), tamales, tortillas and other dainties of olden times.

Dalton's second prize was an extensive and highly productive vineyard within fifteen minutes walk of the public square or plaza. Value \$10,000.

The next was "one very fine modern built dwelling house, containing nine rooms, with necessary out buildings, situated on the most valuable ground in the city, directly opposite the Court House lot fronting 63 feet on Spring Street and running back 155 feet. Value \$6,000."

The Court House then was on the corner of Spring and Franklin or Jail Streets, where the Phillips block lately stood.

Of the city and town lots rising rapidly in value there were two hundred and forty elegant ones in the city of Benton. It is to be regreted that Dalton did not give the price of lots in this prospective metropolis of the San Gabriel Valley, Benton City. It is to be regreted, too, that he did not give the price per acre of the "twenty-four superb forty-acre farms on the Rancho of Azusa" adjoining this metropolis and containing some of the richest and most fertile lands in the world.

As a guarantee of the reality, fairness and security of this magnificent real estate distribution scheme, Dalton referred to about all the cattle kings and merchant princes of Los Angeles. His advertisement ran from January to April in the newspapers. About three weeks before the drawing was to be held, it disappeared from their columns without explanation, apology or editorial comment. The only inference we can draw is that the 84,000 chances in the magnificent real estate distribution scheme were not taken.

The times then were not auspicious for real estate distributions. The people of Southern California had not been educated up to the necessity or desirability of small farms. What could a man with forty acres do against his neighbor with 40,000? Then the majority of those who took chances in distributions, drawings, raffles and lotteries were not yearning for land. They wanted quick returns on their investments. Smith & Co.'s \$10,000 golden slugs had far greater attraction for this class than Dalton's \$11,000 palatial residence. Even Duncan's art union pious pictures appealed more powerfully to the *paisanos* than Dalton superb 40-acre farms with their illimitable fertility of soil. A farm implied work and work was what every lottery patron was trying to avoid.

A chance in the Monte farmer's distribution scheme (ad in the *Californian*) in which the chief prize was an elegant \$500 family carriage that had crossed the plains behind an ox team had the call in a lottery drawing over whole blocks of Dalton's eligible city lots. Land was the cheapest and most undesirable commodity offered.

Dalton was a shrewd business man. He could foresee the doom of the cattle kings and the division of their domains. To forestall his own fate, for he was the owner of myriads of acres, he inaugurated this first subdivision scheme. That it was a failure was due to the times and customs. The Rancho Azusa remained intact. Benton became a phantom city, its location uncertain. No map of it was ever recorded. No house was ever built within its limits. No inhabitants ever lived in it.

The Rancho Azusa is ghost-haunted by spectre cities. There are at least three of these phantoms on it—Benton City, the city of Gladstone, and Chicago Park. The last two of these were founded in the great real estate boom of 1887. The history of Gladstone has been well told by our fellow member, Mr. C. C. Baker, in Vol. IX, publications of the Historical Society. Chicago Park, a city of 2289 lots, was located in the wash of the San Gabriel River. That river of torrents, once named the River of Earthquakes, arose in its wrath and converted Chicago Park into a maratime city by washing its soil and silt into the San Pedro Harbor, forty miles away from its former location.

Its eccentric founder fixed the value of its lots at a uniform price of \$13 each. Whether or not the choosing of this ill-omened number 13 was a defy to Fate, Fate took the challenge and misfortune overtook the town. Five years later the county assessor was assessing these lots in bunches of five at an aggregate value of \$1.00 for the bunch.

Azusa of the phantom cities was not the only rancho that Dalton owned. He had interests in three others. The aggregate of his

landed interests amounted to over 70,000 acres. As a cattle king he ranked well up among the feudal royalty. His kingdom was subdivided and distributed among many owners, but not by himself.

Litigation and the "famine years" that killed the cattle industry sealed his doom. His magnificent real estate distribution scheme involved him in a lawsuit for the trifling value of one share. It was carried through the courts and fought with bitterness for years.

My story is a record of a phase of our civilization passed and gone forever. The cattle kings—the vaqueros, their vassals—the ranchos, their kingdoms—and the lavishness with which they spent their wealth, are but the dimly remembered tradition of an age of feudal splendor in tinsel settings. It was a dream of affluence and an awakening to poverty—a flitting glamor of riches darkened by the shadows of want. No heir of a cattle king inherits the kingdom of his progenitors. The passing of the Rancho ended the line of succession.

THE GREAT LOS ANGELES REAL ESTATE BOOM OF 1887

BY JOSEPH NETZ

The pueblo of Los Angeles was founded on September 4, 1781, in conformity to an order of Governor Felipe de Neve, of California, dated at the Mission of San Gabriel, August 26 of that year. The city was located around a plaza 275 feet square, just north and west of the present plaza. The growth of the pueblo throughout its early history was very slow. Its people were unprogressive and means of communication and transportation were very poor.

The pueblo was proclaimed a city May 23, 1835, when the decree was signed in the City of Mexico, which declared "that the town of Los Angeles, Upper California, is erected to a city and shall be for the future, the capital of that country." Its boundaries were described as "two leagues to each wind from the center of the plaza, 100 square miles in all." The Plaza was the exact center of the original Spanish grant for the pueblo of Los Angeles, but the area as incorporated into a city April 4, 1850, was described as one Spanish league each way from this central point or twenty-eight square miles in all. The population of the city at this time was 1610, and the entire assessment roll for California south of Kern County was less than \$2,300,000.

There were certain periods in the early history of the city when there were stirrs in real estate, especially after the opening of the Santa Fe trail and after the secularization of the Missions, but as late as 1860 the official census is given as 4399.

The real commercial awakening of the country around about Los Angeles from the lethargy and repose of what may be termed the pastoral period, began about 1866. Up to this time, stock raising had been the principal industry of the large ranches of Southern California, whose owners refused to subdivide them or sell them. The years 1863 and 1864 were so dry that the country did not produce feed enough to support the countless head of cattle and horses, and they died by the thousand. One hundred thousand head of cattle and horses perished on the Stearns Rancho alone. Mr. Guinn¹ estimates that 1,000,000 perished in the State. Thousands of living skeletons were driven off the bluff at Point Firmen into the ocean, the air of the back country being so badly affected by the odor from

1. See "Passing of the Cattle Barons," by J. M. Guinn. Records of the Southern California Historical Society.

these dead animals. Land now became a drug upon the market. Lots worth \$2,000,000 today in the very heart of the city were offered for sale at \$2.50 to pay the taxes, with no takers. The following year no city taxes were collected. The drought proved a blessing in disguise, for Southern California, because the large ranch holders were now willing to sell in small tracts, and the Stearns Ranchos of 200,000 acres were among the first to be subdivided.

With the building of the municipal railroad to San Pedro, many people came to Los Angeles from the north. Many of these new arrivals made their homes here and some of them bought a part of this land for agricultural purposes. These people attained a fair degree of success in raising hay, grain, etc., and for this purpose good agricultural land rose to \$10, 20 and as high as \$50 an acre in some favored spots. Los Angeles began to have a back country at last. Means of transportation were still slow, however, and the country grew very slowly. The population of the city in 1870 was but 5614.

Two things happened now which were very important in the development of Southern California. One was the discovery and use of artesian well water for irrigation purposes and the other was the coming of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The former made the small farmer independent of the rainy season; the result of which was that deciduous and citrus fruits¹ began to be extensively cultivated. The railroad opening made eastern markets available for this fruit by providing easy means of transportation. Lands available for the raising of fruit rose in value to \$150 and \$200 an acre for a farm of from ten to forty acres. Without water and a distance from the railroad land could still be had at prices ranging from \$1 to \$3 per acre. With the development of the fruit industry, especially oranges, there was a sign of real progress, for the population in 1880 was 11,183, or almost double that of 1870. The oranges and lemons of Southern California in competition with those of the entire world carried off all the premiums at the New Orleans Exposition in 1884 and 1885, and the way California oranges were sold on the Eastern markets proved that the premiums were based on merit. Thus Southern California began to be well advertised.

This advertising now began on a most extensive scale. The Board of Trade was founded in 1883 and bent its energy in boosting the good qualities of this section. Many beautiful lithographs were printed and sent broadcast over the eastern part of the United States, and newspapers printed beautifully illustrated editions on various occasions: page after page of advertising and descriptive matter was sent to eastern magazines, which were read all over the

1. See "From Cattle Ranch to Orange Grove," by J. M. Quinn of Southern California Historical Society.

world. This advertising and literature¹ told in glowing colors the salubrity of our glorious climate, climate, climate, the variety of our productions, the fertility of our soil and the immense profits to be made from the cultivation of Southern California semi-tropical fruits. Of course there were golden opportunities in the virgin soil of Southern California, but the promoters went wild and boosted conditions above the normal and helped to bring on a boom. The first premonition of the boom took place June 1, 1885, with the formal transfer of the Southern California Railroad to the Atlantic and Pacific. The road came through the Cajon Pass and continued to San Diego by way of the Temecula Cañon. Bright prospects loomed up for the future, but this section of the road was built on too low a grade, and a large section of railroad through the canyon was washed out. The loss was only for the moment, for the San Gabriel Valley Railroad being built to Los Angeles from San Bernardino via Pasadena was backed by the Atlantic and Pacific, which in the meantime obtained a right-of-way to Los Angeles over the track of the Southern Pacific by a working agreement with that company. With the establishment of the Santa Fé (the name was changed from the Atlantic and Pacific), Los Angeles had a competing railroad at last, and the Southern Pacific could no longer discriminate against the merchants of Los Angeles in favor of the merchants of San Francisco. The rivalry between the two companies became so keen that the Santa Fé precipitated the boom when it withdrew from the Transcontinental Traffic Association in January, 1886. Rival roads began to fight the Santa Fé, and by the first of May, 1886, hostilities were on in earnest between the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé. Passenger rates from Kansas City to Los Angeles had been \$70; from Chicago \$100; from New York \$100. For three months tickets were sold from Missouri River points to Los Angeles as low as \$5, and for one day the fare was \$1 for a ride of 2800 miles. The railroad war lasted six months. At the end of this period fares were raised, but they were never raised to the old rates. The result of this railroad war was to precipitate such a flow of tentative migration, such an avalanche rushing madly to Southern California as I believe has had no parallel.

Previous to the railroad war the migration to Southern California consisted very largely of merchants and business men who came here to enjoy the benefits of Southern California climate and kindred advantages. As transportation facilities increased and hotel accommodations became more attractive, this class of tourists increased. The fields of green and the homes of flowers and fruits, the balmy air, the brilliant sunshine pouring down its invigorating warmth upon the body and vitalizing the blood, suggested to these

¹ Southern California, T. S. Van Dyke.

people the value of the land as a home, and many of them remained, while others returned as tourists the following year or became permanent residents of Los Angeles as soon as they could dispose of their eastern holdings. Five or ten acres with its fruits and flowers in Southern California became for them a paradise of health and beauty. Lands for homes of this kind rose to \$500, and in some cases as high as \$1000 per acre. The best business property in the city at this time sold for \$300 per front foot, and the best residence lots sold for \$2000 for fifty feet. Real estate on the whole was still very low and good prices prevailed only in a few favored sections.

With the beginning of the railroad rate war immigrants came by hundreds. Many of these began to purchase land and prices rose a little. Later the people arrived by thousands, so the real estate activity increased; yet the increase was steady. Finally as the rates were lowered and the news spread abroad of the fortunes being made in the Los Angeles real estate market, the immigrants stampeded to Los Angeles by tens of thousands, accompanied by a host of boomers who had been through a school of real estate speculation. All legitimate buying and selling of real estate was now forgotten, all standards of measurements and comparison were flung aside. A wild enthusiasm and passion for speculation broke over the country and for a brief period the most reckless excesses were committed. All values were merely fictitious. Los Angeles had scarcely any industries at this time. The all-important traffic was "science" of real estate. "Nobody can make a mistake who buys land in Southern California," argued the boomers. The price which he pays for it makes little difference, either in the city or in the country. The limited amount of land and the constantly increasing demand for it sufficiently settles the question of inflation. The future prosperity of Los Angeles cannot now and never will be measured. And so these real estate speculators cut up a large part of the southern section of the State in town lots, additions to existing towns and new towns.

Sixty of these new townsites were put upon the market during the year 1887. Twenty-five of them were located on the Santa Fé Railroad between Los Angeles city and the city of San Bernardino. Eight of them were located on the Southern Pacific. The only limits to a city in many cases were the limits of an adjoining city. They appeared like scenes conjured up by Aladdin's lamp. Out on the desert, in a river wash, or a mud flat, upon a barren slope or hillside and in the fertile minds of the boomers these townsites appeared. Lots in many of these townsites were sold at a very low figure; enough to put the price within the reach of all, and thus the number

1. Southern California, by T. S. Van Dyke.

of speculators increased by metes and bounds. Old settlers at last caught the fever, and many of those who sold their property at the first rise in value, later bought it back at a much higher value. Thus the former land owner who sold the original townsite of Claremont to the boomers bought back enough town lots from the boomers to pay for the cost of the entire townsite. It may be said that the fine-tooth comb of the boomer let no one escape.

Various schemes were used to attract the tenderfoot to a new tract. Circulars, handbills, booklets and lithographs of every description known to the printers' trade were utilized by every speculator. The daily newspaper was used to its fullest capacity. In fact, the Sunday newspapers could not carry all the advertisements. In many cases an entire page would contain but a single word printed in very large type. After a week a descriptive *ad*, would appear, saying that this word represented the name of a wonderful new tract or townsite. The advertisement would further inform the public that the new tract or townsite would be sold at auction at a certain date at which time free transportation would be provided. The following is an example of an advertisement taken from the Pasadena *Daily Union* for November the first, 1887: "Grand excursion and barbecue at La Manda Park. A genuine roast. Refreshments in a large tent, free to all. Band concert 10 A. M. to 4 P. M." The following appeared in the Los Angeles *Tribune* of January 12th, 1887: "Grand jubilee auction. Free excursion one o'clock. While the brass band discourses brilliant music, Weeks the New York Caterer will serve one of his inimitable and substantial lunches with California fruits and wines for desert. Lunch and music free as air."

The boom town of The Palms had a very striking advertisement, with a red rising sun in one corner. I gather the following from the daily papers of the time: "Magnolia. Keep your eye on it. Buy land in Los Angeles and wear diamonds. You will get fat at Rosecrans. Before you marry buy at Rosecrans." The following appeared in the San Bernardino *Times* in September, 1887: "Of all the booming booms in the booming city of San Bernardino, the boomiest boom is the boom in the Heart Tract, the garden spot of the Beautiful Base Line. Fourteen prizes aggregating \$16,000. First 30 lots, \$750; remainder, \$850. Buy now and make \$100." The brass band was perhaps the most popular method of advertising a new tract or townsite and it was used on every occasion. The brass band usually preceded the grand parade on the day a certain tract was to be sold at auction. The following is an account of one of these sales taken from the Los Angeles *Tribune*, April 24, 1887:

1. See *Century Annals of San Bernardino County*, by L. A. Ingersoll.

"Early risers were assailed by noises preceding from the throats of wind instruments, together with bewildering sounds of trumpet and cymbal. What was it? A large wagon, carriage or omnibus containing a full brass band and decorated on all sides with immense banners bearing the inscription 'Gladstone.' These banners furthermore informed one that an excursion to the town of Gladstone and an auction sale of lots would take place that day. There was a howling, raging mob of dabblers and dealers in real estate entering in a hurry four cars, each decorated with a large Gladstone banner on either side. Each car was loaded with swarms of people, old and young, male and female, and not one of them was a respecter of persons other than themselves. Their only object in living was to get a mortgage on a seat. When crowded, the cars unceremoniously pulled out leaving many persons behind, who unless they hired conveyances bought no lots in Gladstone yesterday. Upon arrival in Gladstone lunch was served free while a brass band played music. After lunch the auction of the lots took place."

Fakes, frauds and stool pigeons of every sort were used during the excitement of the later frenzy by the speculators, which were engendered by professional promoters.¹ One of the most notable examples of this kind of promotion was Coronado Beach. The boomers spent \$35,000 in advertising the place and posted placards in every postoffice in the United States. When the day of the sale arrived there was an immense crowd of people present, but there were no bidders. At last one of the promoters stepped forward, pointed out a prominent judge in the audience and stated that the judge had made a bid of \$1200 for a lot. It was a bluff, but a spirited bidding resulted and many lots were immediately sold. But after a time there was a lull in the bidding and it looked after all that the sale would be a failure. Again a promoter stepped forward and stated that the company promised a million dollar hotel and other improvements on the site. This also was a bluff, but the sale went on like wildfire, and before the day was over \$100,000 worth of lots were sold or more than enough to pay for the entire beach. Afterwards over \$800,000 worth of lots were sold.

There were few cash sales during the boom. Most of the land was bought on contract, one-third or one-fourth down, balance in semi-annual payments, was a common method. Another method was a small payment down, balance in small monthly payments. The former method was often used by "syndicates" who bought up property for subdivision. It was commonly used in the sale of acreage. The latter method was used in the sale of lots. These contracts

1. See an interesting account in "Bursting of a Boom," by K. P. Vachell.

were seldom recorded, as they were often resold half a dozen times. Deeds to property were recorded at their full selling price value.

The surveying work in most of these townsites and additions was carefully done and a lot may be easily located in one of these abandoned townsites after a period of twenty-eight years.¹ A notable exception to this accurate measurement is that of Rosecrans. This townsite was located on the southern slope of Howard Summit, just opposite to the present town of Athens. In this instance the surveyor failed to plumb his stakes. In other words, he ran his chain along the slope. Instead of the purchaser getting a fifty foot lot as his deed states, he got a forty-nine foot lot. In some instances corner stakes to blocks only were set out.

Probably the worst feature of the boom was the dealing in options. A man would take an option on a piece of property worth thousands of dollars and tie it up for sixty or ninety days by the payment of a few dollars; the owner in the meantime having no recourse, although the property might have made a phenomenal rise meanwhile. These options were taken for purely speculative purposes and were often sold half a dozen times before the option expired. An option would be taken on a piece of property by a boomer who would then start a rumor of some contemplated improvement. When the excitement was at its height he usually sold the option at a few thousand dollars advance. In this way eastern speculators coming here with but a few dollars in their pockets soon blossomed out as financiers so successfully that they virtually became "millionaires for a day."² Three days after their arrival these eastern speculators knew more about the country (according to their own opinion) than the native son, and could show the prospective real estate buyer more ways of making quick and easy money than men who had spent their lives in the real estate business in Los Angeles. These fellows had just graduated from a school of real estate speculation and they therefore knew all the fine points of the game. They knew how to establish fictitious values. They knew how to boost prices. They knew how to attract the purchaser and make him feel that he was doing him a favor by selling him a lot.

One of the first tracts to be put upon the market was the Wolfskill Orchard Tract east of San Pedro Street. This land was covered with orange and walnut trees over forty years old, and was a famous grove in the early days of Los Angeles. Twenty acres of land was given to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company who built the Arcade Depot on the tract. The location of this depot

1. Eastern people still claim lots on some of the townsites abandoned by the Board of Supervisors twenty-five years ago.

2. See "Millionaires of a Day," by T. S. Van Dyke.

boomed the tract, and the lots near it sold as high as \$200 a front foot, while those lots a mile away in the river bottom sold for \$500 per lot.

One of the most important suburban tracts of boom days was the Electric Railway Homestead Association, Pico Heights Tract. This Tract consisted of 280 acres and lay between Ninth and Pico streets and west of Vermont Avenue. It was divided into 1210 lots. The buyers were very shrewd. Mr. J. R. Millard owned 20 acres of the most beautiful part of this land fronting on Pico Street, and his home was the show place of the tract. The company paid Mr. Millard a very high price for his land on condition that he buy secretly the remaining acreage. Mr. Millard bought the remaining acreage at a very low price. Lots were sold at a uniform price of \$290; \$10 down, \$10 a month. The company graded the streets, laid water pipe and built 110 houses ranging in price from \$600 to \$4000 as prizes to induce people to buy the lots. These houses were built in what was called the Hollow between Ninth and Eleventh streets. Drainage water from the western hills of the city ran through this part of the tract digging deep gulches through the property so that it was very difficult at times to find a place large enough to build a house. Some of the houses looked like miniature castles on the Rhine. The company also built an electric road to the tract, but for slowness in construction I think this road holds an international record. It was built without the aid of machinery other than pick and shovel. Of course the road was a failure. The company knew it would be a failure, but the building of the road served to sell the lots and thus accomplished its purpose. Meanwhile prospective buyers were taken to the tract in carriages where, under the influence of port wine, they saw the beauties of the tract and not the hollow. The drawing for these lots took the form of a lottery. Before a buyer was entitled to draw a lot he must pay in at least \$100. After the boom many of the lots were sold for taxes. A lot containing a \$600 house was sold for \$30, and another lot with a three-room house near Pico Street was sold for \$60.

There were many such tracts in and about Los Angeles which were put upon the market during the days of the boom. Some of them laid down wooden curbs and wooden sidewalks. Some were close in; others were at a great distance from the city.

I shall now note some sales and rises in prices which were characteristic of the period. My father bought 32 acres of land at the corner of Vernon and Central Avenues in 1883 for \$12,000 but was forced to sell the land in 1885 for \$8,500. In 1887 this property was sold for \$40,000 for subdivision. In 1915 100 feet of this same property was condemned for a library site for \$25,000.

1. Mr. W. H. Workman, as mayor of Los Angeles, was the first conductor on the road.

Mr. Luke bought 88 acres of land in the center of Hollywood in January, 1886, for \$100 per acre, but sold it in the fall of that year for \$110 per acre. In July, 1887, this same land sold for \$600 per acre. In 1886 Mr. Luke refused to pay \$11,000 for 25 acres on Seventh Street near Figueroa Street, but saw the property go above \$80,000 in 1887.

A man offered \$47,000 for the Herriford property at the corner of Fourth and Spring Streets in January, 1887: in February he offered \$53,000 or it; in April he offered \$70,000 and finally bought the property in July for \$84,000. Sixth and Main quoted at \$20 a foot in 1883 sold for \$800 per foot in 1887. Boyle Heights was bought by Mr. W. H. Workman in 1867 for \$5 and \$10 per acre. He developed water on the property and sold some of it as high as \$200 an acre in 1876. Later he presented part of Hollenbeck Park to the city. Lots in the best part of Boyle Heights which originally sold for \$150 went as high as \$10,000 during the boom. Boyle Heights was boomed by the location by the Santa Fe depot, the First Street viaduct; Mr. M. L. Weeks opening up of East Second Street, and his development of the adjoining property.

Acreage went skyward in boom times as well as city lots. In 1870 good land around Santa Ana could be bought for \$10 per acre, and good peat land at \$5 per acre. Mr. A. E. Davis refused to buy a ranch in Downey in 1886 for \$10,000, but the following year one-fourth of the ranch sold for that sum. Acreage around Glendora preempted from the government in 1877, sold for \$1000 per acre in 1887, while land bought for \$2.50 to \$15 per acre in 1879 sold for \$1500 per lot in 1887.

While there were many new townsites put upon the market very early, it was only when land began to rise rapidly in or near the city that these new townsites began to flourish. But it was in some of these new townsites that the most fictitious values were boosted. Rapid transportation in the way of electric or steam roads; magnificent hotels; colleges of applied sciences and manufacturing establishments were promised for the new town. If the new townsite was situated in a river wash or a stony canyon, the sand and boulders were boosted as building material and thus became an asset; if the townsite was situated out on the desert, it was boosted as a natural health resort and was advertised largely in eastern magazines; if the townsite was situated on a hillside, the view was boosted; if the townsite was situated in a swamp, as was the case of Ballona, a fictitious harbor was boosted. The location of many of these new townsites made very little difference; the buyers never expected to live in them. The new arrivals from the East bought a lot and lay in wait for the tourist of the next day to unload on him at an advance. It was all a mere matter of pure speculation.

Besides all the townsites looked equally beautiful from the artist's lithograph maps, with the majestic snow-clad mountains in the background and a magnificent seven-story tourist hotel surrounded by orange trees in the foreground.

It never dawned upon even the shrewdest, keenest and most far-sighted of these speculators, in the excitement of the real estate frenzy, to stop long enough to ascertain if there were any reason that a city should grow up where the boomers had located a new townsite, and it never dawned upon the sharpest of them to look far enough into the matter to see that the interests of commerce and the trend of population gave every reason why a new townsite should not grow up there for at least many years to come.

Azusa was one of the first townsites to be put upon the market, and although this townsite was situated upon the poorest part of Mr. Slauson's ranch and among the biggest boulders, the speculators thought they saw in it a rival to Los Angeles. Everything was done by the promoters to keep the maps of the property a secret until the day of the sale arrived, but in spite of odds, lot buyers stood in line for two days and two nights waiting for the hour when the sale would begin. High prices were offered for choice places in line. The lots went with a rush, for during the first two months \$1,175,000 worth of lots were sold.

Rosecrans was situated on a gentle slope midway between Los Angeles and Gardena. Three thousand lots were put upon the market at \$50 each. Later the company constructed a narrow gauge railroad to the townsite, built a hotel and twenty-four prize houses. With these improvements, the price of lots was advanced to \$240. They got the crowds, I know, for I rode down there myself one Sunday on a flat car crowded to its fullest capacity.

St. James, situated in Orange County, sold with a rush, and on the opening day the cash sales were \$8,000.

San Juan by the Sea was the first town whose lots were sold by the aid of the telephone from Riverside, Santa Ana and Los Angeles.

The townsite of Sunset was situated northwest of the present town of Beverly. It was boomed by the location of the National Soldiers' Home. The boomers built a hotel and made other improvements, but they started too late, and in spite of their earnest efforts the town was a failure. The beautiful hotel was used to store hay until it burned down.

Ontario and North Ontario (Magnolia) were boomed about the same time. Euclid Avenue running through these towns was planned to be 200 feet wide with seven high electric light masts and water pipes. An electric railway was promised, but a horse car was furnished in which the horses pulled the car up the hill, but both

the horses and the car rode down the hill by gravity. Water for irrigation was developed from the San Antonio canyon. Chaffey Brothers bought 8,000 acres of this land in 1883 for \$12 an acre. With the development of water they promoted a model colony. They were very successful and exhibited a plan of the colony at the St. Louis Exposition later. In 1886 they sold the land for \$150 an acre; also giving \$100,000 for the foundation of an agricultural college. Magnolia was advertised as a model town, as each deed contained a provision for the none-sale of liquors. Lots were sold at \$100 and \$150. Lots worth \$50,775 were sold the first day.

Long Beach was originally called Willmore City. Mr. Willmore planned a moral town there, and the deeds for these lots also contained provisions for the non-sale of liquor. During the boom a syndicate headed by Mr. Pomeroy bought 4,000 acres, comprising the best part of the location from Mr. Bixby for \$260,000. The syndicate built a railroad and called the town Long Beach. They sold over \$500,000 worth of lots, from \$50 to \$250 each. Many of these lots were resold over and over again. Long Beach real estate offices were the first places of business to open in the morning, and the last to close at night. Many people went down to Long Beach to attend the Chautauqua Assembly and spent their time gambling in city lots. One man is reported to have made \$5,000 in two weeks.

Pasadena was originally a sheep ranch and considered a very poor one at that. As early as 1853, 13,600 acres were sold for \$8,000, and in 1862, 640 acres were sold for \$500, and 262 acres of the best part were sold for \$1,000. In the early seventies a large part of Pasadena was settled by the Orange Growers Association under the name of the Indiana Colony. Wilson and Griffin sold land there in the late 70's for \$50 an acre, thinking they robbed their "Yankee" buyers. As late as 1880 Pasadena had but a general store and a post-office with a two-seated stage running twice a week to Los Angeles. In this year the 3000-acre tract was divided into five-acre lots and sold at \$50 and \$60 each. The same year a man bought 20 acres on California Street, north of Marengo, for \$2,000. The best lots east of Fair Oaks and south of Colorado Street sold for \$45, while the best corners sold for \$60. In 1883 Captain Wakeley bought some of the best land in Pasadena for \$100 an acre. In 1885 the Groton Tract at the corner of Villa and Lake was bought for \$2,000, or \$25 an acre. There was very little sale for land around Altadena because of the lack of water. Land worth \$2,500 today was sold then for \$15 per acre. A man owned ten acres at the northeast corner of Fair Oaks and Colorado Streets and in 1882 he traded three acres of it for a mule team worth about \$100. About this time Othera bought a piece of land 300 feet by 660 feet at the northwest corner of Fair Oaks and

Colorado Streets for \$10 a foot. During the boom this land sold for \$1,000 a foot. With the coming of the first railroad the population of Pasadena doubled. With the coming of each successive railroad its population doubled, until the coming of the Pacific Electric, when its population trebled.

The rise in price of Monrovia lots was the most phenomenal of any boom town. Mr. Munroe cleared away the sage brush and built a home there in 1885. The first lots were put upon the market in May, 1886, and sold from \$100 to \$150 a piece. Mr. Munroe sold lots much cheaper than surrounding property was sold on condition that substantial improvements would follow. They did follow. In 1887 \$8,000 was offered for a lot bought the year before for \$150, while \$10,000 was the selling price of two other lots. A lot bought for \$5,400 was sold in five months for \$12,500. A lot 100 feet by 150 feet bought for \$3,500 was sold in thirteen months for \$13,500. A lot bought for \$1,300 was sold in three weeks for \$4,000. Another lot bought for \$5,500 sold ten days later for \$16,000. Acreage which went begging in 1885 at \$300 sold readily in 1887 for \$3,000.

One of the biggest failures of boom days was the town of Gladstone. The following advertisement concerning the town ran for some time in the *Tribune*, beginning April 16, 1887: "Gladstone, the heart of the Azusa, in the midst of the choicest orange groves and vineyards of that delightful section and in the natural center of trade and travel. It possesses the most perfect climate in California and commands a view of the entire San Gabriel Valley, one of the grandest in the world. The purchase of the town of Gladstone embraces the property of nineteen owners and comprises 525 acres of the most beautiful land the sun ever shone upon. It will be laid out in residence and business lots and five and ten-acre tracts, and sold at a fixed schedule of prices, which will be reasonable and liberal. All streets will be graded and water is plentiful and abundant and will be piped to every lot. Citrus Avenue, 88 feet wide, extends from the mountains to Covina, a distance of nine miles. The lot in the center will be reserved for the First National Bank of Gladstone, which will be built of solid granite. A newspaper will be established at once and stores and blocks erected. The founders of Gladstone own extensive marble quarries near at hand from which extensive quarries will come handsome building stone in large quantities. Marble and granite will be extensively used. We own a valuable water power furnished from a fall 200 feet high, which will be used in generating electricity for the street lights and the electric lights of Gladstone. Hinda Villa hotel now open. Water supply constant from the San Gabriel River. Gladstone is located on two lines of transcontinental railroad, both of which cross the lands of the company."

Gladstone became famous because its promoter was a newspaper man, who had been very successful in the promotion of "Broad Acres." A man by the name of Hoshek bought the land in Gladstone in 1882 at \$150 an acre. Mr. Boyce and his associates contracted to pay \$372,661 for the land in 1887, an exorbitant figure. The lots were held at too high a figure even for boom times. The auction sale took place according to schedule, but few lots were sold. The methods and absurdities were then exposed by the *Times*, and no lots were sold thereafter. The company failed to meet its payments; the mortgages were foreclosed and most of the houses were moved to Azusa.

The boom reached its climax in July, 1887, when the real estate transfers mounted to \$11,930,000. From this time on there was a constant decline with the exception of the month of September, but this was just the fulfillment of some contracts already made. There were many causes which led to the culmination of the boom, and not the least of these was the attitude of the banks. When the first signs of inflation began as far back as 1885, the banks held three and one-half million dollars, of which two and one-half was loaned out, and one and three-fourths millions was carried in cash. With the advent of the boom the deposits increased to five and one-half millions in July, and eight millions in January, 1887. The highest point in the volume of bank deposits was reached near the end of 1887, when the amount was twelve millions of dollars. As might be expected, the loans increased as the volume of deposits increased, but with a constantly increasing margin of safety. Whereas in July, 1885, the loans constituted 80 per cent of the deposits, in January, 1887, they constituted but 62½ per cent. From this time on the margin of safety was constantly increased. No loans were made on outside property except on its original farm value (improvements were not taken into consideration) and later no loans were made on outside property at all. Led by the Farmers and Merchants Bank, the other banks became more and more conservative. As obligations became due all kinds of collateral was offered as security, but the rate of interest constantly rose and money became harder and harder to obtain. Even on city property, except on its original value before the beginning of inflation. By July the loans by the bank were 43 per cent of their deposits, and in January, 1888, the loans were but 28 per cent of the deposits. Meanwhile the paid-up capital and reserve funds of the banks had doubled. The banks loaned no money on doubtful property and were guilty of no speculation, so when the test came and a "run" on the banks was started, they were ready to meet all obligations and not a bank failed.

This conservative action of the banks created a great scarcity

in the money market. Obligations became due, so every one became a seller. The result was that property depreciated in value very rapidly. All values had been merely fictitious. Los Angeles had scarcely any industries in those days. There were no paved streets, no adequate sewerage, no proper schools, hotels, or lighting facilities. There could be no permanent prosperity by the rich coming here and laying out townsites, and building hotels without really producing anything. The speculators made the previous mistake and were carried away with the idea that buying and selling lots and acreage at fictitious values would promote their welfare. This was an economic mistake. As population increases the country must produce more than it consumes and send the surplus abroad if permanent prosperity is desired. The boomers expected a great rush of tourists during the winter of 1887 and 1888, but the tourists failed to arrive. It is a fact that the tourists became disgusted by the filthy conditions existing in Los Angeles and they went elsewhere to enjoy our climate and to spend their money. January and February which should, under ordinary conditions, have shown an increase in the volume of business, actually showed a decrease. With the non-arrival of the winter tourists real estate became more and more a "drug" on the market. There was little money to be made in speculation and the land shark (those of them who did not land in the penitentiary) sought other feeding grounds in Washington and Arizona. Many other good people thinking that Los Angeles had fallen to rise no more also left the city, so that the population which was conservatively estimated at 80,000 in 1887, decreased to 50,000 in 1890.

A fairly correct idea of the condition of things at the close of the boom may be gained by the late Mr. A. E. Davis, supervisor from the Fourth Supervisorial District of Los Angeles County, in his application before the State Board of Equalization for a reduction of the assessment for the year 1889. Mr. Davis stated: "The figures of the county assessor are \$14,000,000 less than in 1888, yet property is assessed far above its value. Everything has been wrecked by the boom and financial men have gone down by the hundreds." Mr. Davis gave the location of large tracts of alkali lands which are assessed for \$40 to \$60 per acre, which are suitable only for the home of the horned toad and jack rabbit. Many of these tracts, however, had been subdivided into town lots and sold at fabulous prices, but were now abandoned by their purchasers. Mr. Davis produced a document giving the history of sixty paper towns in all portions of the county, comprising 79,350 town lots listed with the assessor, and these sixty towns and lots had 2,351 inhabitants. These statistics were compiled by V. J. Rowan, a surveyor of the Fourth district, and he took only towns laid out

since January, 1887. Thousands of dollars had been spent on churches, hotels, factories and colleges which were now abandoned. Mr. Davis got a reduction of 25 per cent from the State Board of Equalization.

During the reaction which followed the boom every opportunity was given the honest and well-meaning investor to meet his obligations. Extensions of time and compromises were granted freely. Those who were not too heavily overloaded thus met their obligations, though many times after heavy losses. Very few cases are on record where a deficiency judgment was taken. Those who had kept aloof from speculation went right on as before the boom. The Board of Supervisors vacated the "paper cities" so that those who had invested recklessly plowed up their "paper townsites, sowed them in grain and used the hotels as hay barns. These fellows were sadder (and it is to be hoped) wiser for their experience, for more economic methods of living were practiced thereafter, with greater effort to develop the resources of the country.

For, after all, the great real estate boom of 1887 was not built wholly on air. It was run to mania to be sure. It must be remembered that the frontier town of 1885, with its business at the Temple Block, was transformed into a flourishing city in 1889. From the climate and soil of this country of ours sprang the foundation structure which has been built up so solidly that it will endure. Our real estate boomers went a little bit faster than the country, that was all. Those investors who were able to hold their property have long ago recovered from any evil effects of the boom. Real estate is very much higher today than the highest boom prices. Our intrinsic resources have sustained us through the reaction which followed the wildest real estate excitement which ever attended the building of any American city.

Early in 1889 a group of Chicago capitalists arrived in this city, among them Mr. T. D. Stimson, who built a splendid block at the corner of Third and Spring Streets. This restored confidence in the city and attracted capital once more. It was the dawn of a brighter day.

GIFTS MADE TO THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES BY INDIVIDUALS

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

INTRODUCTION

At the request of Dr. Dana Bartlett, who, feeling that there is a need for the compilation of a list of the gifts that have been made to the city of Los Angeles, the following paper has been attempted. The writer, who is a student of the University of Southern California, made this survey as an original problem, working under the direction of Dr. E. S. Bogardus, head of the Department of Sociology of the University of Southern California.

The writer followed three methods of obtaining information. First, by personal interviews with people of long residence in Los Angeles or with those who might have such information; second, by letter to those who were more or less inaccessible, and, third, by consulting histories of Los Angeles.

So far as the writer knows this is the first survey of its kind. One can understand the difficulties to a small degree, at least, when it is realized that there was absolutely nothing upon which to work or from which to start. Also, a complete list of the gifts of various nature to the city is impossible, as the writer interviewed several people who had made gifts to the city but positively refused to have their names mentioned or any publicity made whatsoever. The writer requests that anyone reading this paper who has a knowledge of any gift which has been made to the city and is not here reported, would communicate with the writer by addressing the Sociology Department of the University of Southern California.

CHAPTER I

Description of the gifts made by individuals to the City of Los Angeles.

Number 1—Hollenbeck Park is the gift of Mrs. Elizabeth Hollenbeck and Hon. William H. Workman. Mrs. Hollenbeck gave eight acres of land and Mr. Workman gave about eleven. At the request of Mr. Workman it was called Hollenbeck Park. This property was deeded to the city in 1892.

Number 2—Sunset Park, containing ten acres, was donated to

the city by Mrs. Clara R. Shatto in 1905. This park has been worth a great deal to the entire Wilshire section.

Number 3—Griffith Park is the gift of Col. Griffith J. Griffith, and was made in 1896. This is the second largest park in the world and contains three thousand and fifteen acres. The largest park in the world is at Copenhagen, Denmark, embracing four thousand two hundred acres. At the present time the estimated value of Griffith Park if subdivided would be about five million dollars.

Number 4—The Florence Crittenden Home at No. 234 East Avenue 33 was built and donated to the city by Mr. C. T. Johnson in December, 1914. This was deeded to the city with the condition attached that if it was discontinued as a Crittenden Home it should be used as an Old People's Home.

Number 5—Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave to the city in 1911 two hundred and ten thousand dollars for the purpose of establishing six branch libraries. The condition under which this money was given was that the city should furnish the sites and appropriate yearly one-tenth of the amount given, which would amount to twenty-one thousand dollars, for maintenance and upkeep. Three of these branch libraries are now complete.

Number 6—Mrs. Ida Hancock Ross made a bequest in 1913 of ten thousand dollars to be used for the furnishing and equipping of a room in the new City Library, in memory of her former husband, Mr. Hancock. The bequest was made on the condition that it be carried out in five years and if not done in this time the money is to go to a charitable institution. It appears now as if this gift will be lost to the city, as the "New Library Building" will not be completed by 1918, nor perhaps even started.

Number 7—Mr. James Slauson and his mother, Mrs. S. R. Slauson, gave four hundred dollars in December, 1911, for the purchase of books to be placed in the Slauson Branch Library.

Number 8—Donations of varying denominations are made to the Playground Commission by citizens. Some are as low as ten dollars. For the year ending July 1, 1915, the cash contributions totaled seven hundred and seventy-eight dollars.

Number 9—Dr. John S. Griffin gave a site at the end of Downey Ave. (now North Broadway) for a reservoir to be used for irrigation purposes. This site amounted to about ten acres and is not in use now, but is still owned by the city.

Number 10—A group of citizens who called themselves the Highland Park Improvement Association gave a reservoir site to the City in 1910. This site was one hundred feet square. The property is worth about one thousand dollars.

Number 11—Mrs. Ida Wilcox Beveridge gave the City in 1913 a site for the housing of some of the City's fire fighting ap-

paratus. The building was erected a short time afterward. The lot is worth now about eighteen thousand dollars. The location of the site is No. 1625 Cahuenga Boulevard.

Number 12—Mrs. Beveridge also donated to Hollywood the site now occupied by the Hollywood Branch Library. This became the property of Los Angeles when Hollywood was annexed to the City in 1910.

Number 13—Mrs. Lula Snider gave to the City about one thousand dollars in equity in a twelve hundred foot lot at San Pedro, the lot to be used as a site for a fire house.

Number 14—Mr. Fred F. Wheeler and L. W. Andrews constructed a number of circular and oblong flower beds in the central park of Occidental Boulevard and extending from Sixth Street to Third Street. These flower beds were given to the City on the condition that they be maintained. The result is the creation of one of the beauty spots of Los Angeles.

Number 15—Mr. Harris Newmark tendered to the City, August 25, 1882, a drinking fountain, fronting the junction of Main and Spring Streets, for the free use of the public. This was accepted by the City and served its purpose for a number of years. It was torn down for no other reason, apparently, than that few people care very much for the sentiments of the past.

Number 16—Mr. Jacob Weixel on June 1, 1875, donated the site of the present Grand Avenue school, comprising 240 feet on Grand Avenue and 165 feet on Eighth Street.

Number 17—On December 8th, 1879, Mr. W. H. Workman and wife donated the site on which is now situated the Breed Street School. The site was given on the consideration that a building be erected and maintained by the school board.

Number 18—Mr. Elijah Workman, while he was Councilman of Los Angeles, which was from 1865 to 1869, gave time and money to the landscaping of Central Park. He planted a number of trees from seed which had been brought from the East and also was responsible for the planting of a large number of shrubs and plants, so that today we see some of the results of Mr. Workman's labor in the magnificent trees which adorn one of the places of beauty in Los Angeles.

Number 19—In 1886 the site on which the 23rd Avenue School now stands was donated to the City. This was formerly the Hellman Street School. The site which is triangular is 162 by 342 by 306 feet. In 1901 the value of the property was \$6500.¹

Number 20—In 1884 the site of the Loreto Street School, formerly the Highland View, was donated to the City. The site is 150 by 180 feet, and the valuation in 1901 was \$1000.¹

1. The names of the donors are not available at this time.

The acreage containing the famous La Brea pits, which was given to Los Angeles County by G. Allen Hancock, does not come within the scope of this survey, as the gift was made to the County and not to the City. The writer believes, however, that residents of the City will benefit by this gift and also that the site of Hancock Park, as it will be called, eventually will be within the City limits, and therefore should be mentioned. The property was tendered to the County May 1, 1916. It consists of thirty-two acres of what is known as the Rancho La Brea. This particular section of the ranch contains the famous pits which have given to the world "countless skeletons of animals that lived in Southern California many thousands of centuries before the advent of man."

The conditions on which the property is given are that a small museum shall be erected in which at least a specimen of each of the extinct species is to be reproduced for the benefit of the public; that trees, flowers, shrubbery be planted; that at no time shall the property be used for the development of oil; and that the property is to remain in escrow until the work is completed.

CHAPTER II

Herewith are tables showing the years in which gifts were made, also showing the number of gifts according to purposes:

Table I—According to Years

1875—Weixel—Grand Avenue School site.
76-78 (Inclusive)—No gifts.
79—W. H. Workman and wife—Breed Street School site.
80-81 (Inclusive)—No gifts.
82—Harris Newmark—fountain.
83—No gifts.
84—The site of the Loreto Street School.
85—No gifts.
86—The site of the 23rd Avenue School.
87-91 (Inclusive)—No gifts.
92—Mrs. Elizabeth Hollenbeck and Mr. W. H. Workman—
Hollenbeck Park.
93-95 (Inclusive)—No gifts.
96—G. J. Griffith—Griffith Park.
97-1904 (Inclusive)—No gifts.
1905—Mrs. Clara R. Shatto—Sunset Park.
06—F. F. Wheeler—flower beds.
07-09 (Inclusive)—No gifts.
10—Highland Park Improvement Association—reservoir.
11—Andrew Carnegie—branch libraries.
12—No gifts.

- 13—Mrs. Ross—bequest.
- 13—Mrs. Beveridge—fire house site.
- 14—O. T. Johnson—Crittenden Home.
- 15—Playground donations.

Table II—According to Purpose

1—For Library Purposes.....	4
2—For Park Purposes.....	3
3—For Better Water Facilities.....	2
4—For Better Fire Protection.....	2
5—For School Purposes.....	4
6—For Public Fountain.....	1
7—For Beautifying the City.....	1
8—For Philanthropic Purposes.....	1

CONCLUSIONS

The estimated value of all property that has been given by individuals to the City, that is estimated in present values and in a very conservative way, is something over five million seven hundred thousand dollars. The number of donors is sixteen.

In making this survey the writer has observed a number of places concerning which there is no question that gifts would be very acceptable. There are numerous street intersections in various parts of the city which would be ideal locations for drinking fountains. In this land where water is almost as precious as liquid silver, what better way could there be for perpetuating a name or a memory than by a refreshing draft? Also there is the need for numerous homes for the accommodation of the unfortunate. A good many such homes will have to be built before the condition in Los Angeles can be called relieved to any great extent.

A need which assumes gigantic proportions upon consideration is that for a municipal auditorium where ten thousand or more people can be accommodated comfortably and which will be within easy access from most parts of the city. We as a city are behind many cities in this country in the matter of housing our petty criminals. Perhaps, it may be said, if our jail were too commodious we would have difficulty in housing the inmates. This, however, is no argument for setting aside the question of humanity. We need a library building and likewise a city hall. Also, we lack what many cities have, namely, statues located in various places, as parks or in streets, in memory of great men, or commemorating events which should be sacred to us as American people.

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J. M. Guinn, *Los Angeles and Environs*, 3 vols., (revised)—Historic Record Co., Los Angeles, 1915.

Charles Dwight Willard, *History of Los Angeles City*, Kingsley—Barnes & Neuner Co., Los Angeles, December, 1901.

Southern California—An Illustrated History, Lewis Publishing Co., Chicago, 1890.

PERSONS INTERVIEWED

Mr. O. T. Johnson	Mr. Mark Keppel
Mr. Charles S. Lamb	Mr. Kaspare Cohn
Mr. J. M. Guinn	Mr. M. A. Newmark
Mr. L. M. Anderson	Mr. H. M. Rebok
Chief Archie J. Ely, Los Angeles Fire Dept.	Mr. M. H. Newmark
Mr. Wm. G. Sheldon	Mr. Lorin Handley
Mr. Charles L. Wilde	Dr. Milbank Johnson
Mr. Griffith J. Griffith	Dr. Elbert Wing
Mr. George Dunlop	Dr. L. M. Powers
Mr. Fred F. Wheeler	Mr. W. M. Bowen
Mr. L. W. Butler	Mr. J. S. Meyers
Mr. George Alexander	Mr. W. H. Workman, Jr.
Mr. J. M. Elliott	Mr. E. R. Perry
Mr. Dana Bartlett	M. C. Bettinger

JAMES HARMON HOOSE, A.M., PH.D., LL.D.

BY TULLY C. KNOLES

This paper is to deal primarily with the life of Dr. Hoose during his service in the University of Southern California, hence only the meager outline of his earlier life as given in "Who's Who in America," 1912-13 is quoted.

James Harmon Hoose was born at Cobleskill, New York, January the twenty-fourth, 1835, of Abram and Rosannah Miller Hoose. He took his bachelor's degree from Genesee College, now Syracuse University, in 1861, he received from the same institution the master's degree in 1863, and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1873. Forty years later the University of Southern California conferred upon him the honorary degree LL.D.

His first wife, *nee Hale*, lived ten years after their marriage in 1861. In 1872 he was married to Helen Kathleen Hubbard, who with a son and a daughter still survives.

Young Hoose was for some time engaged in secondary education, and was also official lecturer for Teacher's Institutes in New York State.

In 1869 he organized the State Normal School at Cortland, New York, and was President of that institution until 1891. He was a life member of the National Educational Association, and a member of the following organizations: American Historical Association; American Association for the Advancement of Science; National Council of Education; Southern California Teachers' Association (charter); Holland Society of New York; and the Historical Society of Southern California.

In 1891 Dr. Hoose removed from New York and settled in California. For five years he was engaged in fruit culture, living in Pasadena. In the fall of 1896 he was elected Professor of Pedagogy and Psychology in the College of Liberal Arts of the University of Southern California. At that time there were fourteen members of the faculty and ninety students in the College.

The vigorous personality of the new professor, his aggressiveness, and his complete devotion to his work immediately made a deep impression upon the school; his great knowledge and wonderful enthusiasm for teaching soon drew to him the more thoughtful and earnest of the students. Though about sixty years of age, the professor was robust in body and alert in mind; his manner, so different

from that of the ordinary professor of the time, was confusing to many in his classes. He was master of the students, master of the subjects which he taught, and under all circumstances complete master of himself. He was never bound by conventions, nor was he limited by text-books or courses.

In 1897-8 there were only eleven members of the Liberal Arts faculty and Dr. Hoose was still in the list as Professor of Pedagogy and Psychology, but his activities as a teacher were by no means limited by his title, for in the body of the year book we find that he was doing all of the work in History and Economics as well as teaching the subjects in his own department. By this time, due to the activities of Dr. Hoose, plans began to develop for graduate work, and definite statements concerning requirements for the Master's Degree are given, though tentative courses had been mentioned previously.

In 1899-00, with a faculty of ten members, Dr. Hoose is recorded as Professor of History and Economics—no one is designated as Professor of Pedagogy and Psychology, but an examination of the courses of instruction indicates that he was teaching all of the classes in these fields. At this time the work in these departments was so difficult for the students, and Dr. Hoose was so anxious to elevate the standards of scholarship that, in spite of the great personal popularity of the Professor, numerous complaints were made, and in one of the editions of the Junior Annual there was a picture of the door of the History room with this legend, "Abandon 'cum laude' all ye who enter here."

These were the dark years of the life of the University, and only the heroic self-sacrifice of the members of the faculties made possible the continued existence of the Colleges.

In the year 1900-01, Wm. T. Randall, A.M., was installed as Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, and the faculty was increased to fifteen: the student body numbered seventy-three.

By this time Dr. Hoose was being recognized as an educational force in Southern California. He was in demand as an institute instructor, where his long experience as an educator and administrator made him very valuable. His striking personality, quaint sayings and luminous remarks left their impressions for good on hundreds of teachers who have helped erect the splendid educational system of Southern California.

In addition to this very successful social and professional service, he was a noted character in various summer schools and assemblies. His lectures in these bodies were never fully written out, and were not received as distinctively literary productions, but they were exceedingly rich in material, showing a wide range of reading and a wonderful assimilative power: he was very helpful

to those who were interested in the evolution of our American institutions. His mannerisms deepened the impression of his incisive words. Thus many who never came under his instruction in the class-room were stimulated to study by him.

During these years by his own class-room work, by chapel addresses, and by lectures before fraternities and literary societies, the Doctor was aiding continuously in the work of elevating the scholarship standards, not only of the College of Liberal Arts, but also of the entire University.

The next issue of the catalogue ranks Dr. Hoose as Professor of History and Philosophy, though he carried on the same work as formerly. Perhaps a short comparison would be interesting. He was teaching thirty-seven hours a week, or more than full time for three instructors according to the present arrangement. It was only possible for him to conduct so many classes by a large use of the blackboard, and by requiring very little written work on the part of the students, and of course the classes were small.

Those were the days when he reached the zenith of his power; many of the leaders in the professional life of Southern California at the present day received the impetus which still determines their scholastic activities from the grand old man at that time. He had now fully come into his own. Before coming to California he had been dealing with the problems of primary education and school administration. He followed this work for thirty-five years, in the life of an ordinary man, all of the working period. Certainly during those years his mind was more or less firmly fixed in its habits, and the necessary routine of professional instruction and administration left its impress indelibly upon him, and the wonder is that after he had reached the age of sixty he was able to enter a new field and adapt himself to the new demands, and not only fill an important position, but in less than ten years to become the leading member of a faculty of twenty-four.

Dr. Hoose was not only exceedingly successful with undergraduate students, but he was carrying a large share of the graduate work. A simple resumé of his courses is appalling. In History four courses, 12 hours per week; in Economics one course, 3 hours per week; and for the first time in 1902-03 one hour was given to Sociology, in Psychology and Philosophy, 12 hours per week. In addition to these scheduled hours he was giving time in the late afternoons and evenings for graduate students. As if this were not enough, he was a very frequent visitor at various city schools and was in great demand as a speaker at Parent-Teacher Associations. All of this was too much, even for his rugged physique, and just before the Christmas holidays in 1902 a serious break in health called for a surgical operation under his friend, Dr. Lockwood of

Pasadena. Although the operation was eminently successful, recovery was slow, and for the rest of the academic year his work was taken by his daughter, now Mrs. Helen Lillard of Gardena, and by the writer.

During the spring of 1903, Dr. George F. Bovard was elected President of the University, and in order permanently to lighten Dr. Hoose's labors, the writer was appointed an Instructor in History, teaching in history, economics and sociology.

This was the opening of the third distinct period in Dr. Hoose's teaching. His time was now devoted to philosophy and pedagogy; during the following years the master came fully to himself.

The College of Liberal Arts was entered upon an era of marvelous expansion: the seventy-three students of 1901 are to be compared to 1115—202 of them already receiving the Bachelor's degree in 1914. In 1901 there was a student in Liberal Arts for each 1400 of the population of the city, in 1914 one for each 450 of the population. It is but simple justice to say that the largest single personal factor in this growth was James Harmon Hoose. A glance at the departments which have developed from his original classes will prove that statement.

In 1906 the Department of Economics and Sociology was differentiated from History, with G. W. Denniston as its head; he was succeeded in 1908 by Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt, the President of this Historical Association. During the past year the Department of Sociology was set off by itself with Dr. E. S. Bogardus as its head; at the present time there are seven instructors in Economics and Sociology.

Dr. Hoose remained the Head of the History Department until 1907. At present there are six members of the history staff, three of whom are former students with him both in History and Philosophy. In addition, Dr. Roy Malcom has been appointed head of the Department of Political Science.

In the announcements for 1907, Dr. Hoose offered courses in Education; so great was the call for work in this field that Dr. T. B. Stowell, a life-long friend of the subject of this paper, was made the head of a new Department. With him, including a son-in-law of Dr. Hoose, Prof. J. B. Lillard, are two lecturers and two associate professors.

In Philosophy, at the time of his death, Dr. Hoose was aided by Dr. J. G. Hill and Prof. F. E. Owen.

Thus from his original classes there have been developed six organized departments and twenty instructors. In 1911 he was appointed Vice-chairman of the Faculty, and in 1913 the University of Southern California did itself honor in conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws upon James Harmon Hoose. In the larger plans

for the University there is included a James Harmon Hoose Hall of Philosophy. His memory needs not stone and steel, but love will make its dedication.

This man was a great teacher; he taught from a love of teaching. His passion was for the development of the mental activities of his students. Subjects were secondary to persons. No sacrifice was too great for him to make, if he could only see the results of his activity in the growth of his friends.

Words are inadequate to express the esteem in which this man of God is held in Southern California. He lived, he wrought, he taught, because he did these things so well, others will do their tasks better.

A LIST OF NEWSPAPERS IN THE LOS ANGELES CITY LIBRARY

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Papers marked (**) are being regularly added to the permanent files

UNITED STATES

California

LOS ANGELES:

Los Angeles *Cactus*.

Weekly.

11 Feb. 1888—15 Dec. 1888.

Los Angeles *Daily News*.

Daily except Sunday.

1 Jan. 1869—31 Dec. 1869.

Missing: 10 May 1869.

Daily except Monday.

5 Jan. 1870—11 June 1870.

4 Jan. 1871—21 Dec. 1871.

22 Oct. 1871—23 Nov. 1872.

2 Jan. 1872—27 Nov. 1872.

See also Los Angeles *Semi-Weekly News*, Los Angeles *Tri-Weekly News* and *Semi-Weekly Southern News*.

Los Angeles *Evening Telegram*.

Daily except Sunday.

19 Aug. 1882—18 Sept. 1882.

Los Angeles *Examiner*.**

Daily.

Vol. 1, No. 1—12 Dec. 1903.

12 Dec. 1903—30 Sept. 1916.

Los Angeles *Express*.**

Daily except Sunday.

2 Jan. 1873—31 Dec. 1878.

Missing: 28 and 31 Dec. 1874; 2 and 3 Jan. 1876.

17 Mar. 1873—27 Mar. 1875.

Missing: 19, 22 and 24 Mar., 11, 12, 14-18, 22, 24, 26 and 30 Apr., 19, 20 and 27 May, 2, 4, 7, 10, 20, 23, 27 and 30 June, 11, 24, 26 and 30 July, 1, 5, 22 and 23 Aug., 19 Sept., 27 Nov. 1873; 3 and 15 Jan., 23 Feb., 14 Mar., 14 May, 23 July, 15 and 25 Sept., 26 Nov. 1874; 8 and 16 Jan., 23 Feb. 1875.

28 Mar. 1889—30 Sept. 1916.

Los Angeles *Germania*.**

Largely in German.

Daily except Saturday.

1 July 1915—29 Sept. 1916.

Los Angeles *Herald*.**

Daily except Monday.

Vol. 1, No. 1—2 Oct. 1873.

2 Oct. 1873—25 Sept. 1875.

1 Jan. 1874—30 June 1876.

Missing: 2 Jan. 1875.

1 Oct. 1884—30 Sept. 1885.

Very bad condition.

Daily.

1 Apr. 1889—30 Sept. 1916.

Los Angeles *Journal*.**

Official Reporter.

Daily except Sunday.

1 Jan. 1912—30 Sept. 1916.

Los Angeles *Municipal News*.

Weekly.

17 Apr. 1912—9 Apr. 1913.

Covering entire life of paper.

Los Angeles *News*.

Daily except Sunday.

Vol. 1, No. 1—2 Oct. 1905.

2 Oct. 1905—28 Apr. 1908.

Los Angeles *Record*.**

Daily except Sunday.

1 Jan. 1912—30 Sept. 1916.

Los Angeles *Semi-Weekly News*.

Tuesday and Friday.

21 Nov. 1865—21 Dec. 1866.

Los Angeles *Tri-Weekly News* of 14 Nov. 1865 bound with above.

1 Jan. 1867—3 Jan. 1868.

See also Los Angeles *Daily News*, Los Angeles *Tri-Weekly News* and *Semi-Weekly Southern News*.

Los Angeles Star.

Weekly.

1 Jan. 1859—27 Dec. 1862.

Missing: 28 Dec. 1861.

Duplicate vols. for 4 Jan. 1862—27 Dec. 1862.

Daily except Monday (excepting 7 Jan. 1873—6 Apr. 1873, which is Daily except Sunday).

1 June 1870—31 May 1871.

Vol. containing 1 Dec. 1870—31 May 1871, bound in reverse order.

7 Jan. 1873—30 Dec. 1874.

5 Jan. 1876—30 June 1876.

*Los Angeles Times.***

Daily except Monday.

2 Sept. 1884—31 Dec. 1884.

12 Dec. 1885—12 Mar. 1886.

Daily. 1 Apr. 1889—30 Sept. 1916.

Los Angeles Tribune.

Daily. 1 Apr. 1889—5 Dec. 1890.

*Los Angeles Tribune.***

Daily.

Vol. 1, No. 1—4 July 1911.

4 July 1911—30 Sept. 1916.

Los Angeles Tri-Weekly News.

Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

12 Jan. 1863—11 Nov. 1865.

Missing: 13 Dec. 1864.

Suspended for enlargement 7—16 Dec. 1863.

Issue of 14 Nov. 1865 bound with *Los Angeles Semi-Weekly News* for 21 Nov. 1865—21 Dec. 1866.See also *Los Angeles Daily News*, *Los Angeles Semi-Weekly News* and *Semi-Weekly Southern News*.*Mexican Herald.*

In Spanish.

Daily except Sunday.

*Jan. 1902—Feb. 1915.

Semi-Weekly Southern News.

Wednesday and Friday.

18 Jan. 1860—19 Dec. 1862.

Missing: 6 and 8 Aug. 1862.

Duplicate vols. for 18 July 1860—17 July 1861.

5 Jan. 1866—21 Dec. 1866.

1 Jan. 1867—3 Jan. 1868.

SAN FRANCISCO:

Alta Californian.

Weekly.

7 May 1859—9 May 1863.

Missing: 14 May 1859; 29 Nov. 1862; 11 and 25 Apr. 1863.

See also under *Golden Era*.*Golden Era*

Weekly.

1 Feb. 1857—4 July 1858.

Missing: 9 and 16 Aug. 1857.

Bound with above: *Alta Californian*—31 July 1858; *Pictorial Wild West*—1 Jan. 1857; *Steamer Bulletin*—5 July, 5 Aug. 1858.*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Weekly.

7 May 1859—11 May 1861.

Missing: 14 May, 19 Nov. 1859; 8 and 15 Dec. 1860.

San Francisco Call.

Daily except Monday.

1 Dec. 1856—13 Aug. 1865.

Missing: 29 and 30 Nov. 1859; 30 Nov. 1860.

Daily.

1 Dec. 1912—17 Aug. 1913.

*San Francisco Chronicle.***

Weekly.

5 May 1855—16 May 1857.

Missing: 12 and 19 May, 9 June 1855.

Daily.

*Sept. 1889—Nov. 1912.

1 Dec. 1912—30 Sept. 1916.

San Francisco Examiner.

Daily.

1 Jan. 1892—29 Feb. 1892.

OTHER CALIFORNIA:

Banning Herald.

Weekly.

1 Sept. 1888—29 Nov. 1894.

Badly clipped.

East Oakland Mail.

Weekly.

15 Sept. 1896—13 Mar. 1897.

Riverside Reflector.

Weekly.

7 May 1892—29 Apr. 1893.

Sacramento Union.

Daily except Sunday.

1 Feb. 1864—31 Dec. 1864.

Missing: 29 Jan., 1 and 5 July, 18 Aug. 1864.

Scattering issues of Weekly *Union* bound with above.

Very poor condition.

Semi-weekly: Wednesday and Saturday.

Sub-head: "Semi-Weekly Record *Union*."

2 Oct. 1878—5 Mar. 1879.

San Jose Pioneer.

Weekly.

13 Jan. 1877—29 Dec. 1877.

Monthly.

15 Jan. 1897—15 June 1901.

Ventura Democrat.

Weekly.

17 Nov. 1883—27 Aug. 1885.

*Other United States**Boston Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser.*

Monday and Thursday.

4 Jan. 1796—29 Dec. 1796.

Missing: 28 Jan., 24 Mar., 18 Apr., 9 June, 8 Sept. 1796.

*Boston Transcript.***

Daily except Sunday.

*Jan. 1907—June 1912.

1 July 1912—30 Sept. 1916.

Chicago Tribune.

Daily.

1 Nov. 1899—31 Dec. 1899.

1 Jan. 1913—31 Dec. 1914.

New York Post.

Daily except Sunday.

2 Jan. 1913—30 June 1913.

(New York) *The Standard.*

Weekly.

8 Jan. 1887—29 Dec. 1888.

*New York Times.***

Daily.

1 June 1913—30 Sept. 1916.

New York Tribune.

Daily except Sunday to 6 Dec. 1879.

Daily, beginning Sunday, 7 Dec. 1879.

1 Jan. 1872—31 Dec. 1878.

Missing: 2 and 3 Jan. 1872; 1 Jan. 1874.

1 May 1879—30 Apr. 1884.

30 Apr. 1881 bound at beginning instead of end of vol.

New York *Tribune* and other papers.

The *Tribune* and *Times* are bound; those following are not bound; all are placed in one vol.

New York *Weekly Tribune*: 8 Oct., 19 and 26 Nov. 1859; 3 and 24 Mar., 21 July, 4 Aug., 1 Sept., 24 Nov., 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29 Dec. 1860; 19 Jan. 1861; 25 Jan., 1 and 8 Feb., 1-29 Mar., 5-26 Apr. 3, 10 and 24 May, 7 and 28 June, 5-26 July, 2, 16-30 Aug., 6-27 Sept., 4 Oct., 27 Dec. 1862; 3 Jan. 1863.

New York *Weekly Times*: 30 Aug., 22 Nov., 6 Dec. 1856; 17 Jan. 1857; 22 Dec. 1860.

Toledo *Daily Blade*: 6 Dec. 1862; 11 Feb. 1864.

Cleveland *Morning Herald*: 17 Oct. 1864; 12 Sept. 1865.

Cleveland *Morning Leader*: 1 Jan. 1862; 26 May, 9 and 30 July 1864.

Cincinnati *Daily Gazette*: 19 and 31 July, 16 Aug., 16 Nov. 1861; 27 Oct. 1863 (part).

Fremont (Sandusky Co., Ohio) *Journal*: 3 Apr. 1863; 29 July 1864; 23 June, 25 Sept., 13 Oct. 1865.

New York *Herald*: 15 July 1864.

National Intelligencer (Washington, D. C.): 12 Mar. 1864.

Wall Street Journal.**

Daily except Sunday.

*1911—30 Sept. 1916.

Washington (D. C.) *Post*.**

Daily.

*July 1913—Sept. 1916.

FOREIGN

London (England) *Times*.**

Daily except Sunday.

*1909—1911.

1 Jan. 1912—30 June 1914.

*July—Dec. 1914.

1 Jan. 1915—30 Sept. 1916.

Mexican Extraordinary.

Mexico City, Mexico.

In English.

Weekly.

19 May 1856—15 Nov. 1856.

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST AMERICAN SCHOOL AND ITS TEACHER

BY MARY M. BOWMAN

On the morning of April 17, 1846, three families left Greenbush, Ill., one bound for Oregon and two for California, wonderlands somewhere on the Pacific Coast, just where and how far apart no one knew. Of the latter, the one with which this story is chiefly concerned, consisted of two members, Dr. Chauncey Isaac Isbell and his wife, Olive Mann Isbell. The wanderlust was in their blood; they were the children of pioneers from the State of New York to what was then the extreme western frontier.

Olive Mann was born August 8, 1824, in Ashtabula, Ohio, and was married to Dr. Isbell, a young medical graduate of the Western Reserve College, in Wadsworth, Medina County, March 10, 1844. In July of that year they went to Greenbush, where the Doctor had a lucrative practice in the two years following. When they started on their long overland journey they were exceptionally well outfitted and had two thousand dollars in money, a sum that protected them from many hardships suffered by other immigrants not so fortunate.

At the Fort Madison crossing, on the Mississippi, the little company from Greenbush met other travelers overland bound, making in all thirty-one wagons that forded the river. At Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, a settlement of two or three log cabins, Charles Imus was elected captain of the company, but subsequently Joseph Aram was chosen and by his name it is known in the annals of California. In St. Joe, Mo., they hired one of the Rubidoux brothers and Greenwood as guides, and in their re-fitting provided themselves with an ample supply of beads and trinkets to trade to the Indians. They encountered all the difficulties in crossing the Platte River, suffered the tortures of thirst in the desert and the hardships of the long journey, as did those who followed them in later years, now an oft told tale. In crossing the plains they had no trouble with the Indians beyond a little petty thieving. Following the advice of their guides, they kept their promises, treated the red men fairly and the Indian kept his.

Three other companies joined them at Fort Laramie. At Fort Hall they first learned of the war with Mexico. A panic-stricken man and wife on one horse with two children tied on another,

galloped in to the Fort one morning shouting to the travelers to turn back or they would be exterminated before they could cross the mountains. This news created great excitement in the camp and a meeting was called to determine what course to pursue, whether to go back or go on.

"What shall we do Olive?" said the Doctor.

"I started for California and I want to go on," replied the plucky young woman. Her decision and courage settled a doubt in many other minds, a few families turned back, but most of the company went on. Forty miles west of Fort Hall they came to the parting of the ways, those Oregon bound taking a direction to the northwest and said the pioneer woman telling me this story, "There was not a dry eye in either company." Across the plains they had almost blazed the way, there were only a few Indian trails and an occasional faint wagon track to guide them, and now none knew what perils might lie ahead.

The Aram company were two weeks making roads and devising ways to get their wagons across the unbroken fastnesses of the Sierra Nevada Mountains without taking them to pieces, a feat that only one company preceding them had accomplished. They descended at the head of Bear River, people and animals exhausted, but the wagons were whole. While they were camped on the river, Mrs. Aram and Mrs. Isbell hung some towels on the bushes to dry and on taking them up found them heavy with particles of something that glittered in the sun.

"Olive what do you suppose this is?" asked Mrs. Aram.

"I think it is isinglass," was the reply.

Two years later, when some of the richest deposits were found on Bear river, they decided that they might have had the glory of being gold discoverers had they known gold when they saw it.

On the afternoon of October first the train of forty wagons drew up at Johnson's ranch.

"Can you tell us," they asked, "how much farther we shall have to travel to reach California?"

"You are in California now," said Johnson smiling. It was welcome news to the weary company, and they accepted eagerly an invitation to camp and rest.

An officer of Fremont's battalion escorted them to Sutter's Fort and a week later to Santa Clara Mission for the winter. All the able-bodied men enlisted to go south with Fremont. After fording the Salinas River, Dr. Isbell was taken with what was called "emigrant fever" (typhoid pneumonia) and had to return to the Mission.

The situation there grew most distressing. The rains came early and heavy that year, with strong southwest winds. In the crumbling buildings with broken roofs the rain fell almost as fast

inside as on the outside. With the wet weather, poor food and poorer housing, most of the inmates were taken with fever and a number died in the most pitiful surroundings. Doctor Isbell's well-filled medicine chest, his wife's knowledge of drugs and skill in nursing kept the death rate from going much higher. She dealt out on an average over one hundred doses of medicine a day. Weeks passed with this pioneer woman fighting back the grim messenger death, snatching an hour or two of sleep when she could, and with the aid of one other woman, running bullets while her patients slept at night.

Conditions grew daily more alarming to these strangers in a strange country among a people whose language they did not understand. Captain Webber, in command at San Jose, sent a messenger to Yerba Buena for marines, to protect the Americans in the Mission. A sound of firing in the distance was the first indication they had that help was approaching. The men who were able went out to meet the soldiers and the women climbed on the walls and saw in the distance the one cannon mired down to the hubs, oxen and men together could not budge it. In the meantime the Californians were on horses galloping out of the chaparral, firing on the marines and back to cover. Captain Marston rode up to the Mission and asked for a white cloth to use as a flag of truce, while they pulled the cannon out of the mud. Mrs. Isbell gave him her wedding pocket handkerchief to tie on the flag staff. On his return to Yerba Buena the gallant captain paid one dollar a yard for a blue and white striped calico dress pattern and sent her word that it was the best material that he could find.

Two marines were wounded in the engagement, one in the fleshy part of the leg, the other in the head, but neither seriously. Their wounds were dressed by Mrs. Isbell and Mrs. Aram in the mission. The cannon was pried out of the mud. Captain Marston and the twenty-five marines were served with the best meal the women could get together, having prepared the night before in anticipation of their coming. Thus ended the much disputed battle of Santa Clara, as they saw it.

While the sick were convalescing, Mrs. Isbell gathered together all the children in the Mission and started the English-speaking school system of California. It was probably because she had been a teacher the year previous to her marriage that suggested to her mind the school idea as a device for keeping the youngsters, who were running wild, within bounds. She said it was more her desire to relieve the ailing sorely tried mothers that she did it, than to accomplish much in the way of education, for the project was wholly a labor of love.

The room allowed her for the school, about fifteen feet square,

had been used for stabling horses, alive with flies, flees and other specimens of entomology. There was no fire-place nor chimney, no way of escape for the smoke from the fire on the earthen floor, except through a hole in the roof. On rainy days it did not escape and it was then a choice of suffering with the chill cold, or smoke burned eyes. The only books they had were those overlooked when loads were lightened from time to time crossing the plains. There was no blackboard and but three slates. Four or five McGuffey's readers were passed from hand to hand, but spellers were more numerous. Two or three arithmetics and as many geographies completed the list of books in this pioneer school. When a child's memory was infirm on any particular letter of the alphabet, the teacher eked out the lack of a blackboard by printing it with a soft pencil on the back of the hand. Sarah Aram, whom Los Angeles knew and revered many years as Mrs. P. C. Cool, told her teacher late in life that she had never forgotten the looks of the letter E printed on her hand. The children were seated on boxes and a few rude benches. One small table was their only desk room for eighteen or twenty pupils to take turns in writing, which they did with quill pens. The school began about the middle of December, 1846, and continued two months.

In early March, when after a serious relapse, Dr. Isbell was able to travel, he and his wife, with five other families went to Monterey, expecting to use their oxen in helping to build fortifications. They were surprised to learn, on reaching there, that the war was over and that California would be part of the United States.

On the night of their arrival, Mrs. Isbell was awakened from sleep to meet a deputation of gentlemen, Thomas O. Larkin, Milton Little and H. T. Green. The fame of the little school at the Mission had preceeded the teacher and the gentlemen had come to ask her to teach in Monterey. After much urging she gave reluctant consent. Confinement in a school-room was not appealing after her strenuous winter in the Mission and, beside, she much preferred to be associated with her husband in whatever he might engage.

A room in the Custom House, over the calaboose, was fitted up and the school opened with twenty-six pupils, which soon swelled to fifty-six, for which she was paid by private subscription, six dollars each for a term of three months. The low room with a sloping roof was furnished with desks and benches. The larger pupils sat in the middle of the room and at the ends, the smaller ones around the sides, graded according to the slope of the roof. About half the children had books, some that were left from a vessel in the hide and tallow trade, with Mr. Larkin, United States Consul. Mr. Green attended to the business arrangements, Mr. Larkin furnished

pencils and paper free of charge. The teacher did not know Spanish and but few of the pupils could speak English, but with the assistance of the Abrago boys, who had studied with W. E. P. Hartnell, and Rev. Walter Colton, who cheerfully lent his aid, the school continued successfully the specified time.

In the meantime Dr. Isbell and a partner secured a two-story adobe house and opened the first American hotel in Monterey, if not the first of any kind, which in honor of the change of government they patriotically named the Washington House. If a register of this forerunner of the palatial hostelries of today could be found it would be seen to contain the signatures of all the noted men of California at that time. Dr. Isbell later disposed of his interest in the hotel and went to French Camp with Captain Webber to raise cattle. This was several miles south of the town just budding forth as Tuleburg, later changed to Stockton. The Isbells took possession of their new log cabin, containing one large room, in the middle of October, and were scarcely more than comfortably settled in their first California home when Marshall picked up the fateful nugget at Sutter's mill.

The Wimmer family, who went to the mill to board the men, passed the winter with the Isbells in the Mission. The Doctor ushered a new little Wimmer into the world, and altogether the families had kept in as close touch as possible with each other. Mrs. Wimmer was a native of Georgia, born near gold mines. Unlike most other Californians, she knew gold when she saw it. From the beginning of their residence at the mill particles of something glittering in the water brought into the house had been the subject of much discussion among the workmen. Each had his opinion as to what it might be, but Mrs. Wimmer from the first said it was gold, only to be laughed at by the men. Every day when water was poured at the table, there was much joking at what they called "Mrs. Wimmer's gold," but despite the fun at her expense she insisted that the sparkles in the water were surely gold.

On the historic morning of January, 1848, Mrs. Wimmer was doing the family washing under a tree. Seeing Marshall walking slowly toward her, she called:

"What is it, Marshall?"

"I believe it is gold," he replied.

"Bring it here," she said, "put it in my suds. If it comes out bright it is gold. If it turns black it is not gold." The nugget went into the suds and came out bright, as all the world knows. Numberless stories have been told of what occurred at the mill on that epoch-making morning. This is the account told to me August, 1889, with mind clear and memory good, by the woman who probably knew as much about it as any one not actually present and perhaps

remembered it better than some who were. The fortieth anniversary of the discovery was celebrated that year and the papers were full of a variety of stories concerning it, which brought the facts clearly to Mrs. Isbell's mind. "It is true," she said, "that George Wimmer had picked up a small nugget and showed it to his mother, and that some of the men had found pieces before Marshall saw his, and we old timers never could understand why Marshall was given all the honor of being the discoverer."

Soon after the gold find became known, Captain Webber, Doctor Isbell and four other men set out on a prospecting trip, but they returned with empty sacks. They did not know where to look nor what to look for, but they hit on an easier plan in a future search. Captain Webber sent a company of Indians to explore the mountains. Chief Jose Jesus, his life-long and faithful friend, brought word that the Indians had found gold on what was afterward called Webber Creek. They organized a company, composed of Charles Webber, Chauncey Isbell, John Laird, John Pyles, Andrew Baker, Charles Frazier, John and Daniel Murphy, Joe Buzzell and one or two others, and named it the Stockton Mining Company. They bought all the goods in Sutter's Fort and in Stockton to trade to the Indians and let them do the digging. Mrs. Isbell gave them all the finery she had brought to California in the way of buttons, beads, ribbons, lace, surplus handkerchiefs and surplus everything she could get along without. Other wives were equally self-sacrificing.

Some time after the Company left for the mines she sent to the Rancheria on the Calaveras River, for an Indian to come to the ranch at French Camp to dig a well. When he appeared arrayed in her husband's boots and the new corduroy trousers she had made and he had put on the first time before leaving home, her heart stood still. She was sure he had been murdered by the Indians.

"Where did you get those trousers?" she demanded.

"Bought them," he replied. "Indians getting all white man's clothes now."

The next day Captain Webber arrived to tell her of their wonderful gold find and the success of the new method of mining. The Company had traded out their entire stock of goods they took with them and had sent to Yerba Buena for a new supply. He and Doctor Isbell had disposed of all their clothes down to one undershirt and pair of drawers and had been going barefoot. Other Indians, hearing of the food and clothing distribution had all left for the mines to get their share.

One evening the household at French Camp was aroused by loud knocking.

"What is it, Jose, what has happened?" said Mrs. Isbell, seeing

the Chief and several other Indians at the door. "I came to tell you," he replied, "that we have found gold on the Stanislaus."

"Go tell Juan to saddle horses. We will go to see the Doctor." At four o'clock in the morning, with a pack of cooked meat, bread and butter, she and the vaquero were off and reached camp before sunset. More goods had come from Yerba Buena and the Indians were trading pound for pound, a pound of raisins, beads, flour or what not, for a pound of gold and then it was coming in so fast the Company scarcely kept pace with the traffic. The Indians at once demanded the white woman's clothes. Not being quite so gold greedy as the men, she refused, but she remained in camp a few days making dresses similar to her own, that were sold at regular rates, pound for pound.

With the assistance of a nine-year-old boy, this versatile woman of twenty-four years looked after six hundred head of cattle beside horses and cows. Every male creature had gone to the "Diggings." There was no one left in Stockton but two infirm Indians and one squaw. When the first launch load of goods arrived at the Embarcadero, for the mines on the Stanislaus, she was the wharfinger who received them. Every day she made a calico short gown and petticoat, finished with a chain stitch of coarse black thread. The Company paid her two ounces of gold for each garment, to trade for more gold to the Indians at the usual rate. The short gown was the predecessor of the modern middy blouse and not much homlier. The stores today are full of the last thing in house dresses, and half the women in Los Angeles are pouring the breakfast coffee in a down-to-date adaptation of this ancient and comfortable costume.

On the Doctor's first visit home from the mines, he and a boy carried on their backs eighty pounds of gold, the roads being too deep with mud to travel with horses. He threw the sacks under the bed and opening one said, "Hold out your hand, Olive." Her hands fell to the table with the weight of a kidney-shaped nugget that sent the scales down to seven pounds and three ounces. This piece of gold became noted. It was afterward sold in San Francisco to some Englishmen who sent it to the Bank of England.

The cabin at French Camp was on the high road to the mines. All travelers stopped there to ask for meals, which at first were given in the spirit of true California hospitality, but when the gold-seekers swelled to a multitude, mixed with "Sidney Ducks" from Australia and rough characters from everywhere, they were charged one dollar a meal, and they were glad to get food at that price. Her chickens sold at \$5.00 each, butter \$2.00 per pound, eggs \$3.00 a dozen. On Christmas day, 1849, Mrs. Isbell sent a man with an ox team to Stockton with two demijohns of milk, two of cream, four dozen chickens, some eggs and a few pounds of butter. He brought back

\$500 in gold. Sacks of gold were sent by the Company to French Camp. The lady of the cabin had at times 150 pounds to conceal. She hid them under the bed, under her punchoen floor, stacked them in corners and out-of-the-way places, covered them with rags and then made nests and set the hens on them. When suspicious looking characters were at her table, she took occasion to declare with emphasis, that people were very foolish who kept gold in the house. It should be taken to Stockton for safety.

The Doctor by that time divided his work between the mines and the ranch, buying and selling cattle. Colton in his "Three Years in California," gives a glimpse of life at French Camp. He was returning from a visit to the mines, and under date of November 14, 1849, says:

"Three miles of fast riding brought us to a grove of oak, now wrapped in the purple twilight. Along this we streamed until reaching a bold bend, which circled up into its shadows, when the fagot flame of the cottage struck the eye. Our horses bounded forward on the gallop, knowing as well as we that the weary day was now over. Here we found my friend, Dr. Isbell, and his good lady, who gave us a hearty welcome. True, their cabin had but one room in it; but what of that? Hearts make a home in the wilderness. Our first care was for our animals, which were soon watered and turned into a rich meadow, with a faithful Indian to watch them through the night. Our busy hostess soon announced supper—beef-steak, omelet, hot rolls and coffee with sugar and cream! If you want to know how that supper relished, come and live a month in the mines of California. Our hospitable friends welcomed us to all the sleeping comforts which their cabin afforded, but we camped under the trees and were soon afloat in the realm of dreams, amid its visioned forms.

"Another day had dawned fresh and brilliant; we breakfasted with our friends, who ordered up their horses and started with us for Stockton, twelve miles distant. Our lady hostess and myself led off. She had crossed the Rocky Mountains into California, and was of course at home in the saddle. She was mounted on a spirited animal and my little Indian almost blew the wind out of him to keep up. My companion, though accomplished in all the refinements of metropolitan life was yet in love with the wild scenes in which her lot had been cast. The rose of health blushed in her cheek, and the light of a salient soul revelled in her eye. 'I would not exchange,' she said, 'my cabin for any palace in Christendom. I have all that I want here, and what more could I have elsewhere? I have tried luxury without health, and a wild mountain life with it. Give me the latter, with the free air, the dashing streams, the swinging woods, the laughing flowers and the exulting birds.'"

In the spring of 1850, the Isbells found themselves wealthy, with enough and more to make them comfortable through life. The Doctor wished to return to the States. His wife, much against her desires, reluctantly acquiesced. They rented the ranch and May 1st took passage at San Francisco for Panama. In the autumn the Doctor returned and sold his holdings at French Camp. Many thrilling experiences awaited them before they again saw California together, which time and the hour forbids my pencil to touch.

THE LOST ISLANDS OF SAN PEDRO BAY

BY J. M. GUINN

When Cabrillo nearly four hundred years ago sailed into Bahia de Los Humos y Fuegos (Bay of Smokes and Fires), now San Pedro Bay, the only island that loomed up out of the vast expanse of its waters was that conical peak since called Dead Man's Island.

Terminal Island, Mormon Island and other isles, if noted at all by the mariners, were regarded as mud flats or as parts of the mainland.

Sixty years later Sebastian Viscaino sailed into Cabrillo's Bay of Smokes and Fires and left it as the Ensenada of San Andres. Cabrera Bueno, compiling a chart of the California coast for ships engaged in the Philippine trade, from Viscaino's explorations and reckonings, untangled the tangle in saints' names that the bluff old sailor had made. He changed the name of the Bay of San Andres to San Pedro, the 26th of November, the day Viscaino anchored in it being St. Peter's day and not St. Andrew's—not St. Peter the Apostle, but St. Peter, bishop of Alexandria. Cabrera Buena marked on his chart the little island at the entrance of the bay, but gave it no name. When Spanish navigators were discovering great islands and continents, it was not worth while wasting a saint's name, plentiful as they were, on a little speck like that conical peak at San Pedro's mouth.

For more than two centuries it remained nameless. Then some person or some freak of Fate fastened upon it the gruesome title of Dead Man's Island. For nearly a century it has born on maps and charts this ominous cognomen. Recently it has experienced a great change. It has been transferred from the War Department of the United States, where for sixty years it was held, to the Treasury Department, to be used hereafter as the site for a quarantine station. It will be leveled down and enlarged to six acres. Its name has been changed to Reservation Point. Presumably the fill will change its present circular form to a point; otherwise it is difficult to understand how a change of name makes a point out of a circle.

Now that this ocean landmark that has guided many a good ship to anchorage before the days of free harbors and light houses, is about to be obliterated in name and form—lost from the landscape and unknown to future generations, a brief history of it may be worth preserving.

There is no deep tragedy connected with its naming like that of *La Mort Homme*—Dead Man's Hill—that has been alternately lost and won in the long-drawn-out sanguinary battles between French and Teutons at Verdun. Its use as a cemetery gave it its name—Dead Man's Island.

There are several legends that purport to give the application of the name to the island. Alfred Robinson, author of "Life in California," in a conclusion to that book written forty years after, gives a story of what he evidently considers the first interment on it—that of Black Hawk, the last male survivor of the San Nicolas Island Indians. Speaking of the channel islands he says:

"The islands were made attractive and important from the vast numbers of fur seals and sea otters found there, which naturally called the attention of the Russians from the north, who almost entirely engrossed that species of traffic throughout the whole extent of the Pacific Coast, from their possessions in the north down to this region, which they frequently visited; and on one occasion, in a quarrel with the islanders at St. Nicholas, they inhumanly massacred nearly the whole of the male inhabitants, an act which naturally induced the entire population of these islands to seek refuge and protection among the several missionary establishments on the mainland.

"After the lapse of half a century, a party of hunters, headed by Isaac Williams of Los Angeles, embarked in a small vessel at San Pedro for a trip among the islands, for the purpose of amusement as well as profit, in the hunting of sea otter, and reaching St. Nicholas, they disembarked. Strolling around over the rocks on the seashore, much to their surprise they decried a group of persons evidently endeavoring to escape observation, to whom they gave chase and soon overtook. They proved to be an aged man and three women who, by friendly signs, were induced to accompany them to the launch. As they proceeded, the eldest woman escaped, darting off among the brush, and was soon out of sight.

"The hunters continued their way to the launch, where they embarked, leaving the poor runaway alone on the deserted isle.

"With a favorable wind they reached San Pedro the next day. There they entertained their rude guests, much to their satisfaction, day after day adding to their comfort and enjoyment, everyone in the town seeming inclined to extend them hospitality. It was not long, however, before they began to feel the effects of their change of habits and diet, which finally ended in the death of the women. The old man, bowed down by grief, wandering about from house to house, was at last missed from the community, and it was not until the expiration of several weeks that he was found in San Pedro. There he remained for quite a period, daily, seated on the cliffs,

gazing out as if trying to catch a glimpse of his island home. Unhappily, one day his body was seen floating upon the water. It was taken ashore and buried upon the little island near the entrance of the harbor, now called Dead Man's Island. It was supposed that he fell asleep, and while dreaming perhaps of his beloved isle and his departed companions, he fell among the rocks below and died. Such was the end of poor Black Hawk."

The Indians were removed from San Nicolas Island in 1835, the year Dana was on the California coast. Evidently the Indian Black Hawk was not the first interment on the island. (The lone woman lived on the island eighteen years before she was rescued.)

Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast," gives this legend of what he seems to think was the first burial on the island:

"The little brig, the home of so much hardship and suffering, lay in the offing, almost as far as one could see, and the only other thing which broke the surface of the great bay was a small, desolate looking island, steep and conical, of a clayey soil, and without the sign of vegetable life upon it, yet which had a peculiar and melancholy interest to me, for on the top of it were buried the remains of an Englishman, the commander of a small merchant brig, who died while lying in this port.

"It was always a solemn and interesting spot to me. There it stood, desolate, and in the midst of desolation; and there were the remains of one who died alone and friendless. Had it been a common burying-place it would have been nothing. The single body corresponded well with the solitary character of everything around. It was the only thing in California from which I could ever extract anything like poetry. Then, too, the man died far from home, without a friend near him; by poison, it was suspected, and no one to inquire into it; and without proper funeral rites; the mate (as I was told), glad to have him out of the way, hurrying him up the hill and into the ground without a word of prayer."

Of the legends that account for the island's gruesome name, the most plausible is one given me nearly fifty years ago by an old Californian who had been in the hide drogher trade before Dana's day. This is the substance of his story: Away back in the early years of the last century some fishermen found the body of an unknown white man on the island. There was evidence that the man had reached the island alive but probably too weak to attempt the crossing of the narrow channel to the mainland. He had evidently clung to the desolate island, vainly hoping for succor, until hunger, thirst and exposure put an end to his existence. It was supposed that he had fallen overboard at night from some vessel engaged in smuggling and to have been carried in by the tide. The body was

buried on the island and the isle was named by the Spaniards Isla del Muerto—Island of the Dead or Isle of the Corpse.

The American marines and sailors killed in the battle of Domingues Rancho, where Mervine was defeated by Corrillo, were buried on the island. Lieutenant Duvall in his Log book of the Savannah recording their burial on Dead Man's Island, says: "It was so named by us." In this he is mistaken by twenty to thirty years. Col. J. J. Warner, who came to Los Angeles in 1831, says it bore that name when he came here.

From the most reliable data that I can gather there were in all eleven persons buried on the island, ten men and a woman, namely:

The lost sailor, the English sea captain, the Indian Black Hawk, six of the Savannah crew in 1846, a passenger on a Panama steamer in 1851, and the last, a Mrs. Parker, in 1858. She was the wife of Captain Parker of the schooner Laura Bevan, once when a fierce southeaster was brewing he sailed out of the bay. From that day to this nothing has ever been heard of the ship or its crew. They lie at the bottom of the ocean. The captain's wife was stopping at the Embarcadero. She was slowly dying of consumption. Her husband's fate hastened her death. She was buried on the top of Dead Man's Island.

The sea has not given up its dead, but the land has. The disintegration of the island going on for years exposed the coffins. Those of the marines were buried in the U. S. Cemetery at the Presidio of San Francisco; the others in the cemetery at San Pedro.

It may be asked why was the island made a cemetery. It was to prevent desecration of the graves by that robber of the plains—the prowling coyote. There were no permanent residents at the landings in early days.

Rattlesnake Island, that convolution of sand dunes which for centuries untold protected the Slough, now called the Inner Harbor, from the break! break! break! of old Ocean's waves, lost its original name twenty-five years ago, and is constantly losing its original contour by the harbor improvements that have been going on for forty-five years.

In 1891 it was purchased from the Dominguez heirs for \$250,000 by the Terminal Company, an organization of St. Louis capitalists; and its name changed to Terminal Island. Its purchase precipitated a Free Harbor war, a contest that was waged for several years between Colis Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific R. R. Co., Senator Frye of Maine, Russell Alger, President McKinley's Secretary of War, and a coterie of Los Angeles monopolists on one side, and the people and legislators opposed to a monopoly-owned harbor on the other. The anti-monopolists won.

The island in the early years of the last century was given its warning name, Isla del Celubra de Cascabel—Isle of the Snake of the Rattle—on account of the great number of the *genus crotalus horrida* that inhabited it. The name was a danger sign. Whoever disregarded the warning did it at his own risk.

The natural increase of the reptile was occasionally augmented by immigration. The torrential winter rains sometimes washed the rattlers out of their lairs in the mountains and the rushing current of the San Gabriel River brought them down to the ocean and landed them on the island. As this branch of the Ophidian family is not given to navigation, they remained on the island. The mountain rattler was more aristocratic than the plebeian cascabel of the plains, but the melting pot of the snake kingdom dissolved the hyphen and merged them into one family.

Mormon Island has ceased to be an island. A fill has joined it to the mainland. It was named for the faith of an early settler. His name has been lost to fame, but his faith has been pinned to the island in name at least.

The uncanny names of the islands have gone to join the south-easters, the terror of the mariners in Dana's day. That sneering remark of Senator Frye's uttered during the Free Harbor contest as he read from the map of the Bay, "'Rattlesnake Island, Dead Man's Island,' I should think it would scare a mariner to death to come into such a place," has lost its significance. Senator Stanford's reply to him seems to have been almost prophetic: "You let us have a large enough appropriation and we will change those names to something less horrifying."

Forty-seven years ago, October 10, 1869, I stood on the deck of the old Steamer Senator as she cast anchor in the Bay out beyond Dead Man's Island and took my first survey of the fog-enveloped Bay, the barren island and the desolate mainland. The outlook was not promising for the location of a world harbor and a great commercial seaport.

Our only means of getting ashore at the only seaport, Wilmington, was Banning's little tug, the Cricket. It was so small its upper deck was reserved for the ladies, the men passengers stood around the boiler on the lower deck and surveyed the beautiful scenery—the mud flats, the sand bars, the sea weed and the seals basking on the banks while the little Cricket crept up the shallow Slough to Wilmington. You paid a \$1.50 to get ashore on Banning's tug and \$2.50 more to get to Los Angeles city on Banning's stages. Now a soulless corporation carries you over that route for 35 cents.

The channel between Isla del Muerto and Timm's Point had then but eighteen inches of water at low tide. Now there are thirty

feet. There was then a gap between Rattlesnake Island and Dead Man's Island 6,500 feet wide. In 1872 work was begun to build a sea wall to connect the two islands. Work was pushed vigorously. There were at one time six hundred men employed on the break-water and encamped on Rattlesnake Island. Seven pile drivers were kept constantly at work. The isle of the cascabel was a lively place.

The object of building the wall was to break the force of the waves and stop the inflow of sand and silt from the ocean. It was claimed that the outflow through the narrow inlet between Isla del Muerto and mainland would deepen the channel by cutting away the bar. The scheme was a success: where fifty years ago men waded at low tide across the shallow inlet now great ocean steamers cross it to the inner harbor unimpeded. The dead men are removed and the rattlesnakes exterminated. The two islands have lost their uncanny names as well as their island contour. Gone are they to join Cabrillo's Bahia de los Humos y Fuegos and Viscaino's Ensenada de San Andres in the Lexicon of the Forgotten.

BROWNIES IN THEIR HOME LAND

BY JAMES MAIN DIXON

During the past twenty-five years the Brownies have become domesticated in American homes, and no term is more familiar in our households and in our general conversation. Indeed, the very mention of a "brownie" is oddly bright and vivid. And yet none of our parents knew of these quaint creatures, except such as came from the northern part of the British Isles, which are, or were, haunted by brownies from Johnny Groat's to the Solway Firth.

Brownies belong to Fairyland and come under the general term "fairy," and yet they are to be distinguished from ordinary fairies. These other ethereal beings were mostly freakish, mischievous or spiteful, but the brownies, while easily offended, were hard-working little folks who liked nothing better than to do a good turn for people. There is a plodding seriousness in the brownie that make him the friend of the humble cottager and his wife, whose labors he loved to lighten.

Readers of Scott will remember that a reference is made in "Rob Roy" to a race of beings whom it was thought well for people to conciliate, because of their power to aid or harm. When Osbaldistone was traveling with Bailie Nicol Jarvie in the Highland country north of Glasgow, the good magistrate, who had Highland blood in his veins, and was superstitious, expressed his awe of these beings. "If I could trust the tale of my companion," remarks Osbaldistone, "which, while he professed to believe every word of it, he told under his breath, and with an air of something like intimidation, this hill so regularly formed, so richly verdant, and garlanded with such a beautiful variety of ancient trees and thriving copsewood, was held by the neighborhood to contain within its unseen caverns the palaces of the fairies, a race of airy beings who formed an intermediate class between men and demons, and who, if not positively malignant to humanity, were yet to be avoided and feared on account of their capricious, vindictive and irritable disposition." "They call them," said Mr. Jarvie, in a whisper, "Daoine Schie, which signifies, as I understand, men of peace; meaning thereby to make their good-will. And we may e'en as well call them that too, Mr. Osbaldistone, for there's no good in speaking ill of the laird within his own bounds."

The fairies are generally feminine, while the brownies, gnomes, or "men of peace," are masculine. They are supposed to eat and

drink like human beings, and to be fond of the crumbs that fall from the table, which they come and gather when all is still. Old people in the Highlands of Scotland dislike to see crumbs of bread or drops of milk removed from the floor after meals, "for," say they, "let them be, let them be, many are the needy mouths awaiting them." On one occasion, says Mr. E. C. Watson in a recent discussion of Highland mythology, the tenant of Staoligearry was losing his cattle through mischance. As he sat on a rock musing over his losses, he heard a gnome mother singing to her boy:

"Hush, thou dearie, hush, thou pet,
Hush, thou darling of the rapid feet,
When Macmhuirich's board is set.
My darling will get corn and cream."

Macmhuirich then went home, and though he never entered his kitchen before, he went on that day. His baking woman was making bread, and bits of dough and grains of meal were falling from her in the process. She took no notice of these till a piece fell from the bannock on her palm, and then she stooped down and lifted it. Noticing the act, Macmhuirich went over and tapped her on the head with a switch, remarking, "Leave it alone, maiden, many a needful mouth is waiting for it. And as long as thou shalt stand in my house never again remove the fragments of food from the floor, for they belong of right to the gnomes of the rocks. And as long as Macmhuirich lived he went daily to the knoll with an offering of crumbs of bread and drops of milk; nor ever again did he lose any of his cattle or horses or sheep.

The quaint people, while friendly to the native inhabitants of a glen, disliked strangers, and travelers were expected to sing a propitiatory song before entering the glen. The gnomes liked to be flattered, and were easily propitiated. Often they floated around like midges, and would quickly gather or disperse according to their whims.

It is now usual for scholars to refer all such stories to the continued existence, among the Celtic inhabitants of North Britain, of a race of Finnish people, Svartalfer, small and dark, who occupied underground dwellings. Their skins were tawny, their locks were brown, and they wore a brown mantle reaching to the knee, as well as a hood of brown. Their favorite haunts were hollowed trees, dismantled castles, caves and *correis*—i. e., hollows in a hill. Partly men and partly beings of another world, they made voyages in the air, emitting music of various sorts. Sometimes it sounded like the silvery tones of a harp; sometimes like the grinding of a mill; sometimes it resembled the crowing of a cock. Although naturally indolent, they could busy themselves on occasion, and discharge ac-

tive and useful labors like Robin Goodfellow. Their favorite time for working was at night; and they liked to be let alone. Nor would they accept any recompense; indeed, they gave up their labors when thanks were offered. They were fond of devoting themselves to some particular family, and would continue faithful as long as their susceptibilities were not hurt. On one occasion a brownie undertook to gather the sheep into the bight or fold by an early hour, and he worked so diligently at the task that he had every single sheep on the hill within the enclosure, and a number of hares as well! When congratulated on his success, he exclaimed: "Confound these wee gray ones; they cost me more trouble than all the rest of them."

Stories of brownies can be gathered from Johnnie Groats and the Orkneys to the Mull of Galloway. When working together they were quite jealous of one another. The blacksmith of Glammis in Perthshire was helped at night by two brownies who worked at his forge. One of the brownies wore a red cowl, the other wore a blue. In the morning on entering the smithy he was so pleased with their activity that he exclaimed:

"Weel chappit (well struck) Red Cloak;
But better chappit Blue."

Whereupon they answered saucily:
"Chap wha we like to,
We'll chap nae mair to you;"

and disappeared, never to return.

Alexander Laing in his ballad, "The Brownie of Fearnend," tells the story of a serviceable gnome, who was worth a troop of servants to a farmer on Norinside:

He had ane servant dwelling near,
Worth all his maids and men;
And who was this if ye would speir (ask)?
The Brownie of Fearnend.

When there was corn to thresh or digit (clean),
Or barn or byre to clean,
He had ane busy hour at night,
Atween the twal and ane;

And though the snow was never sa deep,
And never sa wet the rain,
He ran an errant in a whip,
The Brownie of Fearnend.

It chanced that the goodwife of the house was in the pangs of

labor and urgently needed the services of a midwife; but the night was dark and stormy, and not one of the nine or ten servants would venture down the glen; for they feared the capricious brownie. Meanwhile he heard the commotion and determined to aid the good woman in her extremity; so

He off and mounted the riding mare,
And through the wind and rain;
And soon was at the skilly wife's,
Who lived over the den.

Rousing the woman, he told her to get ready without delay, as her services were needed:

"O rise! O rise! and hap you well
To keep you from the rain."
"Where do they want me?" quoth the wife,
"If we be near the den."

When both were mounted on the mare,
And riding up the glen;
"O wot ye, laddie," quoth the wife,
"If we be near the den?"

"Are we come near the den?" she said,
"Just whisht, ye fool," quoth he,
"For worse than ye have in your arms
This night ye will not see."

They soon were landed at the door,
The wife he handed down—
"I've left the house but one half-hour.—
I am a clever loon!"

His companion, glancing at his broad feet and mysterious eyes, began to question him, but he cut her short, telling her to
"Mind the wife, and mind the wean,
And see that all goes right;
And I will take you home again
Before the morning light.

"And if they speir (ask) who brought you here,
Cause they were scant of men—
Even tell them that you rode behind
The Brownie of Fearnden."

Many of the words in this ballad of Mr. Laing's are rendered into the standard forms, so as not to perplex readers. Another old

ballad which deals with the Brownies is "Niken Drum."

The remarkable accomplishments of industrious neighbors, which were a matter of some envy to the lazier inhabitants, were often conveniently credited to the work of the ubiquitous brownies. This was the case at least in the Western isles, among the cotters of the Hebrides.

The brownies were known and appreciated, also, as far south as the English border. For three centuries a brownie had served faithfully the family of Leithen Hall in Dumfriesshire. It happened the laird died when the next heir was abroad and that a time elapsed before the latter came to claim his own. Soon after his arrival, the family brownie came and proffered his services. As he seemed rough and uncouth, the new master ordered for him a suit of clothes. This was taken as a piece of officiousness by the oversensitive brownie, and he left the place in displeasure, exclaiming as he departed:

Ca', cuttie, ca'!
All the luck of Leithen Ha'
Gangs wi' me to Brodbeck Ha'!

In a few years the prophecy came true. Leithen Hall was reduced to a ruin, and Brodbeck Hall began to flourish.

Further back on the English border there was a brownie called the "Cowie," who was attached to the Elliots of Gowanberry Tower in Roxburghshire. Between sunset and sunrise he would carry in the peats, smear the sheep, and stack the cut grain. He might also be overheard in the Tower as he busily chopped or sawed the wood, turned the quern, or spun at the wheel. When his voice was heard in the tones of lamentation, a death might be expected in the family. The last of the Gowanberry Elliots, Adam by name, in returning home, fell from his horse as he crossed a stream and, although he was able to drag himself out of the water, yet he died in a neighboring churchyard. For some days before his death the voice of the Cowie had come wailing to the Tower, and on the fatal night it rose to a shriek. Then he left the place forever.

In the far-off isles of Orkney, where the winter nights are so long and the summer nights so short, the brownies used to be much in evidence. Very few families, indeed, were without a household brownie, who helped with the household chores, and received offerings of milk or ale. Milk was sprinkled at every corner and ale was poured into a hollowed stone, which got the name of the "Brownie's stone." In harvesting they had stacks known as "brownie's stacks," which were not put up in the usual fashion, but resisted the storm and would not turn over. Near Noltland Castle, once the residence of the Balfours of Westray Island, there lived a brownie

who was devoted to the Balfour family. Later when the castle was abandoned, the brownie and his friends celebrated births and marriages in the family by a kind of spectral illumination.

In Wilson's "Tales of the Borders," which have fascinated so many, young and old, interested in legend and romance, the brownies are called "men of peace." Marion Comrie, the heroine of "The Outlaw, or the Maiden of Lednick," lived in west Perthshire, not far from the sources of the Fay River. In her neighborhood was a famous pool, called in Gaelic "The Devil's Cauldron." It lay in a picturesque hollow below a cataract, and beside it the "brownies," elves or "men of peace," used to keep their revels. These *daona shigh* lived in the adjoining caverns, and had to be propitiated by visitors who intruded upon their domains.

How came the brownie culture to take root in this side of the Atlantic? It happened in this wise. One of the many Scottish settlements in Canada is to be found at Granby, near Quebec. During the long winter evenings the old people of the place loved to relate the legends and traditions of the gray mother country to the young folks. Among them was a boy called Palmer Cox, upon whom these *juskals*, or tales of elf-land, made a great impression. He left his home when a lad of seventeen, and finally drifted from the East to California, where he had a desk in a railroad office in San Francisco. Always fond of art, he gave up business to engage in its pursuit, but failed to make a living; and then he wrote for the newspapers and the monthly magazines. While in San Francisco he was a member of the famous sketching club, in which Benoni Irwin was a leader.

His literary and art work made a good blend, and he was encouraged to go East and find a wider market for his talents. His animal pictures and descriptions found favor with the leaders of *Little Folks*, *Wide Awake* and *St. Nicholas*, but yet he felt that he had not yet realized his possibilities. It was only when the memory of the brownie stories came to him, as by an inspiration, that he felt satisfied. From the beginning the brownie stories and illustrations were a marked success, and soon the little creatures had the national reputation they enjoy today.

THE TITLE OF A MEXICAN LAND GRANT

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE BUTLER GRIFFIN

The Historical Society of Southern California has published several valuable papers on Spanish and Mexican land grants in California, but the form of deed or title by which these were conveyed from the public domain to private ownership does not appear in any of these papers.

In the archives of our Society we have a fac-simile of the original title deed of Josefa Cota, widow of Antonio Maria Nieto, to the Santa Gertrudis Rancho. It was signed by Governor Jose Figueroa and his Secretary, Agustin V. Zamarano, at Monterey, the capital, 22 May, 1834. After the United States acquired California all land titles had to be authenticated by the Surveyor General of California and confirmed by the United States Board of Land Commissioners. The document was translated by George Butler Griffin, deceased, a former president of the Society.

This form of conveyance was used by Governor Figueroa and some of his successors, between May, 1833, and May, 1836, and the grants were recorded in a book as noted in this fac-simile. Subsequent to that time there was no record in a book but a brief memorandum of the grant; the *expediente* or title was, however, still filed in the office of the Governor.

The Territorial Deputation or Local Legislature, afterward, when the territory was created into a Department, called the Departmental Assembly, was supposed to approve the grant after the Governor had signed it, but this was not always done and sometimes when done no report was filed with the Governor's Secretary, the custodian of the records. Under Mexican domination, possession was ten points of the law, titles were rarely contested. Under American rule the careless methods of conveyance by the former government let loose a Pandora box of evils in the shape of litigation that ruined many a ranchero.

J. M. GUINN, *Editor.*

TRANSLATION OF THE TITLE

Jose Figueroa, Brigadier General of the National Mexican Armies, Comandante General, Inspector and Superior Political Chief of Upper California: Inasmuch as Doña Josefa Coto, widow of Don Antonio Maria Nieto, has established her right to the

estate of Manuel Nieto, deceased, and taking into consideration her ancient and pacific possession of the place known as Santa Gertrudis, adjoining the Mission of San Gabriel and lying between Los Coyotes and the hills, there having been had previously the formalities and examination in the premises as required by the laws and regulations. By virtue of the powers conferred upon me, by the decree of 27th of July of the past year, in the name of the Mexican nation, I have seen fit to declare the title to said place to be vested in her and that she be placed in peaceable possession thereof, by these letters in conformity with the laws and subject to the following conditions:

First, That she shall obey the laws which may be established by the regulations about to be made for the distribution of vacant lands; and that meanwhile neither the beneficiary nor her heirs shall subdivide or alienate said lands, nor subject the same to the effect of any lease, charge, loan, mortgage or other lien, not even though it be for pious uses as mortmain property.

Second, She may fence it, without prejudice to existing rights of way, roads and easements. She shall enjoy freely and exclusively in cultivation most agreeable to her, but within one year at farthest she must build a house and this must be inhabited.

Third, She may immediately solicit from the proper judge judicial possession under this order and he shall run the boundary lines at the extremities of which he shall place besides the customary bounds fruit trees or useful forest trees.

Fourth, The said land comprises five *sitios de grande mayor*,* a little more or less as shown in the map accompanying the papers in the case. The judge giving possession will cause the land to be measured in accordance with the ordinance in order that the boundaries be designated, the overplus that may result remaining national property.

Fifth, If she should violate any of these conditions she shall lose her right to the land and it shall be open to pre-emption by any other person.

Consequently, I order that these presents being her patent, it being legal and binding, entry shall be made in the proper books and that it be given to the beneficiary for her security and for other ends.

Given at Monterey, 22 May, 1834.

JOSE FIGUEROA.

AGUSTIN V. ZAMARANO, *Secretary*.

Entered in the book of entries of land patents at folio thirty, number twenty-eight, in the Secretary's office under my charge.

Monterey, 22 May, 1834.

ZAMARANO.

(rubica)

*Five leagues in full.

This final signature and its *rubica* authenticated the document itself and the fact of its being of record.

GEORGE BUTLER GRIFFIN.

Authentication of the title by the Surveyor General of California.

Office of the Surveyor General of the United States for California:

I, Samuel D. King, Surveyor General of the United States for the State of California and as such now having in my office and under my charge and custody, a portion of the archives of the former Spanish and Mexican Territory or Department of Upper California, do hereby certify that the two preceding and hereunto summarized pages of tracing paper numbered one and two and each of which is verified by my initials (S. D. K.), exhibit true and accurate copies of two pages of an unbound Book entitled, "Titulos now on file and forming part of the said archives of my office.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto signed my name officially and affixed my private seal, not having a seal of office, at the city of San Francisco, California, this tenth day of January, A. D. 1852.

SAML. D. KING,
Sur. Gen. Cal.

JOHN BIDWELL'S ARRIVAL IN CALIFORNIA

BY DR. ROBERT G. CLELAND

It is sometimes necessary to remind casual readers of California history that the "Forty-niners" were not the first Americans to cross the Sierra Nevada Mountains in search of new homes and fortunes. A very considerable number of adventurous spirits—hunters, trappers, restless wanderers of every sort, or more permanent settlers—antedated the pioneers of the gold rush by five, ten, or even a score of years in braving the perils of the transcontinental journey to establish themselves in the Mexican province on the Pacific. Foremost among these "pre-Forty-niners," both in character and later influence upon the history of the State, stands John Bidwell, "California's true nobleman,"¹ and pioneer of pioneers.

Bidwell was born in Chautauqua County, New York, in the year 1819. When he was ten years of age his parents moved to Erie County, Pennsylvania, and the boy, John, thus began a series of migrations that eventually carried him across the continent to California. After two years the Bidwells left Pennsylvania for Ohio, settling in Ashtabula County, where they lived for three years before removing to their next place of residence in Darke County. In 1839 John Bidwell left Ohio for Iowa; and a short time afterwards secured a claim of 160 acres in what was then known as the Platte Purchase in Missouri. This claim he had the misfortune to lose. He then determined to seek his fortune in Texas, but became interested in California through the representations of one of the Rubidouxs, a man well known as trapper and explorer in the western country.²

Bidwell was not the only Missourian to feel the lure of the new land, but of the 500 residents of Platte County who pledged themselves to make the journey thither, he alone kept the agreement. He was able, however, to find others to take the place of his fickle fellow enthusiasts, and a party of some sixty-nine persons, including fifteen women and children, with John Bartleson as captain, set out from the Kansas River, near Independence, for California, on May 19, 1841. The company was fortunate in having

1. Rockwell D. Hunt, *A California Calendar of Pioneer Princes*, Publications of the Society, Vol. IX, Parts I, II, pp. 75-85.
2. For an amusing incident in Bidwell's account of Rubidoux Activities in Missouri, see Cleland, *American Interest in California, 1835-1846*, Southwestern Historical Quarterly, Vol. XVIII, No. 1, p. 25.

available at the outset the skill and experience of Father de Smet and Captain Fitzpatrick, who were en route to the Flathead Indians. The leadership of these guides was invaluable to the emigrants until the division of the company.

The route lay at first in a general northerly direction until the company reached the Platte River. This they followed to the junction of the North and South Forks. After spending two days on the latter seeking a ford, the party continued their journey overland to the northern branch, which they followed to Fort Laramie. Ascending the Sweetwater to its source, they at last came, by way of the Big Sandy, Green and Bear Rivers, to Cache Valley, Utah. Here the company divided, some going to Oregon, and the remainder, among whom was Bidwell, pushing westward to California. This part of the journey was particularly discouraging and arduous. But after determined efforts, some ill-feeling and the abandonment of all their wagons and much equipment, the company came to the south fork of the Humboldt River without loss of life. This was on September 23rd. Thirteen days later they came to the vicinity of Humboldt sink. Then crossing to Walker River, which they called the Balm, and ascending this to its source, the fatigued travelers reached the hardest portion of their journey, the passage of the Sierra Nevadas. Two weeks of severest toil and no small amount of suffering brought them to the Stanislaus River and the end of their privations.¹

Bidwell has left us two accounts of the experiences and difficulties of the expedition, both of which ought to be rendered more accessible to the reading public². The extract printed herewith is taken from the manuscript narrative. It describes but one incident out of many, the arrival of the company in the Stanislaus Valley and serves merely as an indication of the character of the entire account.

"As we approached the San Joaquin Valley the Coast Range Mountains, or that portion of which Mt. Diablo is the northern terminus, rose to view in the blue distance, but we had no knowl-

1. This sketch of Bidwell's route has been taken from his own narrative and from H. H. Bancroft, *History of California* (San Francisco, A. F. Bancroft & Company, 1886), IV, pp. 269-272.

2. The two accounts are as follows: *California 1841-8; An Immigrant's Recollections of a Trip Across the Plains, and of Men and Events in Early Days, Including the Bear Flag Revolution*, by Hon. John Bidwell of Chico. Written at the author's dictation by S. S. Boynton for the Bancroft Library, 1877, pp. 233. This manuscript was courteously made available for my use by Mr. H. I. Priestley, Asst. Curator of the Bancroft Library of the University of California. Bidwell's other account is in printed form, a rare pamphlet of 32 pages, published somewhere in Missouri, probably in the year 1843, and entitled, *A Journey to California*. It is an abridgment of Bidwell's journal which he sent back from California in 1842. See Bancroft, IV, pp. 269. Note 18.

edge of any intervening valley. Our traveling had been so circuitous, so irregular and indirect that it was impossible for any one to say where we were or how far we had yet to travel. It was the opinion of most, if not all, that we were not yet within five hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean. That the blue range bounding the western horizon was simply the beginning of other and perhaps greater ranges beyond.

"Then came a time of great discouragement, some saying if California lay beyond other ranges of mountains that we could never live to get there. The line of our route passed through what is now known as Tuolumne County, probably very near the present town of Sonora. For some reason we had no glimpse of the great valley we were approaching until about noon of the day we reached it. All began then to quicken their pace, those who had the most strength and the best animals traveled fastest. Night found us scattered on a line four miles in length. Every one traveled as long as he could see, and then lay down to sleep. There was absolutely nothing for the horses to eat. Fire had left the valley black and desolate. We had killed a second mule and the meat still held out. At night we would unsaddle our animals and turn them loose. There was nothing for them to eat and not even a bush to tie them to.

"When morning came the foremost of the party waited for the others to come up. They had found water in a stagnant pond, but what was better, they had killed a fat coyote and with us it was anything but mule meat. As for myself, I was unfortunate, being among those in the rear and not aware of the feast in the advance. I did not reach it in time to get any of the coyote except the lights and the windpipe. Longing for fat meat and willing to eat anything but poor mule meat and seeing a little fat on the wind-pipe of the coyote, I threw it on the coals to warm it and greedily devoured it.

"But halcyon days were at hand. We turned directly to the north to reach what seemed to be the nearest timber. This was at a distance of ten miles or so, which in our weakened condition it took us nearly all day to travel. It brought us to the Stanislaus River at a point not far from the foothills. Here the rich alluvial bottom was more than a mile wide, it had been burned over, but the new grass was starting up and growing luxuriously but sparsely, like thinly sown grain. But what gladdened our eyes most was the abundance of game in sight, principally antelope. Before dark we had killed two of them and two sand-hill cranes, and besides there was an abundance of ripe and luscious wild grapes. Still we had no idea that we were yet in California, but supposed we had yet to cross the range of mountains to the west. It was determined to stay one day to hunt game and to rest for a new start.

"The eve of the next day found us surrounded by abundance,

thirteen deer and antelope had been killed. It was about the first of November. There was no time to delay if we were going to reach California that fall. . . .

"On the day we had stopped to hunt two men had been sent ahead to see if signs of settlements could be found. They were gone two days and returned bringing news that they had fallen in with an Indian who conducted them across the valley to the foot of Mount Diablo to the ranch of Dr. Marsh. This settled the question that we had actually arrived in California and were not far from San Francisco Bay. It was an occasion of great joy and gladness. We were not only near our journey's end but the men knew just where to go, instead of uncertainty all seemed certainty. Dr. Marsh knew that we were coming, but it would take us two or three days yet to reach his place, which we did on the evening of the 4th of November, 1841. He seemed delighted to see us and was very communicative and even enthusiastic. Some of our party had known his acquaintances in Missouri and all had a great deal to say. We camped near his house under the large spreading oaks. The country was nearly destitute of grass, and the cause of it we learned to be the unprecedentedly dry season. He killed a hog for us, which was very acceptable. Although no grain had been raised and was consequently scarce, yet he managed to have a few tortillas made and distributed among us.

"In return for the kindness extended to us, we opened our treasures, consisting of cans of powder, butcher knives, lead and various other useful articles and made the Doctor what we considered liberal presents in return. I remember one of the party presented him with a case of surgical instruments. As for money, we had little or none."

MEETING OF THE PACIFIC COAST BRANCH OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

(San Diego, December 1-2, 1916)

BY ROCKWELL D. HUNT

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association (the second in Southern California) was held in San Diego, Friday and Saturday, December 1 and 2, 1916. That a point so far south as San Diego should have been selected for this meeting is explained largely by the attractions of the Panama-California Exposition; and that the meeting should have proved so successful is to be credited in generous measure to the local committee on arrangements, headed by Professor W. F. Bliss of the State Normal School at San Diego.

The attendance at the several sessions was large and unusually representative. Among those coming long distances and participating in the program were Professor Levi E. Young, University of Utah; Professor Joseph Schafer, University of Oregon; and Professor Jeanne E. Wier, University of Nevada. The Historical Society of Southern California was well represented by a strong delegation of members.

At the opening session, held in the Auditorium of the U. S. Grant Hotel, three papers were presented, as follows: (1) "The United States in the Caribbean," by Professor Waldemar C. Westergaard of Pomona College; (2) "What is Nationality?" by Professor Tully C. Knoles of the University of Southern California; (3) "Town and Municipal Government in the Early Days of Utah," by Professor Levi E. Young of the University of Utah. Each paper called forth lively and interesting discussion.

The Saturday sessions were held on the Exposition Grounds. In the forenoon our honored Secretary and Curator, Mr. James M. Guinn, read his paper, "Thirty-three Years of Historical Activity," and Mr. Owen C. Coy, Secretary and Archivist of the Commission, presented a comprehensive report on "The Work of the California Historical Survey Commission." Following the business session interesting tours were conducted by Mrs. Margaret V. Allen, Curator of the San Diego Pioneer Society, and Doctor Edgar L. Hewett, Director of the School of American Archaeology.

At the teachers' session the following topics were presented and

discussed: (1) "Motivation of History in the Elementary Schools," by Superintendent W. L. Stephens of Long Beach; (2) "The Development of Initiative in the High School Student of History," by Miss Sara L. Dole of Manual Arts High School, Los Angeles; (3) "Research Work for the Junior College Student," by Dr. Frederic W. Sanders of Hollywood Junior College; (4) "History Teaching in the Secondary School from the Standpoint of the College and University," by Professor Ephriam D. Adams of Stanford University (presented by Dr. E. B. Krehbiel).

The central social event of the San Diego Meeting was the Annual Dinner, at the U. S. Grant Hotel, at which our distinguished leader and genial friend, Professor Henry Morse Stephens of the University of California presided as toastmaster. The President's address was presented by Professor Joseph Schafer of Oregon, and called forth much favorable comment. Impromptu speeches were called for and appropriate responses given by members singled out by the toastmaster. The dinner was very well attended, undoubtedly breaking the record for women members present.

Professor Edward B. Krehbiel, of Stanford University, was elected President of the Branch for the ensuing year. Our local representative on the Council is Professor Tully C. Knoles of the University of Southern California.

COMMODORE STOCKTON'S REPORT

The following document is a complete copy of Commodore Stockton's report of the battles fought in the vicinity of Los Angeles the 8th and 9th of January, 1847. It was copied direct from U. S. Senate Documents originally in possession of Senator Benton who gave them to Col. J. C. Fremont, and at the time the report was copied they were in the possession of Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont.

The report was copied by Olof Ellison, a magazine writer, who presented it to the Historical Society February 6, 1893. It is published here to aid students of our local history. It is difficult for them to obtain access to early U. S. Documents.

It is not generally known that there was a company of native Californians in Stockton's army, and Flores' attack on Stockton's column with a band of wild mares was a military movement new to the Americans. Stockton greatly exaggerates the loss of the Californians. Their actual loss in the two battles, San Gabriel river and La Mesa was three killed and ten or twelve wounded. The killed were Ignacio Sepulveda, Francisco Rubio and El Guaynonco, a Yaqui Indian.

The battle of San Gabriel river was fought on the bluff of the old San Gabriel river nearly opposite the Pio Pico house. The ford where Stockton's army crossed was formerly known as the Pico Crossing. The new San Gabriel river did not exist at that time. It was made in the great flood of 1868.

The Californians call this engagement the battle of Paso de Bartolo, which is much the better name. The battle of the plains of the La Mesa was fought at a ravine, the Canada de Los Alisos, near the southeastern corner of Los Angeles city. The Californians call it the battle of La Mesa, which is certainly a better name than that given it by Stockton. The battle of the Plain or the Plain.

J. M. GUINN, *Editor.*

UNITED STATES FRIGATE CONGRESS,

Harbor of San Diego, February 5, 1847.

Sir:—

I had the honor to write to you on the 11th of January by my aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Gray, informing you of the victories gained, on the 8th and 9th of January, over the insurgent army by the forces under my command; that the insurrection had been put down, and

peace and tranquility restored throughout the territory; that we had again taken possession of the Ciudad de Los Angeles; that our flag was once more flying in all parts of California; and that the civil government, formed by me last September, was in successful operation.

I now proceed (as it is my duty to do) to give you a more detailed and circumstantial account of the battles of the 8th and 9th, as well as of the preparations which preceded them. We came to San Diego with the Congress alone, her resources having been almost exhausted in a previous campaign. The town was besieged by the insurgents, and there were no stores or provisions of any kind in it, and we were reduced to one-fourth allowance of bread. We had to build a fort to mount our artillery—to make our saddles and bridles and harness; we had, in truth, to make our army, with all its necessary appendages, out of the mechanics and sailors of this ship, and to take our horses and beef cattle from the enemy.

The industry, perseverance and hard work, as well as enterprise and courage necessary for such operations, do not need my poor commendation.

We commenced our march on the 29th of December, with Captain Turner's company of 1st dragoons, dismounted, aided by Lieutenant Davidson; six pieces of artillery, under Lieutenant R. L. Tilghman and Passed Midshipman William H. Thompson; Captain Gillespie's squadron of mounted riflemen, acting as the advance, the rear and vanguards; the marines of the Congress and Portsmouth, under Captain J. Zeillin, adjutant of the battalion; the musketeers of the Congress, Savannah, Cyane and Portsmouth, commanded by Lieutenant William B. Renshaw, Passed Midshipman John Guest, Acting Lieutenants B. F. B. Hunter and Edward Higgins, aided by Midshipman George E. Morgan, J. Van Ness Philip, Theodore Lee, Albert Allmand, B. F. Wells, Edward C. Grafton, Robert C. Duvall and Phillip H. Haywood, and William Simmons, commodore's clerk; the carbineers of the Congress and Cyane, under the orders of Passed Midshipman J. M. Duncan and J. Fenwick Stenson, and Sailmaker Reed, aided by Midshipman Joseph Parich and Edmund Shepherd—in all a strength of about six hundred men. Brigadier General Kearny commanding the division, and Lieutenant S. C. Rowan, from the ship Cyane, major of brigade; Captain W. H. Emory, of the topographical engineers, acting adjutant general; Lieutenant George Minor, of the Savannah, quartermaster, in charge of the transportation, aided by Mr. Daniel Fisher. Mr. Speiden, the purser of the Congress, performed the duties of commissary, aided by Mr. John Bidwell. Mr. Southwick, carpenter of the Congress, acted as chief engineer at the head of the sappers and miners. Dr. John S. Griffin, of the army, Dr. Andrew A. Henderson, of the Portsmouth, and

Dr. Charles Eversfield, of the Congress, attended the troops. Lieutenant A. F. V. Gray and Captain Miguel de Pedrovena, aids-de-camp to the commander-in-chief.

Our men were badly clothed, and their shoes generally made by themselves out of canvass. It was very cold, and the roads heavy. Our animals were all poor and weak, some of them giving out daily, which gave much hard work to the men in dragging the heavy carts, loaded with ammunition and provisions, through deep sand and up steep ascents, and the prospect before us was far from being that which we might have desired; but nothing could break down the fine spirits of those under my command, or cool their readiness and ardor to perform their duty; and they went through the whole march of one hundred and forty-five miles with alacrity and cheerfulness.

During the day of our march to the Coyotes, we learned that some of the enemy were in our rear following us; and as we approached the Coyotes several of them made their appearance in front of the house upon the hill, and waved their lances in angry defiance; but on the approach of the advance guard, they rode off and left us to encamp on the hill near the house without molestation.

Being quite satisfied that we were in the neighborhood of the enemy, during the night a confidential person was sent to ascertain, if possible, their position; he returned and informed me that the enemy were in force between us and the "Rio San Gabriel," and I was satisfied that the enemy intended at last to make a stand against us, and to fight us on the 8th day of January. The day suited me. Before moving that morning, the arms were fired and reloaded, and each officer and man was assigned his position for the fight, and was reminded that it was the 8th day of January and the *anniversary* of the battle of New Orleans.

We marched at nine o'clock. Immediately on reaching the plain we formed a square, our baggage packs, spare oxen and beef cattle, in the center. The advance guard under Captain Hensley, company C, first dragoons, under Captain Turner, and company D, musketeers of the Cyane, under acting Lieutenant Higgins, occupied the center, with two pieces of artillery on each flank under Lieutenant Tilghman. The right flank composed of marines, company C, musketeers of the Portsmouth, Acting Lieutenant Hunter; company C, carbineers, Passed Midshipman Duncan; company A, carbineers of the Cyane, Acting Master Stenson; and company A, carbineers of the Congress, Sailmaker Peco; the whole under command of Captain Zeilin. The left flank composed of company B, musketeers of the Savannah, company A, musketeers of the Congress, under Acting Master Guest; the whole under the command of Captain Renshaw. The rear composed of two pieces of Artillery, under Act-

ing Master Wm. H. Thompson. The guard of the day, forty-nine strong, under Midshipman Haywood; one company mounted riflemen, under Lieutenant Renshaw; and Captain Santiago E. Arguello's company of Californians, under Lieutenant Luis Arguello; the whole under the command of Captain Gillespie. When within about two miles of the "Rio San Gabriel," the enemy appeared in sight upon the hills on the opposite side; they were six hundred in number, in three divisions, their right about two miles down the river. As we approached, our column closed up and moved steadily on toward the ford, when, within a quarter of a mile of the river, a halt was ordered and dispositions made to meet the enemy.

A detachment of marines, under Lieutenant H. B. Watson, was sent to strengthen the left flank of the square. A party of the enemy, one hundred and fifty strong, had now crossed the river and made several ineffectual attempts to drive a band of wild mares upon the advance party. We now moved forward to the ford in broken files; Captain Hensley's command was ordered to dismount, and, acting as skirmishers, it deployed to the front and crossed the stream (which was about fifty yards in width), driving before them a party of the enemy which had attempted to annoy us. The enemy had now taken their position upon the heights, distant six hundred yards from the river, and about fifty feet above its level; their centre or main body, about two hundred strong, was stationed immediately in front of the ford, upon which they opened a fire from two pieces of artillery, throwing round and grape shot without effect. Their right and left wings were separated from the main body about three hundred yards. Our column halted upon the edge of the stream; at this time the guns were unlimbered to return the enemy's fire, but were ordered again to be limbered and not a gun to be fired until the opposite bank of the river was gained. The two 9-pounders, dragged by officers as well as men and mules, soon reached the opposite bank, when they were immediately placed in battery. The column now followed in order under a most galling fire from the enemy, and became warmly engaged on the opposite bank, their round shot and grape falling thickly amongst us as we approached the stream, without doing any injury, our men marching steadily forward. The dragoons and Cyane's musketeers occupying the centre, soon crossed and formed upon a bank about four feet above the stream. The left advancing at the same time, soon occupied its position across the river.

The rear was longer in getting across the water; the sand being deep, its passage was delayed by the baggage carts; however, in a few moments the passage of the whole force was effected with only one man killed and one wounded, notwithstanding the enemy kept up an incessant fire from the heights.

On taking a position on a low bank, the right flank, under Captain Zeilin, was ordered to deploy to the right; two guns from the rear was immediately brought to the right; the four-pounder, under Acting Master Thompson, supported by the riflemen under Lieutenant Renshaw. The left flank deployed into line in open order. During this time our artillery began to tell upon the enemy, who continued their fire without interruption. The nine-pounders, standing in plain view upon the bank, were discharged with such precision that it soon became too warm for the enemy to remain upon the brow of their heights; eventually a shot told upon their nine-pounder, knocked the gun from its trail, astounding the enemy so much that they left it for four or five minutes. Some twenty of them now advanced, and hastily fastening ropes to it, dragged the gun to the rear. Captain Hensley's skirmishers now advanced and took the hill upon the right, the left wing of the enemy retreating before them. The six-pounder from the rear had now come up; Captain Hensley was ordered to support it, and returned from the hill. This movement being observed, the enemy's left made an attempt to charge the two guns, but the right flank of the marines, under Captain Zeilin, being quickly thrown back, showed too steady a front for the courage of the Californians to engage, who wheeled to the left and dashed to the rear across the river. At this time the enemy were observed collecting on our left, and making preparations to charge our left flank. General Kearny was now ordered to form a square with the troops on the right flank, upon which the left flank, in case of being worsted, might rally. The right wing of the enemy now made an unsuccessful attempt to charge our left, but finding so warm a reception from the musketeers of the Savannah and Congress, under Lieutenant Renshaw and Acting Master Guest, as also the small party of marines, under Lieutenant H. B. Watson, they changed their purpose and retired, when a discharge of artillery told upon their ranks. The guards of the day, under Midshipman Haywood, protected the animals in the rear, awaiting with patience for the enemy to give them an opportunity to open fire.

The disposition for charging the heights were now made. The troops having been brought into line, the command forward being given, on they went (the artillery in battery) charging the heights which the enemy's centre contested for a few moments; then broke in retreat; their right wing charging upon the rear, under Captain Gillespie, encumbered with packs, baggage, horses, and cattle, but receiving a well-directed fire from the guards, which hurled some of them from their saddles, they fled at full speed across the river we had just left. The other portion of their forces retreated behind their artillery, which had taken position in a ravine, and again opened its fire upon our centre; our artillery was immediately thrown for-

ward—the troops being ordered to lay down to avoid the enemy's cannon balls which passed directly over their heads.

The fire from our artillery was incessant, and so accurate that the enemy were from time to time driven from their guns, until they finally retreated.

We were now in possession of the heights, where, a short time before, the insurgents had so vauntingly taken strong position; and the band played "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," announced another glorious victory on the 8th day of January.

Our loss in this action was ascertained to be two killed and nine wounded. The enemy's loss we could not ascertain with any certainty, as they carried away both killed and wounded upon their horses.

We moved down the heights until they brought us near the river, where we encamped, having our cattle, horses and mules under the bank, safely protected. Tattoo was beat at an early hour, and the camp retired to rest. At about 12 o'clock, the pickets having been fired upon, the camp was soon under arms in the most perfect order. Finding the enemy made no further demonstrations, after remaining under arms a short time, we again sought our blankets, and nothing disturbed our repose until the sounding of the reveille on the 9th told us to be stirring.

At daylight Captain Zeilin was dispatched with a party of thirty marines to a rancho about three-quarters of a mile from camp, to ascertain if there were any persons concealed about it, or whether there was any barley or provisions to be found there; finding none, he returned with his party about sunrise, without meeting any of the enemy.

At 9 o'clock our column commenced its march, taking a direct course over the plain of the Mesa, toward Ciudad de los Angeles. We advanced some six miles when the enemy appeared in front, deployed in open order, their line extending nearly across the road. Approaching a ravine to the left of their line in front, the enemy opened a fire from their artillery, masked upon the edge of the bank, but with no other effect than killing an ox and mule in the center of the square. Our artillery soon returned the fire while still continuing the march; the enemy now brought up two other pieces of artillery; our column halted; our artillery on the two flanks was now placed in battery. The six-pounder under Acting Master Thompson, upon the right flank, in the rear, now opened its fire upon the enemy's nine-pounder, the shot telling upon it and cutting away the fixtures about the gun at every fire. The enemy in front and upon the right was now distant about six hundred yards; the nine-pounders, one of them in charge of Mr. Southwick,

soon made it so warm for their artillery in front that the enemy bore it off to the rear.

A reinforcement now joined them, and soon after down they came upon us, charging upon the left flank, front and rear. A shower of lead from the musketry under Renshaw and Guest and Passed Midshipman Duncan's carbineers (who had today taken post on the left flank) being well delivered, at a distance of eighty yards, did so much havoc that their courage failed and caused them to draw off more to the rear, which had until this moment stood firm without firing a shot. The four-pounder now poured forth a charge of grape upon a party of the enemy about thirty yards distant, hurling four from their saddles, and they again retired.

The Californians now retreated, and we pursued our march along the mesa and crossed the Rio San Fernando (Rio Los Angeles) about three miles below the town, where we encamped for the night.

During the day we lost but one killed and five wounded, notwithstanding the shot from the enemy, both round and grape, and from the carbines of the horsemen, fell thick among our men who undauntingly pursued their march forward. On the 10th our tents were struck at an early hour, but the morning being cold and the town being distant but three miles, our march was delayed until about 10 o'clock.

We entered the city of the Angels, our band playing as we marched up the principal street to the square, our progress being slightly molested by a few drunken fellows who remained about the town. The riflemen, having been sent to the heights commanding the town, were soon followed by Lieutenant Tilghman, with two pieces of artillery, supported by the marines under Captain Zeilin, the enemy, in small force, retiring out of sight upon their approach.

Captain Gillespie, having received the order, now hoisted the same flag upon the government house of the country which he hauled down when he retreated from the city in September last.

Enclosed I send the report of our killed and wounded. Our loss was three killed and fourteen wounded; that of the enemy between seventy and eighty, besides many horses.

My narrative is done. Our friends and the territory have been rescued. I will only add that we had, of course, to simplify military tactics for our own use. We had, therefore, but five orders, viz: form line—form square—fire—repel charge—charge. The celerity and accuracy with which they could perform these evolutions were remarkable, and bade defiance even to the rapid movements of Californian cavalry.

I have thus truly exhibited to you, sir, sailors (who were principally armed with boarding pikes, carbines and pistols, having no more than about two hundred bayonets in the whole division), vic-

torious over an equal number of the best horsemen in the world, well mounted and well armed with carbines and pistols and lances. I have nothing to bestow on these officers and men for their heroism except my poor commendation, which I most sincerely give to them, individually and collectively. I must therefore recommend them to you for the greatest reward a patriot may claim—the approbation of their country.

Faithfully, your obedient servant,

R. F. STOCKTON,
Commander-in-chief.

To the HON. GEORGE BANCROFT,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

A LETTER OF DON ANTONIO F. CORONEL TO FATHER
J. ADAM ON THE FOUNDING OF THE PUEBLO OF
LOS ANGELES AND THE BUILDING OF THE
CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF THE AN-
GELS, WITH A TRANSLATION
AND CORRECTIONS

BY GEORGE BUTLER GRIFFEN

To Rev. Father J. Adam—

The pueblo of *Nuestra Señora de los Angeles* was founded on 4th of September, 1781, by twelve settlers with their families, comprising forty-six persons. The land set apart to these settlers by José Argüello and two witnesses—Feliz and Cota—was situated north of the actual church of our Lady of Angels, between the streets called now upper Main, Marchessault and Buenavista, forming a square called “plaza real” [royal square, or principal square.—G. B. G.] The east side of said square was reserved for public buildings and the chapel. For the solemnities of the day a temporary shelter of boughs was erected. There a solemn mass was said by the minister of San Gabriel, with the aid of the choristers and musicians of said mission. There was a salvo of carabiners, and a procession, with a cross, candlesticks and the standard with the image of Our Lady of Angels, which the women carried. This procession made a circuit of the plaza, the priest blessing the plaza and the building lots distributed.

In 1782 the government commissioned Moraga to give the settlers formal possession, and at this time there were some huts of poles wattled with mud and thatched with straw.

By December, 1784 [I think it is.—G. B. G.] there had been built a chapel of adobe, some 25 feet wide and 30 long, thatched with straw. By 1789 it was roofed with brea. On the southern side of this chapel was built a little room which served for a sacristy, and where the priest took his chocolate after mass. Between the years 1812 and 1815 were constructed the actual church of Our Lady of Angels, the cemetery alongside of it, and a little later the priest’s residence, consisting of three rooms, and a kitchen, and a back yard surrounded by an adobe wall.

For many years there was no parish priest, and the father of

the mission of San Gabriel held religious services from time to time, and he had charge of the registers of weddings, baptisms and interments. The appointment of the first parish priest of the church should be of record in the archives of this diocese.

I suppose you are aware that all the first missions were founded by the construction of a palisade about a square, strongly built in order to serve as a rampart against the attacks of Indians. Within this palisade were built the church, or chapel, a domicile for the fathers, barracks for the soldiers of the guard and their families, granaries, *corrales* and rooms for the artisans—all this of poles, mud and straw. Later these establishments were made on a grand scale, requiring years for construction. Generally these were erected in different places from those occupied by the first establishment; for this reason there are various places called "*mision vieja*" [old mission.—G. B. G.].

I suppose also that you will not forget, in your historic relation, to enhance the merits and sacrifices of the first fathers, founders of these missions, of the morals and civilization of this country, and that, according to the best historians, there were, at this epoch, no mission establishments which had the rapid, great and marked progress of those of California. And that to the efforts of that great man, Fray Junipero Serra, it is owing that Spain should not lose this country. [I translate literally this passage.—G. B. G.]

In the historic registers of this diocese should be found the names of the fathers who founded the missions and those who succeeded them. I believe it will be well to mention them, in order that posterity may know them and venerate their services.

A. F. C.

Angeles, 9th April, 1889.

[Antonio F. Coronel.]

The corner-stone of the church of Our Lady of Angeles, on the plaza, was laid, with all solemnity, in the year 1818, and the work of construction commenced. The work in said church was completed in the year 1821. The father founder, who said the first mass, was called Joaquin Noe. The architect who superintended the work, was named Antonio Ramires; he was the architect of various missions.

A. F. C.

Angeles, 11th April, 1889.

[Antonio F. Coronel.]

COMMENTARY

Mr. Coronel is undoubtedly mistaken in the date he assigns to Alferez José Argüello's putting the settlers of Los Angeles in possession. Argüello's commission from Governor Fages bears date 14th August, 1786. He accepted the commission on the 4th Sep-

tember, 1786—on the same day appointing Corporal Vicente Felix and Private Roque de Cota as legal witnesses. On the 18th September, 1786, he reported that the task had been completed.

In December, 1782, Alférez José Joaquin Moraga was commissioned to put the settlers of San Jose formally in possession, though he did not act till May, 1783. Moraga had nothing to do with the founding of Los Angeles.

The *corners*, not the sides, of the plaza were on the lines of the cardinal points. The public buildings were at the southwest corner, and probably the chapel also. There does not seem to be any good authority for the location of the plaza, as given by Mr. Coronel.

By the end of 1784 the huts of the pueblo had been replaced by houses of adobe, the necessary public buildings had been erected, and the chapel had been begun. As to when it was finished, the records to which Mr. Bancroft had access are entirely silent; and I suggest that Bishop Mora be applied to for permission to examine the archives of the diocese. At the same time I doubt whether any additional information will be obtained.

Mr. Coronel gives two dates for the construction of the actual church of Our Lady of Angeles—"between the years 1812 and 1815," and "in the year 1818." Documents prove that permission to erect a new chapel was obtained in 1811. The corner-stone was laid in August, 1814, by Father Luis Gily Taboada of San Gabriel. No further work appears to have been done, and in January, 1818, Governor Sola ordered the site to be changed. The walls of the chapel—it does not appear whether on the old site or the new—were raised to the arches of the windows before 1821. Down to the end of 1820 there was no chaplain, and the friars of San Gabriel always complained that they could not attend to both mission and pueblo. In the fall of 1821 the work on the chapel was suspended, and the building was not finished until 1822 or 1823. The church was dedicated 8th December, 1822. In 1830 Capt. Fitch furnished the bell, as a sort of penance.

There is no record of a priest named Joaquin Noe. Probably Mr. Coronel refers to Father Joaquin Pascual Nuez, who was a missionary at San Gabriel from March, 1814, until his death there, 26th December, 1821.

An architect, or, more properly, a master builder, probably was employed in the construction of the church of Our Lady of Angeles; but at the missions the fathers were sole directors of all work, and acted as architects. Joaquin Antonio Ramirez came to California before 1800; he was a carpenter; and probably the man employed at Los Angeles.

Mr. Coronel came to California in 1834, at the age of 17. It

is probable that he heard from persons who had been present during the events of 1781 and 1786 the relation of what took place then. It is evident that the memories of these persons were not faithful in the matter of dates—as is quite common among unlettered persons of advanced age. But they would be very worthy of credence when they spoke of the ceremonies attending the founding of the pueblo. Therefore, this paper of Mr. Coronel's is valuable. I wish the document were of greater length.

GEO. BUTLER GRIFFINS.

Angeles, 9th November, 1890.

A REVIEW OF
"SIXTY YEARS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA"

BY J. M. GUINN

The Historical Society of Southern California has received from Mr. M. H. Newmark the donation of a volume entitled "Sixty Years in Southern California, 1853-1913," written by his father, Harris Newmark, deceased. Harris Newmark was born in Loebau, West Prussia, the 5th of July, 1834. At the age of nineteen he left his native country for California, to which an elder brother had preceeded him two years before. His destination was Los Angeles, where he arrived October 21st, 1853.

A boy without a knowledge of the English language and ignorant of the customs of the country, he began the struggle to make his way in the world. By industry, economy and perseverance he succeeded, and before retiring from business laid the foundation of one of the largest wholesale houses in California.

His book may be styled a personal history of Los Angeles City. It is largely devoted to the history of the men who laid the foundations for the city's greatness and devoted their energies to its up-building.

Every old-timer who did something toward civic betterment gets a mention, not a fulsome biography, but just a pleasant introduction to the public and a few words of commendation.

The story of events in the city's history is told in chapters with significant titles, such as "The Rush for Gold;" "The Deluge of 1861;" "Rumblings of War;" "The Last of the Vigilantes;" "Coming of the Iron Horse;" "The Chinese Massacre;" "The Wool Craze;" "The Great Boom of 1887;" and other incidents and tragedies in the city's life that have transpired in the sixty years of Mr. Newmark's residence in it, and to most of which he was an eye witness. These are described clearly and forcibly in a plain matter-of-fact style, without any attempt at dramatic effects. His descriptions have the merit of being first hand—from life and not from books.

The book is illustrated with pictures of pioneers, views of the city at different stages of its growth, and cuts of historic houses. It will be a valuable accession to the libraries of all who take an interest in the study of the history of our city. The thanks of the Historical Society of Southern California are hereby tendered the editors, Messrs. Maurice H. Newmark and Marco R. Newmark, for this valuable book, "Sixty Years in Southern California."

GOVERNOR PICO'S PROTEST AGAINST THE ACTION OF THE BEAR FLAG PARTY

The following letter of Governor Pio Pico to Thomas O. Larkin, United States Consul, Monterey, is self-explanatory. So far as known it has never before appeared in print.

"The undersigned Constitutional Governor of the Department of California, is very sorry to say to Don Tomas O. Larkin, consul of the United States of North America, that he is greatly astonished to learn from official communications from the Comandante General of this Department and Prefecture of the 2nd District, that a great number (multitude) of North American foreigners have invaded the frontier, encamping in the Plaza of Sonoma, traitorously arresting the Comandante-Militar, Don Guadalupe Vallejo, Lieut. Col. Don Victor Prudon, Capt. Salvador Vallejo and Don Jacobo P. Leese, also stealing the private property of these individuals. The writer cannot do less than inform the United States Consul that such extraordinary and alarming operations have caused him the greatest indignation.

The Departmental Governor has not, up to this time, had any direct word that would cause him to know of a declaration of war between Mexico and the United States, and without such information he considers the acts committed in Sonoma to be the greatest atrocity and infamy conceivable, for nothing equal to it can be witnessed even among barbarians. Personal rights have been attacked, well-established social contracts broken, the sacred soil of another nation profaned and, in short, the leader of the multitude of foreigners, William B. Ide, by insulting libel, urged them to a separation from the Mexican Union. This war-like act inflames the heart of the undersigned and leads him to suspect that the government of the United States has a part in it, which must increase his indignation.

The Senor Consul Don Tomas O. Larkin will permit the writer to say frankly that his Excellency has witnessed with extraordinary indifference this invasion of the Department, because in spite of noting the general movement of all the inhabitants to the defense of their fatherland and liberty, he has not taken steps to cause the invaders to withdraw from their vile purposes and avoid the misfortunes that might be caused, as a result of the hostile provocation; misfortunes the responsibility for which the Departmental Govern-

ment places on the chief actors, before God and the entire world. Such a sinister attitude as was observed on this occasion deeply compromises the honor of the United States and should it have upon it such a stain there is no doubt that it will be ineradicable in the eternal memory of all nations and will cause their scorn.

The writer believes that the United States Consul will agree with him that the act committed by the band of American foreigners has the color of a real and atrocious robbery. The Consul will also agree that subjects of his nation violating this part of the Mexican Republic, by his disdainful neglect to prevent fatal consequences, more and more compromises both nations. The undersigned Governor, incited by his duty, feels himself obliged to recommend to the Senor Consul Don Tomas O. Larkin, that he clear up the event that befell in Sonoma; to exact from him a complete satisfaction, hoping he will take such steps as may be necessary to avoid in the future disastrous consequences and finally to protest solemnly in the name of the Departmental Government and of the Supreme Government of the nation, as he does; and formally to oppose all aggression, defending as far as necessary its independence, liberty and ancient rights; repeating that he holds responsible both the chief instigators and the representative of the United States to this Department for such abuses as they do not prevent.

The writer expects from the good sense of the Senor Consul of the United States in Monterey, a recognition of the justice of the representations here made and that the answer to this letter (which he begs may come soon) will correspond to his friendly wishes. The writer has the honor to assure the Senor Consul Don Tomas O. Larkin, of the sincerity of his esteem."

God and Liberty,

PIO PICO.

Senor Consul of the United States,
DON TOMAS O. LARKIN.

Santa Barbara, June 29 of 1846.

Secretary's Report for years 1915-16

To the officers and members of the Historical Society of Southern California, I beg leave to submit the following reports:

1915

Number of meetings held	8
Number of papers read	12
Number of new members elected	4
Number of members died	3
Number of members withdrawn	1
Number of members belonging	71

Hon. Cameron Erskine Thom died February 2, 1915.
Mr. Valentine Mott Porter died February 24, 1915.
Dr. James Harmon Hoose died August 21, 1915.

1916

Number of meetings held	9
Number of papers read	16
Number of new members elected	23
Number of members died	1
Number of members belonging	93

Mr. A. C. Vroman of Pasadena died July 24, 1916.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN, Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for Years 1915-16.

1915

RECEIPTS

Dec. 8, 1914. On hand	\$128.82
Dec. 6, 1915. Received for Dues and Membership Fees to date	131.25
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Total	\$260.07
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	DISBURSEMENTS
Dec. 9, 1914. To J. M. Guinn, Secretary, for postage.....	\$ 4.96
Dec. 10, 1914. To M. C. Bettinger, Treasurer, stamped envelopes	4.68
May 25, 1915. To J. M. Guinn, Secretary, Postage.....	5.45
Nov. 22, 1915. To McBride Printing Co., Printing Annual 157.70	
Nov. 22, 1915. To J. M. Guinn, Secretary, Postage on Annual	6.50
Dec. 6, 1915. Balance on hand	80.78
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Total	\$260.07

1916

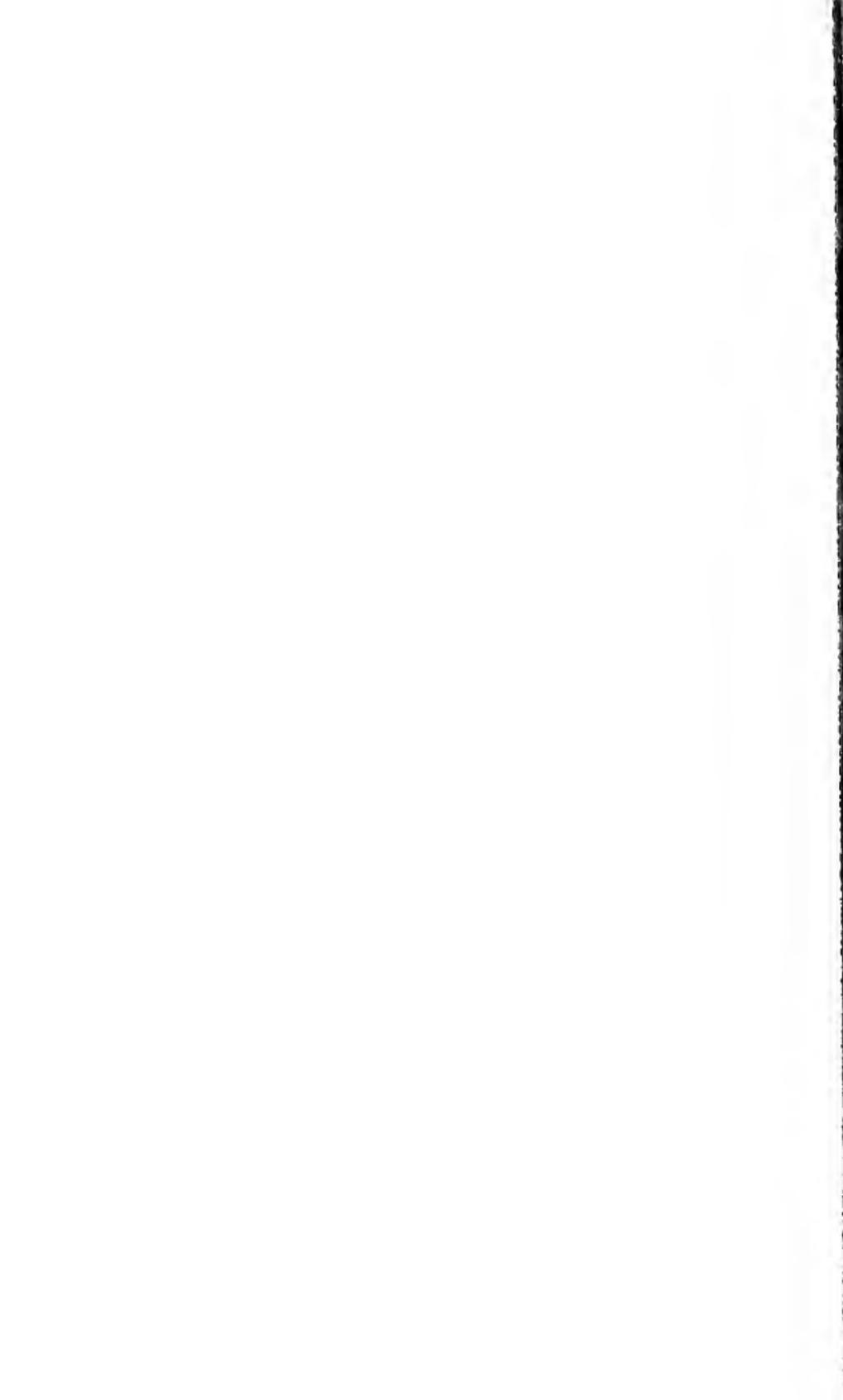
RECEIPTS

Dec. 6, 1915. Balance on hand.....	\$ 80.78
Dec. 5, 1916. Membership fees and dues to date 204.00	\$284.78

DISBURSEMENTS

Dec. 7, 1915. Jas. M. Guinn, Postage, Express, etc.....	4.20
Mar. 10, 1916. M. C. Bettinger, stamped envelopes	2.00
Apr. 20, 1916. M. C. Bettinger, (McBride Printing Co.)	7.50
June 13, 1916. Jas. M. Guinn, Postage, Parcel Post, Express, envelopes, notices	7.90
Dec. 5, 1916. M. C. Bettinger, Stamped envelopes	2.00
Dec. 5, 1916. M. C. Bettinger Clerical help....	2.50
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Dec. 5, 1916. Balance on hand.....	\$258.68

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VOL. X.

ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS



HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

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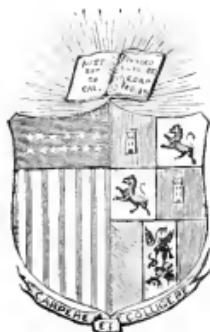
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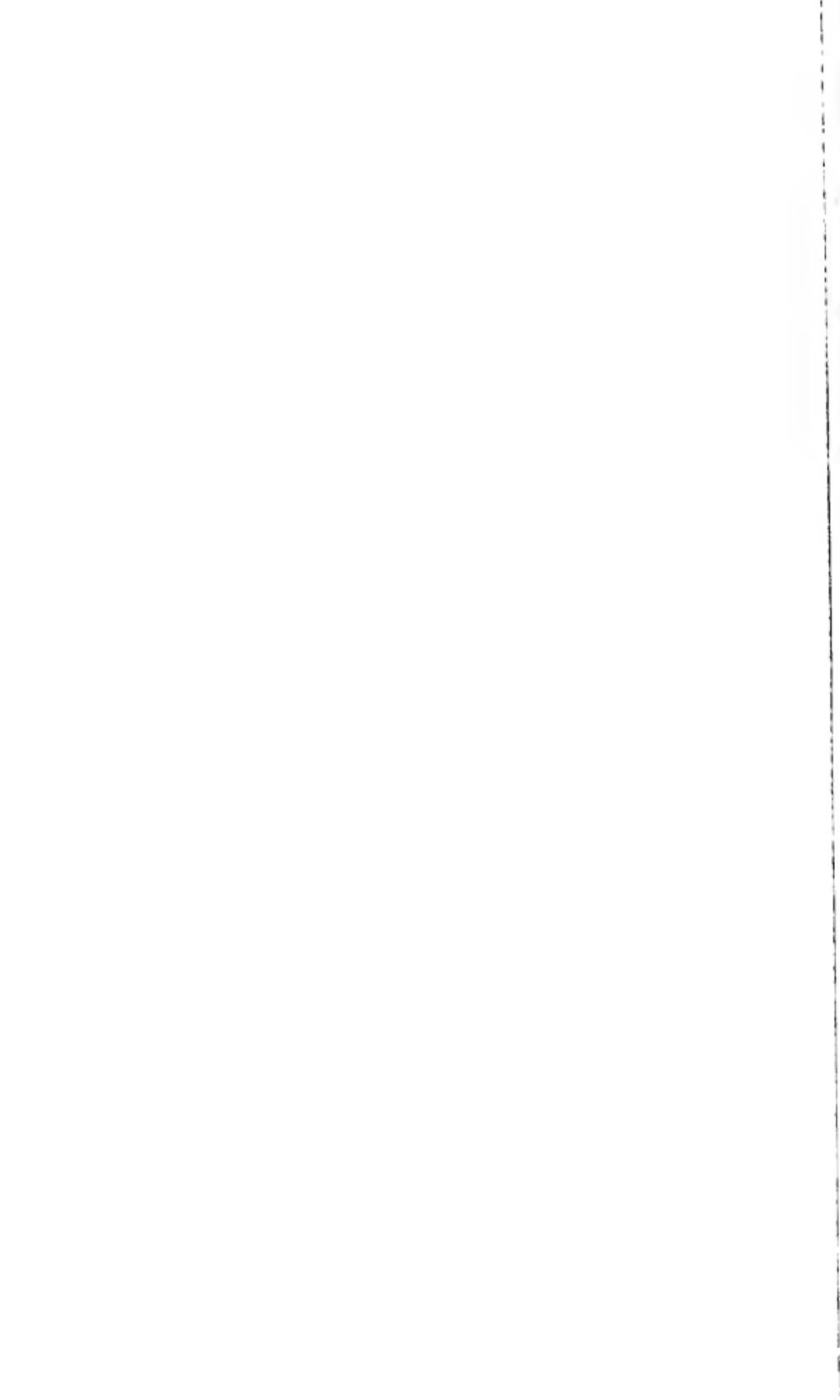
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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C O N T E N T S

	<i>Page</i>
Officers of the Historical Society, 1917-1918.....	4
What Is Nationality.....Tully C. Knoles, A. M.	5
Don Enrique Dalton of the Azusa.....C. C. Baker	17
The Dispensing of Justice Under the Mexican Régime...C. C. Baker	36
Some Early History of Owens River Valley.....J. M. Guinn, A. M.	41
John Bidwell: A Prince among Pioneers...Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.	48
Thomas R. Bard and the Beginning of the Oil Industry in South- ern California.....Waldemar Westergaard, Ph. D.	57
Larkin's Description of California.....Robert G. Cleland, Ph. D.	70
California State Division Controversy.....Mary M. Bowman	75
Deposition of Archibald H. Gillespie concerning Mission San Diego in 1846.....(Furnished by Mary M. Bowman)	79
The Work of a Southern California Historian.....Elva E. Murray	82
"De Tal Palo Tal Astilla".....Dr. H. W. Mills	86
Secretary's Report for the Year 1917.....J. M. Guinn, A. M.	175
Treasurer's Report for the Year 1917.....M. C. Bettinger	177

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1917

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WHAT IS NATIONALITY?

BY TULLY C. KNOLES, A. M.

In text books, general historical works, magazine articles, and in addresses before historical societies and other learned bodies the term "Nationality" is often met, and it is used with various contents.

With this same heading there is an illuminating article in the "Unpopular Review," January-March, 1916, by Preston W. Slosson, lecturer in Columbia University, in which the author sums up an excursion into this field of thought in the following words: "It is clear, then, that no one objective test of nationality will cover all cases. Race, language, religion, physical unity, political government, memories of the past, and a common fund of ideas may contribute to a patriotic sentiment, but they should never be confused with it."

In the Presidential Address before the American Historical Society at the December, 1915 meeting, our own honored Dr. Henry Morse Stephens on the subject "History and Nationality" made reference to an article published by him in the "Contemporary Review," London, 1887, on "Modern Historians and Their Influence Upon Small Nationalities." Dr. Stephens paid tribute to the historians of the nineteenth century who not only recorded historical facts but who so wrote as to lead the people for whom they wrote to appreciate the possibility of national unity, and the term nationality is used in this connection.

There is no question but that originally the word nation meant a group of men and women more or less closely related through inter-marriage who had acquiesced or had coöperated in the establishment of a government which was more or less truly a structural expression of their psychology; and wherever these governments over such groups have persisted for a lengthened term there has been a reaction not only from the group mind to the form of government, but the government in its turn has reacted upon the group mind, as for instance in Japan, an eclectic system of government is coming to be a national expression, but by the broadest stretch of conventionality it could not be called an expression of nationality.

The waves of Celtic and Teutonic invasions hurled themselves across Europe and into the Roman Empire. Out of the confusion came the eastern and western empires, and within them came the beginnings of the modern European nations, kindreds, and the march system played its part in laying the foundations of this national system. Without any question for hundreds of years the nation and the nationality were one.

But with the rise of the European state system, the embodiment of which was not the nation, but the prince, when peoples in their homogeneity were not considered as necessary parts of the state, where neither physiography nor ethnology was an essential study for the builder of governmental structures, the content of the word nation underwent a great change, and no longer was blood relationship connoted in the term. It took new content from the new state system.

President Lowell says, "The spirit of the French Revolution was in its essence humanitarian. It disregarded the narrow distinctions of race and country, proclaimed the universal brotherhood of man, and offered to all the world the blessings of its creed. Yet the political movements to which it gave rise have brought about an increase of race feeling so great that people of different blood can no longer live peaceably together under the same government, and the various branches of a race are unhappy until they are covered by a single flag. Race, in other words, has become a recognized basis of nationality; and this has produced in Europe two new states, and loosened the bonds of two old ones. Within a generation ties of blood have united Italy and Germany, while England has debated a plan for a partial separation between Saxons and Celts, and Austria has become very seriously disintegrated under the strain of racial antipathies."

Napoleon, instead of being the "child of the Revolution," was its "Nemesis," and in the Preface to Vol. XI of the Cambridge Modern History series, we read, "The effects produced by the French Revolution and the reign of the First Napoleon in the domain of political ideas, especially in regard to nations of self government and the spirit of nationality, were indeed immense and enduring." But Metternich dominated the Congress of Vienna and a recrudescence of the old European "state system" was the inevitable result.

The reaction set in in 1848, and for about a quarter of a century we have what the historians almost invariably call the period of the "rise of nationalities," meaning the growth of a new "state system" on a national basis.

Hazen says, "the unification of Germany was completed in the Franco-German war. The unification, however, was no by-product of a war, no astounding improvisation of a genius in politics and diplomacy. The foundations had been laid before, and the superstructure had been slowly and painfully built up. Many forces had been coöperating, as we have seen, and had at last converged toward this triumphant issue. Most effective of all was the passion for nationality, which gave the nineteenth century such elevation of emotion everywhere."

A study of the structure of the German Empire, however, reveals two difficulties. In the first place it is a unit of units of na-

tionality, and in the second place it does not begin to cover what may with propriety be called German nationality.

There is another meaning often given to the term "nationality,"—the legitimate and natural outcome of family, tribal, and racial organization. This definition would be received without question did we have many instances of such development. Of the modern European nations, France is most typical. Many families and tribes entered into the composition of the French people: Celts, Romans, Teutons in large numbers; but amalgamation, though of course not perfect, had its influence, and as pointed out by Dr. Stephens, Henri Martin declares "that the 'esprit gaulois' illustrates the fact that the French national character persisted through the settlement of German Franks and Scandinavians."

Certainly France from the time of the Battle of Bouvines began to have a consciousness of self which expressed itself in a national structure of government and in national patriotism: it was a consciousness of self as a nationality. This was not lost even during the iconoclastic days of the Revolution, and in the passion for the "Rights of Man."

In only lesser degrees may one speak of England and Spain as illustrations of the growth of nationality out of the amalgamation of more or less closely related groups.

The case of Belgium is peculiarly interesting and peculiarly illuminating at this point; although cut into two divisions, Flemings and Walloons, no one could for a moment hesitate to speak of a strong national bond, a determined sense of national honor, and a superb national patriotism, a nationalism, but it would be difficult to speak accurately of a Belgian nationality until there has been a breaking down of the wall of partition between the kindreds. Switzerland is another case, as pointed out by President Lowell, this little country may be called the "ethnological as well as the geographical center of Europe, the place where the rivers take their rise, and the races meet together."

These remarkable hill people, freedom loving, industrious, thus sharply divided in blood and in speech, are also sharply divided in religion, and yet curiously enough are nationalistic to a degree. Although of necessity the government is not highly centralized, and although the situation is somewhat modified by the fact that Switzerland is a neutral state, the Swiss are exceedingly patriotic, their passion is for nationalism, an appreciation of the fact of political national freedom, and an appreciation of the blessings of self government; it is very noticeable that the local forms of government are wisely limited by a rather conservative Federal Council. Again there is very little immigration and the people are decidedly stationary, and it is not likely that the present divisions will be very seriously changed for many years, if at all.

Quite the reverse from that of Switzerland in many ways is the status of unhappy Poland. The history of patriotism cannot be written without having the Poles in mind; their story comes to us in poetry and in music, and the virility of the nationality is nowhere better illustrated than by the fact that in spite of three partitions, and that which has aptly been called the murder of Poland, the sense of nationality is as strong today as ever. The attempts of Prussia, Russia, and Austria to denationalize Poland succeeded; the recent declaration to erect the Kingdom of Poland is an admission that the Pole in his home life and emotional life has kept the fountains of his political thought life Polish.

One of the strange chapters of human history is that of the persistent nationality of the Jew. Through dispersion and other persecutions, national political state life has been denied him. Yet he is found everywhere, in all nations; persecuted in most places, pampered in none. There is no advancing nation which has not had the advantage of his business acumen; there have been no great wars fought since the Crusades which he has not, in part, financed; he is found in all strata of society; he is in industry, in agriculture, in commerce; in all of the arts and professions; in politics and in statesmanship; every nation which deals at all fairly with him as an individual knows his value as a citizen and as a soldier, and yet he seldom forgets that he is a Jew; as a rule he marries within the narrow group of his own nationality.

Other illustrations might be given of the persistence of types of nationalities after political exigencies have robbed the people of their state life, but enough has been said to indicate that instead of the nineteenth century being the century of the growth of nationality it was the century of the growth of nationalism.

Too much, possibly, cannot be said of the effect of historical writers upon the change in the national system. It was great and far reaching. But Treitschke, a Saxon of Czech descent, had a dream of national unity, and he and his school well performed the task of arousing in the Prussians the passion for unifying the German speaking peoples; but Bismarck the statesman saw the futility of the attempt to incorporate Austria with its numerous nationalities into a great German state; the dream of Treitschke has not yet been realized,—it probably never will be realized.

In recent years we have heard much of Pan-Slavism,—this is only another indication of a by-product of the growth of a passion for national state organization to be based upon blood relationship, even though that organization should call for the complete rearrangement of historic institutions and governments.

In the development of the European states as nations the historian has done his part; but his part was not all. There is a "dollar diplomacy" where the dollar is not the coin current; and the at-

tempt to force economic growth for the profit of the nation, and to produce local cultural units, and to make these seem to be the expression of nationality, are activities far reaching in their results, and perhaps in the subtlety of their application more potent in producing national patriotism.

Each European power in the present conflict is fighting for a national existence, and each sees the good of humanity in its individual success.

To contend for the mere definition of words is not the object of this paper. Definitions are never final until words are no longer used, or when thinkers are no longer active; but two great thoughts are pushed into the forefront by the discussion.

(1) The nineteenth century was the century of the expansion of nations usually upon the basis of nationality, though not wholly so, even in the Old World; and the inevitable result of that expansion was a world war. To quote Dr. Stephens again, "National patriotism became the national creed. It filtered through the entire educational system of modern states. However excellent patriotism may be in itself, it has had some startling effects when based upon nationalist histories. The idea of a common Christianity binding all Christian peoples together in one religion has disappeared: the belief in the brotherhood of man has no chance. . . . Hymns of hate are the inevitable outcome of national patriotism based upon national histories. Family blood feuds, the vendettas of the Corsicans and the Kentucky mountaineers are considered proofs of a backward civilization, but national hatreds are encouraged as manifestations of national patriotism."

(2) The United States, in its evolution thus far, has not been developed as the European states have been. The stage was set for the building of a New England, a New France, a New Spain, a New Netherlands, a New Sweden. Each of the old world powers desired to plant its own people, institutions of society and government, and the character of the peoples would have undergone very slight change; and the old world system would have produced old world problems; but it was not so to be with any of them save with Spain; the conditions of Spanish life led to the search for bullion, New Spain became a fact, but revolutions came, and Spanish-America is more a force to be reckoned with in the twentieth century than in the nineteenth.

The forces of French life in the seventeenth century were centripetal; the forces of English life in the same century were centrifugal; instead of the unity of religion and society, and the perfection of absolutism which France knew, England was painfully conscious of schisms, lines of social cleavage and the struggle between absolutism and democracy, and out of these conditions America set out on a period of growth dominated by England; and when the

star of the British Empire was in the ascendancy France as a positive force was withdrawn.

The gifted President of the University of California has said that the American Revolution was like a great plow running from the Atlantic ocean to the Mississippi river and return, throwing the loyalists and foreigners to the north and south; and into the furrow ran the stream of European migration, not tribal, but often family and most frequently individual in its character, and there was begun that long procession of immigrants at first almost entirely from the British Empire, and then in increasing numbers from the other northern European nations, and more recently from southern and eastern Europe, until by the report of the Thirteenth Census of the United States 35.2% of the population of the country was either foreign born or of foreign parentage. This foreign white stock is distributed as follows by country of origin—Germany 25.7; Ireland 14.0; England 7.2; Scotland 2.0; Wales .8; Canada 8.6; Russia and Finland 8.5; Austria 6.2; Hungary 2.2; Sweden 4.2; Norway 3.0; Denmark 1.2; Italy 6.5; all others 9.9.

In the decade 1900-1910 persons having Ireland and Wales as countries of origin actually decreased, while all other countries showed an increase in our population from 4% in the case of Germany, to 188.3% in the case of Italy, 204.7% in the case of Russia and Finland, and 220.5% in the case of Hungary.

There are no statistics available showing directly the number of intermarriages between persons born in the several foreign countries and native Americans, but there are in our country 5,981,526 children of such marriages, one for every 15 of the entire population.

In this same decade there was an increase of 11.5% in the number of those whose parents were both foreigners, but of different nationalities, in number 1,177,092, or one in seventy.

With the exception of the Old South every area of the United States is directly affected by this infusion of new blood, and the urban population of the South is feeling the effect.

These figures, let me remind you again, are only for white stock—they take no account of negroes and orientals who have acquired citizenship by birth. And according to a late report from the County Board of Health in Los Angeles County one-fourth of all the births in the rural sections of that county were of Japanese.

Thus it is clear that during the entire history of our land we have been reversing the European method of nation building. Confessedly Europe has sought and produced types, and these types, more or less true to their nature, have produced nations based either upon nationalism or nationality. Dr. B. I. Wheeler speaks of the coming "Genus Homo Americanus," and Israel Zangwill speaks of the "melting pot," as if the elements would some day be fused into the "American"; rather we have been breaking down types,—the

American is not, he is becoming, and by the same tokens he will always be becoming.

In addition to this, which even a casual examination of the country of origin of our population, makes evident, there is the further fact that our people, unlike the inhabitants of Switzerland, are moving from place to place, and naturalization is national and not local. No tariff walls between the states and no inter-state immigration laws tend to localize population, and the natural tendency of the immigrants to dwell near their own kind, aided to a great degree by urban and industrial conditions, is being overcome by the spirit of freedom here engendered, by the school system, by social workers, and above all by the passion to become American rapidly developed in the children of the first, and more in the second generation.

In the County of Los Angeles during a series of investigations conducted by one of my classes it was found that 1400 persons secured marriage licenses during a certain period: 350 of them were native Californians, including a large number of Mexicans, and 1050 were from every state in the Union and from twenty-three foreign countries.

Mrs. Bertha Hirsch-Baruch, a prominent Jewish social worker, told me that the Jewish leaders here in America were confronted by the very serious problem of the defection of their youth. That which oppression, persecution, and attempted extermination has not been able to accomplish in other countries is being here successfully done, not by design or especially by desire, but by the very freedom from interference which the nationality has sought for its perpetuity, and in an increasing degree Jewish blood is being mingled with blood otherwise antagonistic.

Stanislaus Burek, a descendant of the old Polish kings, says that the Pole who clings to his nationality under political denationalization is losing it rapidly in migration to America and in intermarriage with other peoples here.

During the past two years the "hyphen" has been receiving consideration; and there are indications that assimilation has not been accomplished by undirected efforts as rapidly as necessary. But the schools are grappling with the problem and in some great industrial cities co-operation between the school systems and the great captains of industry is sought to make it not only possible, but necessary for the foreigner to become Americanized.

Immigration is now almost entirely due to attractive forces, and we cannot look for the development of blood relationship for many generations, if at all. And until that time comes there will be no nationality in the United States; and from a world-viewpoint, this development of a great nation during the nineteenth century on a basis diametrically opposite to that attributed to Europe by the

most of her historians is an experiment which must utterly fail, because it violates the essential principles of national life, or it must succeed because it represents the next word in the evolution of national institutions, namely, comparative freedom of movement into, within or from the country, absolute freedom in the choice of naturalization, a real democracy based not on likeness, but on unlikeness. If Goethe's statement, "Above the nations is humanity," is to be anything more than a phrase, perhaps the American intermediate stage points out the way to government "to, for, and by all of the people."

To quote from Slosson: "The popular will is nationality. . . . America is a nation of those who willed to be Americans." With the second statement we heartily agree. Again he says: "If we wished to determine the nationality of an Alsatian . . . I think we should give the man himself a gun and ask him which country he would rather fight for, France or Germany? When he answers you, you will have solved the problem of his nationality." With this we cannot agree; were a similar test made in our own country, men from every race, color, nation, condition and nationality would respond for this nation, but their nationality would not be changed by their will.

Drawn thus from all the world, of every blood, here are men and women who know this nation, who love these institutions, who so appreciate the blessings of a government in which they may have a voice that they are willing to forget all other political ties and submerge the results of hereditary influence into a new nationalism,—these are Americans, irrespective of their nationality.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN

BY JAMES MAIN DIXON, L. H. D.

During the past few eventful years, the unexpected has come to pass in the relations between the Japanese and Russian empires. Almost to the close of the Meiji era seven years ago, Russia of all foreign powers was regarded by Japan with the most distrust. The long period of Japanese seclusion began at a time when Portugal and Spain, the great maritime powers of the sixteenth century, were united under one ruler, and were a menace to the whole world. They occupied the Spice islands and the Philippines, and had even crept up to Formosa; when the Japanese, who had hitherto traded freely over the waters of the Far East, took fright, and closed their country hermetically to the outer world except for the one port of Nagasaki, where the purely commercial Dutch were allowed to introduce one ship yearly. Before a hundred and fifty years had passed, however, Spain and Portugal had ceased to be a menace to any one. And then a new great power began to show itself on the northern shores of the island empire. The Muscovite was pressing eastward through Siberia, and, by the time of Napoleon, vessels carrying the blue St. Andrew's cross had begun to appear at the ports of the northern island of Yezo. Except for the small lordship of Matsumae at the extreme southwest corner, and some fishing villages on the coast nearby, this island had been neglected, and left to the unprogressive Ainu natives. In the year 1814, members of a Russian crew who landed at Kunajiri, one of the Kuriles close to Yezo, were seized by Japanese officials, and succeeded in escaping only by the shrewdness of one of their number. This was but one of a series of incidents heralding future trouble. Finally a *modus vivendi* was arrived at, when a boundary between the two countries was fixed in Sakhalin, giving Japan the southern half. When diplomatic relations were finally established between the two empires, and Russia had her embassy at Tokyo, the astute Baron Rosen induced the Japanese government to trade off this lower half of Sakhalin for the Kuriles islands—a bargain that was very soon regarded as one-sided.

Japan has always treated this northern island of Yezo as a frontier, in no case to be open to foreign intrusion of any kind, and to be colonized by her veterans. As it happened, however, the destined war with Russia was to break out through trouble in another quarter, the Yalu frontier of Korea, by this time a tributary state of Japan. Meanwhile an unfortunate occurrence had made the relations between the two empires more critical, the attempted assassina-

tion of the then Czarovitch, when on a visit to Japan, by a political fanatic. This occurred in the close of 1891, near the western capital, Kyoto, and so embarrassed the Emperor that he took a journey in person to express his regrets to the wounded prince. Within twelve years the two empires were at war.

The occasion was Russian aggression in Korea, which in its helplessness was sure to fall either to the island power on the east pressing westward, or to the continental power on the west pressing to the open sea. It is wrong to regard Japanese claims over Korea as a modern development. Her great military genius, Hideyoshi, had overrun the peninsula and dared the forces of her Chinese ally. In more recent times, flagrant insults to her representatives in Korea, which at the time had to be borne patiently by the Tokyo government, so incensed the most popular statesman-warrior in Japan, the great Saigo, that he and his clansmen broke out in rebellion. The Satsuma revolt was put down, and Saigo lost his life; but sixteen years later, the Tokyo government, which had bided its time, declared war against China because of trouble in Korea. At its close, the fruits of victory were snatched from her by the interference of Russia, Germany and France, which combined to advise her not to insist on the retention of Port Arthur. Germany somewhat brusquely assumed the lead in this dictation, an attitude that was bitterly resented, and helped to throw Japan into an alliance with Great Britain. She could understand why Russia would object to her occupation of this important stronghold, and why her ally France should acquiesce; but the interference of Germany seemed gratuitous. Here we have the first indication of a possible *rapprochement* with Petrograd, after the inevitable war. It resembled the Kruger telegram which preceded by some years the Boer war. War in each case was destined to come, but after it was over the combatants shook hands and are now friends together, allied against the intrusive third party.

There were other elements which were likely to bring the Russian and Japanese peoples together. The Greek Church has been working for many years in the northern part of the main island and in the capital. Indeed, in the country around Sendai it was—and perhaps is—by no means uncommon to see a Japanese clad in the Russian frock, marking one who had been converted by the labors of the devoted Russian fathers. At their head was Father Nicolai, later archbishop, a remarkable personality, by far the ablest nineteenth century Christian missionary in the Far East. The domed cathedral which he built in the capital was thronged in his time with enthusiastic worshippers. Its position on a hill near the imperial palace and overlooking it, gave some umbrage to sensitive patriots, but the archbishop's personality overcame objections. When, in the days immediately succeeding Commodore Perry's visit and treaty, Nicolai was at Hakodate, learning the language and seeking an entrance into the in-

terior, he had as instructor Joseph H. Neesima, then anxious to leave Japan and discover the secret of western greatness. Neesima came to this country on a trading vessel by way of Shanghai and Manila, and was educated at Amherst and Andover. Returning to his native country, he was instrumental in the founding of the Doshisha University, which under Congregational auspices has grown to be the leading private institution of higher learning in the country. The ablest of the Christian converts, he owed his power in considerable measure to his association with Nicholai. Dying when at his prime half a century ago, he is still remembered with affection by his countrymen here and at home. He forms an interesting bond between religious Russia and our United States.

Twelve years ago the three countries came into close diplomatic relations, at the close of the Russo-Japanese War, when peace was signed at Kittery Bay in New Hampshire between the belligerents, through the good offices of President Roosevelt. It is to be noted that these negotiations, carried to a successful issue, began a period of coolness between this country and Japan. The Japanese envoy, Baron Komura, returned to Tokyo under the stigma of diplomatic defeat, and met a storm of unpopularity. The Japanese people had fully believed that a substantial indemnity, such as had been exacted from China a decade before, would be imposed upon defeated Russia. His fellow-countrymen had nearly beggared themselves in the struggle, and were grievously disappointed when Komura came back empty-handed. Komura and his friends, however, were determined to play a long game. They meant to use Russia as a friend or a tool, as the case might be, for the exploitation of defenseless China. The war had begun over concessions in Korea granted to high Russian officials, which would undoubtedly have led the way to a final appropriation of the peninsula. Why should not Japan play the same game, and exploit China as others—once her own dictators—had shown the way? She had convinced Russia that as an enemy she was altogether too formidable; but as friends and associates they might arrive at a profitable understanding. The war had left no bitter sting behind it. Russian prisoners had been treated with remarkable courtesy and kindness in Japanese prison camps. An act of international courtesy was gracefully performed when the Japanese government raised a monument at Port Arthur to its heroic Russian defenders. A military mission from Petrograd, headed by General Gengros, who had fought against the Japanese in Manchuria, and which was accompanied by the Archimandrite Mission from Peking, represented the Czar at the formal dedication.

There occurred also a tragedy at Harbin which offset the ugly attempt on the Czarovitch's life nearly twenty years before. The foremost figure in Japanese councils, the veteran Prince Ito, while the guest of Russia and guarded by a Russian escort, was assassin-

ated by a Korean fanatic. He had come to meet the Russian Minister of Finance, and settle upon a mutually satisfactory policy in Manchuria and elsewhere. Russian officials arrested the assassin, and Kokovtseff accompanied the body of the dead statesman to Chiang-chun, the limits of "Russian" territory. Here the remains were handed over to his countrymen, China being wholly ignored in the matter. It was a striking confirmation of Russian and Japanese railway "zone sovereignty." Thenceforward the two imperial nations were to act together in establishing a grip on China that would mean the death of the Open Door policy to which the United States had pledged herself. Just a year ago a new convention was made with Russia, summarized by the Foreign Office at Tokyo under two heads. The first was an agreement on the part of the Mikado's government that it would not participate in any political arrangement or combination against Russia, which assumed the same obligations; the second, that if the special interests of either were threatened in Far Eastern territory, that it would confer at once for mutual support and coöperation. The Great War has hurried things up to this point; how far the recent revolution at Petrograd will leave Japan isolated still remains a problem.

DON ENRIQUE DALTON OF THE AZUSA

BY C. C. BAKER

Henry Dalton, or Don Enrique Dalton as he was called in pioneer days, was born in the city of London, England, October 8, 1803, the son of Winnall Trobally and Anna Dalton. Henry and his brother George came to the United States, both being Los Angeles County pioneers. Another brother, John, died of fever at Panama on his way to California.

The Dalton family claims descent from Sir Walter de Alton of the time of the Conqueror. A large estate was claimed by the family during the late eighteenth century, and in lengthy chancery proceedings it was proved that the recognized heir had taken passage for America in a sailing ship of which nothing was ever after heard. The inability to prove the death of this heir without issue caused the estate to revert to the crown.

Henry Dalton was early apprenticed to an elder brother, a merchant tailor, and became a member of the Tailors' Guild, one of the successors of those early craft guilds which had exerted such an influence in the city of London. Such occupation must have seemed prosaic to him, for he was of an adventurous spirit, as he later proved. Other fields seemed to offer him greater opportunities, and he left England for Peru at the age of fourteen. Only once, in 1832, did he revisit England. During this visit his elder brother pointed out to him Victoria, then Duchess of Kent, remarking, "There goes our future queen." However, the land of his nativity was always the land of his allegiance, for Henry Dalton died, as he had lived, a subject of Great Britain.

In the city of Lima, Peru, Dalton lived for about twenty-five years, building up an extensive general merchandising trade. He was also for a time British consular agent at Lima. His chief associate was James Bowman, later a San Francisco merchant. They owned several ships trading up the west coast. It may readily be supposed that information brought by these ships caused Dalton to come to investigate California's possibilities.

Dalton came to California as super cargo of the Mexican brig "Soledad," of 105 tons, from Mazatlan, which was on the coast from October to December, 1843.¹

Settling in Los Angeles, he bought in 1844, from Rafael Guirado, father-in-law of Gov. Downey, for \$400, part cash and part merchandise, a lot fronting about 300 feet each on Main and Spring Streets,

1. Bancroft, *Hist. of Cal.*, 2:773; 4:400, 568.

with its northern line at what is now Court Street. On the Main Street front of this property he built an adobe store, where he disposed of cargoes arriving for him at San Pedro to the rancheros in exchange, principally, for hides, tallow, wine and some grain. In later years the varied products of his ranchos were sold through this store. It was conducted by Dalton, through a manager, until 1860, when John MacDonald, then manager, died through having taken an overdose of laudanum while grieving over the death of a favorite daughter. The accounts of the store, admirably kept, for the most part, by Dalton himself, carry the names of all the early prominent men of the county.

On the Spring Street front of the Guiardo lot Dalton built the first wooden residence in the pueblo. From its three gables it was known as "*La casa de tres picos*" and "The Three Sisters." It was panelled inside with mahogany, was one and a half stories high, and was one of the pretentious buildings of the town.

Dalton owned several other tracts in Los Angeles. One, of about thirteen acres, lay on both sides of the river south of Aliso Street. Another was granted him by the Ayuntamiento in November, 1845, and was known as "Dalton's 100 vara lot." It extended from Main to Spring on both sides of Third Street. In later years a portion of an old adobe house on this lot was rented as a tonsorial emporium by a barber named "Nigger Pete." Still another tract was bought by Dalton in 1854 from Ygnacio Maria Alvarado and the Nieto heirs, fronting 150 feet on Main Street and stretching east to the old Zanja, for \$2400. On this lot Dalton built, in 1857, the first two-story brick residence in the pueblo, costing \$7000. Adjoining this residence was an adobe building used as a warehouse by Dalton, and occupied during part of 1862 as quarters by Co. I, Fourth U. S. Infantry. St. Vibiana's Cathedral is now located on this last tract.

Dalton early aspired to become a ranchero, but in this he seemed doomed to disappointment, since on August 14, 1844, the Departmental Government of the Californias forbade the authorization or legalization of sales of lands by the proper authorities. Unusual circumstances, however, caused a special arrangement to be made which favored Dalton.

The first phase of the revolution of 1844 against Gov. Michel-Torena had closed with the Treaty of Santa Teresa. The governor, however, was preparing for eventualities. Early in December, 1844, he sent orders to Los Angeles that Andres Pico, with Pio Pico and José A. Carrillo, should organize a force to assist him in "suffocating a rebellion."² The pueblo was penniless, but these officers knew of one means of raising money. Luis Arenas owed the "national treasury" a thousand dollars, which he could pay only if the sale of his

2. L. A. Co. Deeds, 4:355-359.

lands was authorized. The Picos and Carrillo signed a document in which they stated that by the special powers given them by the governor they granted extraordinary permission for the authorization of the sale of Arenas' land, "these being the only means we depend upon in order to equip the number of men now ready to enlist under the aforesaid chief." This document was signed December 24, 1844, and on the same day Alcalde Manuel Requena authorized the sale. The deed from Arenas to Dalton, dated December 19th, was witnessed by Juan Bandini, Abel Stearns and Juan Manso, and was signed also by, or for, Ygnacio Palomares and Ricardo Vejar, associate owners of the San José, as evidence of their satisfaction with the sale. Under this deed Arenas transferred to Dalton a one-third interest in the Ranchos San José and San José Addition, the entire Rancho Azusa, 700 head of stock, and all farming implements on the ranchos, for \$7000, which, according to custom, he declared was all they were worth.

In recording the history of the rebellion, early in 1845, which was finally successful against Gov. Michelorena, Bancroft states³ that Dalton was a member of the company of foreigners formed to assist the rebels. This must be in error. Nowhere in the Dalton papers is there mention of such service, and Mr. W. A. Dalton states he knows nothing of such service by his father.

There was a general form of procedure in the obtaining of land grants under Mexican rule. The person desiring the grant forwarded his petition for a named or described tract usually to the governor. The petition was referred by the governor in earlier times to the Ayuntamiento of the pueblo nearest the land. A committee of the Ayuntamiento held hearings, duly announced, at which any adverse claims might be shown. The report of this committee, approved by the Ayuntamiento, then went to the governor. In later years, the governor referred the petition to the prefect of the district in which the land was located, and the prefect himself, or by a deputized alcalde, held hearings on adverse claims, and reported to the governor. A report was also obtained for the governor from the administrator of any mission which might be supposed to claim the land. If the governor then approved the grant, the papers were laid before the Departmental Assembly, and if their approval was given the grant became a reality. The papers came then to the Ayuntamiento with instructions to give the grantee possession. A duly authorized alcalde, with several assistants, then went to the land, located the boundaries by means of selected landmarks, physical features, marked trees and rock heaps, and recorded these marks in a written instrument known as the act of juridical possession.

3. Bancroft, *Hist. of Cal.*, 2:774; 4:195.

The complete papers in the case were known as the *expediente*, and formed the grantee's title to the land.

These grants were made for the purpose of obtaining settlers on the land, and a general condition of the grants required the erection and occupation of a residence within one year. To retain settlers, grantees were prohibited from alienating their lands. A grantee could fence his land if he did so "without prejudice to anybody, or interfering with crossings or roads." Grants were also made with the condition that the grantee should not enjoin persons from cutting timber "so long as it is done according to the laws of wood cutting in the forests."

On March 24, 1837, Ygnacio Palomares and Ricardo Vejar petitioned for the grant of "the place known as San José." They were described in the report of the committee of the Ayuntamiento as native Mexicans who had rendered personal services to the government and had sufficient cattle to cover the land requested. Juan B. Alvarado, governor *ad interim*, approved the grant April 15, 1837. Juridical possession was given by Alcalde Don José Sepulveda, father of the late Judge Ygnacio Sepulveda, August 3, 1837.

Some time in 1838 Gov. Alvarado wrote Palomares stating that if he and Vejar would admit Luis Arenas as an equal partner in the San José an additional league of land would be granted the three. Palomares and Vejar agreed to this proposition, and they, together with Arenas, signed the petition for the new grant December 16, 1839. When this petition was referred to Juan Bandini, then administrator of Mission San Gabriel, he very tersely stated that the land "has belonged and now belongs to San Gabriel Mission." The effect of this statement was doubtless overcome by the statement of the prefect of the district that this as well as other land claimed by the Mission was not occupied by it. On March 14, 1840, Gov. Alvarado approved the grant to Palomares, Vejar and Arenas, in common, of the old San José, and of an additional league, henceforth called the San José Addition. Juridical possession, with reference to the Addition, was given May 7, 1840, by Alcalde Don Felipe Lugo.

On August 14, 1841, Arenas again petitioned for a grant, this time for land lying west of the San José Addition, called "El Susa" or The Azusa. This petition raised the ire of Padre Thomas Estenega of Mission San Gabriel. He stated the land belonged to the Mission. Further he would not report, but he gave out a significant hint that, with the approaching visitation of the bishop, not only would the further granting of mission lands be stopped, but grants already made would be revoked. This half-threat availed nothing. The land was reported vacant, and on November 8, 1841, the grant was approved by Manuel Jimeno, "senior member of the most excellent departmental *junta*." Juridical possession was given April 26,

1842, by either Alcalde Don Ygnacio Alvarado or Don Felipe Lugo, —which one is not certain.

One official declared that Arenas desired the Azusa "for the purpose of squaring his land, and it does not afford any other advantage." This reputation may have come because of the unsavory derivation of the name. Here was a rancheria of those Indians nominally attached to Mission San Gabriel, called in the Shoshonean Asuksagna, and in the Serrano dialect Ashnkshavit, meaning, literally, skunk place.⁴ It was doubtless so named from the fact that skunks infested the hill which in pioneer days was occupied by the adobe dwelling and extensive ranch buildings, displaced now by Citrus Union High School in the present Azusa.

Knowledge of the extent and boundaries of these ranchos as given in the acts of juridical possession is necessary to an understanding of the subsequent litigation. The grant of the San José was by boundary, no quantity of land being mentioned. The boundaries were the "mountains of San Gabriel" on the north, the Arroyo San Antonio on the east, and the Lomas de Santa Ana and La Puente on the south and southwest. Going east along the foothills from the San Gabriel Cañon, the lesser cañons are, in order, the Big Dalton (formerly called both Boca Negra and San José), the San Dimas and the San Antonio. At the mouth of the Big Dalton Cañon a tree was selected as a landmark, and in it "was placed the head of a beef and some of its limbs chopped." This tree was known as the Sepulveda Oak, after the alcalde. This was the true northwest corner of the rancho. At its southwest corner, on the old San Bernardino road, was another landmark, El Encino de la Tinaja, or the Tinaja Oak, the common corner of the San José, the Addition and La Puente, and long one of the well known landmarks of the county.

The Addition joined the San José on the west. At its northwest corner was the Loma de San Felipe, St. Phillip's Hill, mentioned as "a small red hill," and so named because possession was given on St. Phillip's Day. It stands at the head of the present Citrus Avenue, just north of the Pacific Electric tracks. The Addition was one of those grants later called floating grants, that is, grants of a specified area inside given boundaries enclosing a greater area. The Azusa, like the Addition, was for one league in specified exteriors. The boundaries given were "the sierra" on the north, the River of Azusa, or San Gabriel, and the land of Andres Duarte on the west, the road to San José, now called the old San Bernardino road, on the south, and the San José Addition on the east. San Felipe Hill was a common corner of the Azusa and the Addition, from which it will be seen the three ranchos were continuous. The "road to San José was a common boundary of the Azusa and La Puente.

4. Univ. Calif. Publ. Am. Arch. Ethn. Vol. 12, No. 2, p. 35.

When Vejar signified his satisfaction with the sale of Arenas' interest in the ranchos to Dalton, he also asked that the San José and Addition be partitioned between the three owners. Proposals were evidently made in the matter by the interested parties, for Vejar and Dalton on November 16, 1845, petitioned Alcalde Vicente Sanchez for a conciliation with Palomares on the partition. The record of the proceedings is not complete, but it appears Palomares made certain conditions which were, at least partially, not agreeable to Dalton. On January 19, 1846, Alcalde Juan Gallardo gave notice that he would make the partition, and on February 11th, with Antonio F. Coronel as his assistant, the partition was made on the premises. The alcalde states that "all were satisfied except Don Ygnacio Palomares, who in a disrespectful manner left, saying he was not satisfied." Whatever may be said of Palomares' dissatisfaction, it at least is true that the partition was respected till American officials disregarded it. A survey and map according to this partition were made by Jaspar O'Farrell, and the map is of record.

The original grantees of these ranchos, Palomares, Vejar and Arenas, were related. Palomares, a member of that family prominent since Spanish times, was an alcalde of Los Angeles. His daughter Teresa married Ricardo Vejar, while his sister Josefa married, as her second husband, Luis Arenas. Vejar, though grantee of a principality, died poor at Spadra. Arenas, a native of Hermosillo, Sonora, came to Los Angeles in 1834, where he held several offices, including that of alcalde. He was seized by the "gold fever" in later years and went north to the mines. He acquired some gold by "digging," but more by gambling. It is said he would wager his gold by the hatful. An affidavit with his signature, dated October 15, 1852, is of record.⁵ He died poor at San José.

Early in 1845 Dalton petitioned for the grant of the San Francisquito. The grant was approved by Pio Pico, governor *ad interim*, May 26, 1845, but not by the Departmental Assembly till June 9, 1846. This rancho contained two leagues, and was bounded on the east by the San Gabriel River, across which lay the Azusa. Bancroft states⁶ that Padre Tomas Estenega was reprimanded for the sale to Dalton in 1845 of San Gabriel Mission lands for \$400. The lands are not located, but that they formed a part of the San Francisquito seems improbable.

The petition of Dalton for lands lying north of Azusa was made March 12, 1845. The committee of the Ayuntamiento reported favorably that he be granted "the mountains and cañons of Azusa stream and Boca Negra, excepting San Dimas." Why the grant was never made does not appear.

5. Bancroft, *Hist. of Cal.*, 2:701, states that Arenas was "still trading on the coast in 1847, but I have no later record of him."

6. *Ibid.*, 4:548, 637.

Dalton was administrator of Mission San Gabriel in 1846.⁷ On June 10th, he handed his resignation to the governor, mentioning the four months of his charge and submittting a statement of the affairs of the Mission, and of its accounts, showing a balance due him of over \$200. He states that "although he has incurred some expense he has claimed nothing for his own services nor his own dependents." One of the largest items in his bill is for "clothes, soap, money, etc., distributed to the Indians." The pressure of the creditors of the Mission caused Gov. Pico to appoint Antonio Cat and Perfecto Hugo Reid commissioners to audit the claims against the establishment. The result was that on June 8, 1846, Pico approved the grant of the remaining Mission estate to Reid and Wm. Workman on condition that they should pay all debts against the establishment, support the padre and pay the expenses of worship. Reid's interest passed to Aaron Pollard of San Francisco April 1, 1852, under foreclosure proceedings. In 1854 Dalton began suit to collect his claim from Workman and Pollard, but the whole matter came to nothing when the United States refused to recognize the validity of the grant by Pico.

At this time began the "passage of arms" which ultimately resulted in the loss of California by Mexico to the United States. In common with all rancheros, Dalton was required to furnish an armed and mounted man for the army. This man was armed with lance and "machete" made by the blacksmith at Azusa. His further equipment was doubtless similar to that of a man previously sent from the rancho, as described in the notes of the mayordomo of the Azusa: "Received a circular that numbered a man from every farm to go out on the campaign. Was obliged to get a man to go for the farm. Gave said man three horses, as the *bando* (circular) said, to go on; likewise \$30 in goods and one *fancega* of corn meal for his journey." In December, 1846, when Gen. José María Flores began preparations for his last attempt to save California to Mexico he obtained his supplies from Dalton. Flores made affidavit in 1851 that he had appointed Don Francisco Figueroa his paymaster, and that Figueroa "issued a certificate of the value of sixty odd thousand pesos in favor of Don Enrique Dalton, on account of money, merchandise, powder, armaments and food which he granted by way of assistance to the troops under my command." This "assistance" was, however, a forced loan. Bancroft states⁸ that, in order to further the payment of the certificates issued by Figueroa, Flores planned to send to Mexico the prisoners taken at the battle of the Chino Rancho, September 26 and 27, 1846, in order to "show results" to the central government, but the project failed. A quantity of hides and tallow

7. L. A. Co. Dist. Court, Papers, Case 118.

8. Bancroft, Hist. of Cal., 5:332-333.

in a warehouse at San Pedro belonging to Dalton were also destroyed by Mexican troops. These items formed the basis of a claim by Dalton against the Mexican government. Otherwise the change of régime came quietly to him.

Dalton purchased, May 29, 1847, for \$2000, from Perfecto Hugo Reid, the great Rancho Santa Anita, containing three square leagues. The grant to Reid was approved by Gov. Pio Pico, and, later, by the Departmental Assembly, May 7, 1845. There is a myth to the effect that Dalton secured the rancho for forty yards of calico, but it should be remembered that Reid was a Scotchman! The Santa Anita adjoined the San Francisquito on the north, thereby making the Dalton ranchos a continuous property.

On July 31, 1847, Henry Dalton was baptized at Mission San Gabriel, Perfecto Hugo Reid standing with him.⁹ This ceremony doubtless shortly preceded his marriage to Maria Guadalupe Zamorano, daughter of Augustin Vicente Zamorano, and his wife, formerly Maria Luisa Arguello, two family names prominent in California history. Señora Dalton was born in Monterey, December 18, 1832. Her beauty is often mentioned. I have the word of a pioneer, a squatter at Azusa, who knew her after middle age, who spoke of her fine appearance. A bell given by a priest to Señora Dalton at her wedding is now in the possession of her son Joseph at Azusa. To the great ranch house on Azusa Hill the young bride came.

The status of the land grant owners was recognized as a vital question in the peace negotiations at the close of the Mexican War. The tenth article of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo covered this point, but it was stricken out on the passage of the treaty by the United States Senate. Its place was taken, however, by a clause in the protocol signed at Queretaro, May 26, 1848, by the commissioners of Mexico and the United States. This clause stated that the United States recognized existing legitimate titles of all property, and did not desire to annul the Mexican grants of land. It was recognized that national legislation must be enacted for the purpose of confirming titles and definitely locating the boundaries of the grants. This was provided for in the act of Congress, approved March 3, 1851, known as the "Act to Ascertain and Settle the Private Land Claims in the State of California." For the confirmation of titles of the grants, this act created a "Board of Land Commissioners," to which claimants were to submit all evidence on which their claims were founded. From the Board's decision either party, the claimant or the United States, might appeal, first to the United States District Court, and next, and finally, to the United States Supreme Court. Claimants in southern California were handicapped by their distance from the tribunals and other authorities before whom their

9. Sugrane, *The Old San Gabriel Mission*, 102.

claims must be laid. The Board sat in Los Angeles only for a time in September and October, 1852, and for the remainder of its existence in San Francisco. A United States District Court was created for southern California, and for a time this convened in Los Angeles, but it, too, was removed. Even the district land office was for a time closed in Los Angeles, and during this time records invaluable in the prosecution of claims must be consulted in San Francisco. After the validity of the grant was confirmed, its boundaries must be located. The act provided for these surveys by creating a surveyor-general for California, located in San Francisco, whose deputy surveyors made all surveys of confirmed grants. From such surveys any claimant might appeal to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, and, finally, to the Secretary of the Interior. After the final decision on the survey the patent issued.

In this entire procedure it will be noted that the United States compelled the claimant to fight for his rights, opposing him at every point. Two judicial opinions are quoted to illuminate the procedure. "Parties to a decree of confirmation are not at liberty to question its correctness or ask for any modification." "From the action of the Surveyor-General, Commissioner of the General Land Office and Secretary of the Interior, there is no appeal. . . . The action of the Department is final, however much injustice it may do the grantees." These are the words which brought despair to more than one claimant whose title, though valid in 1848, was denied after years of costly litigation.

Before the Board of Land Commissioners, sitting in Los Angeles, Dalton filed the claims to his five ranchos on September 10, 14 and 29, 1852. Dalton's subsequent connection with the Santa Anita and San Francisquito was comparatively short, and the litigation over them less protracted, so they may be quickly disposed of.

The claim for the Santa Anita was approved by both the Board and the District Court, from which no appeal was taken. On May 30, 1854, Dalton sold the now famous rancho, together with thirteen acres lying on both side of Los Angeles River, in the present Los Angeles, to Joseph A. Rowe of San Francisco, for \$40,000. Rowe was a circus man and desired the land for winter quarters. The proceeds of the sale were invested by Dalton in a dock in San Francisco, in which his former Peruvian partner, James Bowman, was also interested. The patent for the Santa Anita, covering 13,319 acres, was signed by President Johnson, August 9, 1866.

Dalton's title to the San Francisquito was upheld by the Board, but this decision was reversed by the District Court. On appeal to the Supreme Court, however, Dalton won his case. During the subsequent survey the southern boundary of the rancho was in dispute. This was given in the act of juridical possession as "the road from Mission San Gabriel to La Puente," but between the time of the

grant and the survey the old road fell into disuse and a new one took its place. At the junction of the two roads a large post long bore Dalton's brand. Dalton carried his point, the old road was accepted as the boundary, and President Johnson signed the patent May 30, 1867, covering 8893 acres. Dalton showed his business ability and appreciation of conditions brought about by the influx of people, by having the San Francisquito surveyed and put on the market in small tracts, selling for a cash payment and the balance of the purchase price on time. He sold a third of the ranch to John O. Wheeler, clerk of the United States District Court, and the rest went to actual settlers. The town variously called Lexington, "Lick-skillick" and El Monte formed on the southern part, on the Overland Mail and Los Angeles—San Bernardino stage routes. Here, too, was the Willow Grove Hotel, then a well known hostelry. Ira Thompson, its urbane proprietor, informed the public that he had "laid off the grounds in a handsome manner, there being a large grove where visitors can enjoy the cool and refreshing breeze even in the hottest days." The last tract in the rancho was sold in July, 1875, by Dalton to W. S. and A. B. Chapman. The proceeds of these sales were generally used as they were paid Dalton for costs of litigation.

Dalton's claims for the Azusa and his portion of the San José and Addition were approved by both the Board and the United States District Court, and notice being given by the United States Attorney General that no appeal was contemplated, the District Court made its approval final June 4, 1857. A significant feature of these decisions is that the Board approved the claims of Palomares, Vejar and Dalton, granting to each the portion allotted under the partition of Alcalde Gallardo as shown on the O'Farrell map, whereas the District Court disregarded this partition and confirmed to each an undivided one-third of the San José and Addition, making them tenants in common.

The validity of the grants having been upheld, the surveys were now in order. That these were costly items may be shown by a letter received at a later time by Dalton, in which it was stated that the Surveyor-General was ready to appoint a deputy to commence a survey on the deposit of \$367 in gold coin. In October and November, 1858, Henry Hancock ran his survey of the San José, Addition and Azusa. He testified that he paid no attention to the O'Farrell map, and he would not consult the witnesses by whom Dalton expected to prove location of landmarks. Angry words passed between them. These things make of pointed value the words of Bancroft, who said,¹⁰ speaking of the surveyors, that their "judgment was

10. Bancroft, Hist. of Cal., 6:548.

often more or less influenced by the guidance of interested parties." These parties, it appears, came later.

The striking errors of Hancock's survey were many. For the northwestern corner of San José, he took, not the Sepulveda Oak, but one about three miles southeast, on the recently surveyed San Bernardino Base Line. This tree became known as the Botello Oak, from Narciso Botello, who declared it to be the true corner. Botello had been an instrumental witness at the juridical possession. The tree had been marked by Col. Henry Washington at the survey of the Base Line, and carried two marks, one on the east, one on the west side, to designate an east and west line. San Felipe Hill, a true corner common to the Azusa and the Addition, was taken as a landmark for the former, but not for the Addition. Instead, therefore, of the western line of the Addition being also the eastern line of the Azusa the two did not touch at any point. In fact, at its closest approach to the Azusa, the Addition lacked five-twelfths of a mile of touching it. The southern line of the Azusa was given as the road to San José, now the old San Bernardino road, but Hancock ran the line parallel to, but one and three-quarters miles from, this road, excluding some of the finest land while including in its place parts of the bed of the river not to this day under cultivation. This last error is the most glaring because Hancock himself ran the survey of the La Puente, placing its northern line on the old San Bernardino road. In the act of juridical possession of the La Puente its boundaries are mentioned thus: "The land adjoins and is bounded by the lands known by the names Rancho de San José, de Los Nogales, de Zusa, de Don Juan Perez, de Los Coyotes and Rio de San Gabriel." Hancock thus excluded about 18,000 acres from the three grants. Much of this land was actually under tillage, some fenced, and a portion formed Dalton's rodeo ground. It should be recalled that Arenas, in petitioning for the Azusa, stated that he wished it to be next to the west of the Addition "that my field estates may without interruption be extended."

Shortly after the Hancock survey squatters appeared on both the south and east lines of the circumscribed Azusa. They filed homestead and pre-emption claims, declaring the land to be government land. A large proportion of these had been employed by Dalton, or had been his tenants, and some had been befriended by him in trouble. Many came only to clear and sell the timber on the land, and hundreds of cords were taken off in this way. Their houses were mostly mere shacks, and they cultivated little till much later years. Dalton endeavored to be rid of the squatters through ejectment proceedings, but he was given no help in this by the authorities. Before the adjudication of Dalton's claims, the squatters were but trespassers and the failure to give Dalton relief by ejectment is peculiar, especially in the light of a known incident which was re-

lated by a pioneer. This pioneer stated that he and a friend, having word from an attorney that land titles were not good, squatted on land claimed by the late "Lucky" Baldwin. The next day they were ejected by the United States marshall. Why was not Dalton so protected? A small settlement sprang up at a place known as the Azusa Four Corners, near the present Irwindale.

Dalton at once appealed to the Surveyor-General for a new survey, submitting his evidence of the errors in the Hancock survey. His contest for a new survey was fought by the squatters, not with great power at first, but always with increasing power due to increasing numbers and means. The squatters at first fought on the principle that the lands excluded from the survey were public lands and subject to immediate entry. After a few years they claimed that for some time Dalton had not been in possession of the land, and had therefore renounced claim to all outside the survey. Later still, they claimed Dalton had actually removed his fences from the excluded portions. Dalton proved by contemporary entries in his diary that this fence was burned September 19, 1867, in a fire which for five days swept the rancho, and that the squatters took advantage of it to enter new parts.

Finally, in 1868, Dalton secured a resurvey, which was made by G. H. Thompson in August of that year. This survey gave the boundaries practically according to the O'Farrell survey. The squatters protested this survey, claiming the Hancock as the true survey. The fight was carried to the Secretary of the Interior, who, on September 20, 1872, approved the Hancock Survey, with a few trivial exceptions which were corrected in surveys run in 1874 and 1875 and then approved. In a later judicial decision it was said of this survey litigation that "the action of the department in this case is extraordinary, but it is final." Dalton saw hope for relief in another direction, so he accepted his patents, which were signed by President Grant; that for the San José, dated January 20, 1875, for 22,340 acres; for the Addition, dated December 4, 1875, for 4430 acres, Dalton receiving one-third of each of these; and that for the Azusa, dated May 29, 1876, for 4431 acres. Twenty-four years had elapsed between the filing of Dalton's claim and the issuance of the patents to cover it.

The hope for relief from his land troubles which Dalton, in common with many other land grant claimants, had seen, had come from the Act of Congress, approved July 23, 1866, known as "An Act to Quiet Land Titles in the State of California." It provided that bona fide purchasers, for a valuable consideration, of lands of Mexican grantees or assigns included in grants rejected by the United States, or of lands excluded from the final survey of a grant, could purchase such lands from the United States, upon first making proof of the facts, at the minimum price established by law, provided they

continued in possession and use of the same, with no valid adverse right except that of the United States, and provided they asked for a survey of such lands within ten months of the passage of this act.

Under this act, on August 16, 1878, Dalton filed with the Register and Receiver of the United States District Land Office at Los Angeles, his application for a total of 18,500 acres excluded from the surveys of the three ranchos, and on January 28, 1879, a decision denying his application was given. The decision was to the effect that Dalton having purchased of a Mexican grantee became in fact a Mexican grantee, and as such was outside the effect of the act. Such a decision, had it become of general application, would have virtually repealed the effect of the act. It was almost an insult to man's credulity, and would have been ludicrous had its effect not been so disastrous. Appeal was taken from this decision by Dalton to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, whose decision of April 14, 1880, was in Dalton's favor.

The squatters appealed to the final judge, the Secretary of the Interior. The arguments are illuminating. The chief contest was regarding possession, the squatters denying Dalton's possession for years. Dalton claimed no one had the right of settlement, but the lands were forcibly held. It was claimed no crops were grown on parts by Dalton, but he claimed that not tillage but use was contemplated by the act, else grazing would not be use. The squatters claimed the case *res adjudicata* with the issuance of the patents, and Dalton answered that he was not applying for more land to be included in the patent, but to purchase under a remedial act. Under an Act of Congress, approved June 27, 1866, the consolidation and revision of the United States Statutes was provided for, under commissioners whose compensation for three years was provided. A later act, approved May 4, 1870, revived the previous statute, authorizing a continuation of the revision for a period not longer than three years from the time the act took effect. The report of the commissioners was, therefore, due not later than May 4, 1873, and as there was no session of Congress between March 4th and December 1st, 1873, the revision covered all laws in force December 1, 1873. The bill adopting the revision became a law June 22, 1874.

From this revision the remedial land law of 1866 was omitted, and the squatters claimed the law was thus repealed, whereas Dalton claimed the commissioners had no power to repeal any law. The commissioners, too, in submitting their report, specifically stated that they had omitted laws of limited application, temporary and local in nature. The squatters claimed Dalton had not given Arenas a "valuable consideration" since he paid only fifty cents an acre. Arenas was, however, very anxious to sell. One claim of the squatters was ludicrous, even to one indulging in the wildest flights of fancy. This was that the squatters' improvements were of a value of from \$250,-

000 to \$300,000. A tenth of that sum would doubtless have been a highly exaggerated figure, if the tales of the pioneer squatters themselves are to be believed. The usual amount of vituperation and abuse was heaped on Dalton by attorneys for the squatters. They asked, "Does the law license him, an unnaturalized Englishman, to rob his neighbors, who are American citizens?" It was stated that a certain survey was made by Col. Henry Washington, "the pioneer surveyor of California, and a relative of Gen. George Washington, the first president of the United States," as if that were proof of anything. Dalton was said to claim land in forty sections and five townships, as though mere extent militated against validity. Dalton was described as the "beneficiary of two governments," but the attorney must have been of keen vision to discover wherein the land litigation with the United States was beneficial to Dalton.

There is an entry in Dalton's diary of May 28, 1881, reading: "At midnight Henry brought news that the case in Washington had been decided in favor of the squatters." The Secretary of the Interior held that Dalton's possession had not been continuous. Though he was not given protection in the ejection of the squatters from lands under disputed title, the very residence of these squatters cost him his lands. He lost absolutely all in twenty-nine years of litigation to obtain a title which was guaranteed to him by treaty. The The Azusa had passed to other hands. After thirty-four years in the homestead on Azusa Hill, he left it on January 10, 1881, to spend the remainder of his years in an adobe house built in 1862 near the northern end of the present Azusa Avenue, and still standing till about 1913.

Such conditions can not be viewed with complacency. They seem to have been due generally to two main causes, a mistaken idea of land values, and the political value of numbers of votes. The emigrants from the east could think only of California's gold, and large land holders appeared to them in the light of monopolists. That the political power of votes was a factor is well shown by an incident in Los Angeles County. In the fall elections of 1873, the late Judge Ygnacio Sepulveda and Andred Glassell, of the firm of Glassell, Chapman and Smith, were candidates for district judge. In the interest of Glassell, George H. Smith, of this firm, signed and issued a statement to the voters of Azusa, stating that neither Glassell, Chapman, nor the firm, were then attorneys or friends of Dalton, that they had never favored Dalton in water questions, nor had ever given an opinion contrary to the squatters' rights. "In its application and practical results" the entire system of land grant confirmation was said by Bancroft to "merit only condemnation."¹¹ His

11. Bancroft, Hist. of Cal., 6:575.

words in further condemnation of the system will bear repetition.¹² "The United States promised full protection of all property rights, and in theory they admitted the obligation to confirm not only legal but inchoate equitable titles; practically, by the system adopted, they declared that every title should be deemed invalid until the holder had defended it, at his own expense, through from two to six fiery ordeals against a powerful opponent, who had no costs to pay and no real interest at stake. It was in no sense the protection promised by the treaty to finally confirm a title after a struggle of eight to twenty-five years, when half or all the estate had passed from the possession of the original claimant; it was simply confiscation."¹³

In connection with the land litigation between Dalton and the squatters was carried on one of the bitterest fights over irrigating water in the history of the state. This is of such length and intricacy as to merit a separate paper. I have always held it secondary to the land litigation, on the grounds that without squatters there would have been no water fight, as it is only in comparatively recent years that the water Dalton claimed has supplied any other than the land he claimed.

The course of Dalton's finances is strewn with mortgages due to the absolute necessity of obtaining money to prosecute the litigation. The Azusa was first mortgaged on March 11, 1852, and it was never free from encumbrance from this date till it was lost to him by foreclosure. The San José after May 11, 1855, and the Addition after June 1, 1869, shared the same fate. Interest was often at two, three and four per cent. per month, sometimes payable monthly or quarterly in advance. In order to save something from loss, Mrs. Dalton, in 1862, during Dalton's absence, declared a state homestead exemption of 500 acres, but in 1867 this too was encumbered, and continued so. Dalton early borrowed money from Francois L. A. Pioche, the San Francisco capitalist, and Pioche bargained to finance the entire land litigation. But Pioche committed suicide May 2, 1872, leaving an estate which was involved in perhaps the most costly and intricate probate litigation in the state's history, and in which all Dalton's property was involved. To extricate his property a trust was created for all the Dalton ranchos, with Lewis Wolfskill as trustee and agent for Dalton. Some years afterward Wolfskill became insolvent, and Dalton's property again became entangled in what the judge who heard the case called the most complicated case regarding accounting that he had ever known. Money could not be raised to concentrate the indebtedness in one party, the land litigation went against Dalton and no more new land could be brought under mortgage, and finally the mortgages came

12. Bancroft, *Hist. of Cal.*, 6:576, 577.

13. *Ibid.*, 6:529-531, for an excellent exposition of the entire system of land grant confirmation.

due and were foreclosed. The Pioche Estate and the Los Angeles County Bank held the mortgages. After the foreclosures the three properties, Azusa, San José and Addition were concentrated in the hands of J. S. Slauson. Dalton's property in Los Angeles had been sold or lost piecemeal before this.

Dalton hoped to re-establish himself financially by securing payment of his claim against the Mexican government, or by taking advantage of a speculative turn in the real estate market.

The claim against Mexico was based, as before noted, on supplies furnished Gen. Flores and property confiscated by the Mexican army in 1846 and 1847. In 1849 Dalton went to Mexico, by boat to San Blas, chartering the vessel to await his return. He attempted, with the aid of the British minister, to effect a settlement, but to no avail. He left the claim in the hands of an agent and returned home after a nine months' absence. In later years he made three more trips to Mexico in the interest of his claim, one of a year in 1857 and 1858, another of two years from 1861 to 1863, and the last also of two years, from July, 1873, to July, 1875. These trips were by vessel, usually to Acapulco, thence by stage to the capital. On one trip bandits "held up" the stage four times. Dalton's claim was always recognized by the Mexican government as valid, and the government of Gen. Comonfort, in 1857, actually issued bonds to cover the claim, but the bonds were later cancelled. During his third visit to Mexico, in 1861-63, Dalton received for \$50,000, as part settlement of his claim, the claims of the Mexican government against the estates of the ex-Marquis de San Miguel de Aguayo,¹⁴ a Spanish general in the Mexican war of independence, whose estates were probably confiscated, including the haciendas of Parras, Patos, Bonanzas and Villa del Rosario. During the wars of the Empire, which followed, the trustee of this estate, Sanchez Navarro, was an active imperialist, and on the triumph of Juarez the estate was confiscated without regard to Dalton's right. In exchange for his interest in the estate, Dalton, in 1873, received \$30,000 in bonds, which realized \$900, \$7500 in treasury notes (which were not paid) and \$12,500 in what might be called land scrip, redeemable in church property. For the last Dalton received, in March, 1874, the Convent of Santa Teresa at Queretaro. Later he sold the convent to the Bishop of Queretaro for \$15,000, part cash, the balance in monthly installments, which were completed shortly before Dalton's death. From this convent several oil paintings were brought home by Dalton. In 1892 Dalton's estate received bonds from the Mexican government of the face value of \$54,825, actual value of \$20,559, to balance the claim. Thus it is again disproved that Dalton was "the beneficiary of two governments."

14. Bancroft, *Hist. of Mex.*, 4:432.

There are two interesting facts regarding Dalton's stay in Mexico in 1863. He was in Mexico City on June 10th, when the French army entered the city and began what ended in tragedy. Seventeen days later Dalton was granted a concession to mine and export gypsum from the barren island of San Marcos, opposite the Bay of Mulege, Lower California. He was to receive a grant of land 200 meters square and pay a yearly rental of twenty pesos. The notice of concession is signed by Jesus Teran,¹⁵ minister of Justice and of Public Works and Instruction at San Luis Potosi, whither Juarez had moved his capital as the French neared Mexico City. The gypsum was probably to be sold as a commercial fertilizer; it is particularly effective in the eradication of alkali. This is another instance showing Dalton's wide practical knowledge.

In 1851 the town of Benton was laid out by Dalton to the south of Azusa Hill. The lots in this proposed city, as well as the residence on Spring Street, "*La casa de tres picos*," and lots in Los Angeles, were prizes in a lottery financed by Dalton and known as the "Great Southern Distribution of Real Estate and Personal Property." The drawings in this lottery were never held—why is not known—and Benton became only a memory.

Dalton in 1876 signed an agreement to sell the Azusa to Gen. Boschke for \$100,000, but the sale did not materialize. Smith's Island, in San Pedro harbor, was formerly known as Boschke's Island, after the general.

On July 25, 1878, were signed the articles of incorporation of the Mound City Land and Water Association. This company had already bought from Dalton the Azusa, San José and Addition for \$140,000, \$10,000 of which had been paid, partly in stock. Mound City was to be built near the western edge of the present Azusa, and a few buildings were actually erected here. The balance of the ranchos were to be sold as small farms. Had this company been able to make its payments Dalton would have been saved. But the incorporators had no capital, the prices they asked for farms were prohibitive and there were therefore no sales, and they and Dalton both lost out completely when their prospective city failed to develop.

When a new suit over water rights at Azusa was about to be instituted in January 1884, an application was made to the court to perpetuate the testimony of Dalton by obtaining a deposition from him. Dalton was described as "old, sick and infirm, and in a dying condition." The deposition was taken on January 12th, at the home of Frank Sabichi in Los Angeles, where Dalton passed his last days. He was asked, "Were you formerly the owner of said ranch (the Azusa)?" His answer was characteristic of him: "I purchased it in 1844 in December, and ought to own it at the present day."

15. Bancroft, Hist. of Mexico, 6:71, 72.

He died January 21st, in his eighty-first year. Of a family of eleven children, his brother George alone survived him. Mrs. Dalton survived her husband thirty years, dying September 1, 1914. To this union were born eleven children, four of whom died in infancy. Of the others Winnall Angustin married, and is living in Tucson, Arizona; Luisa married Lewis Wolfskill, and died in 1887; Soyla married William Cardwell, and lives at Azusa; Henry married, and lives at Caborca, Mexico; Elena married J. L. Plummer, and lives at San Fernando, this county; Valentine married, and is dead; and Joseph married, and lives at Azusa.

In Dalton's will, dated January 8, 1884, claims against both the Mexican and United States governments are listed. The claim against the United States was for damages for loss of his property. In the probate proceedings this claim was described as "of no commercial value." The efforts of every broad-minded, far-seeing pioneer, and such was Henry Dalton, are of commercial value, however, and later generations do profit by them.

It is to be hoped the writer will not be accused of having succumbed to that malady termed by Macaulay the "Lues Boswelliana, or disease of admiration." If one attempting an historical narration is carried away by the magic carpet he has attempted to weave for the transport of others to an ideal land in which wrongs may be righted on proper exposition, let it be charged to a desire to see justice extended to those who seem to have had little of it shown them while here.

* * * * *

Though Henry Dalton was a prominent pioneer and one of the largest land holders in the county, very little has been written of him. The newspaper accounts are generally of no value, containing what were perhaps the results of the wildest flights of the reporter's fancy. It is peculiar that these myths have gained such acceptance. My most valuable source has been Henry Dalton's papers, which were placed at my disposal through the kindness of his children. The most important of these are the volumes containing his diary, called by him "Daily Occurrences at The Azusa." This diary covers part of the year 1845, and, unbroken, from October, 1856, to September, 1883. Each day an entry was made, by Dalton when he was on the rancho, in his absence by the *mayordomo*, by Mrs. Dalton, or by W. A. Dalton, the oldest son. The entries are in both Spanish and English, and cover in detail all the varied activities of the rancho and its owner. Dalton's correspondence, comprising both letters received by him and copies of letters he wrote, is valuable. There are also numbers of legal papers; of these the most valuable for my purpose were briefs on cases in the United States courts, since I have been unable to consult the court records in San Francisco. Another most valuable source has been the correspondence of Mr. Win-

nall Augustin Dalton, of Tucson, Arizona, born June 14, 1850, the oldest child of Henry Dalton that survived infancy. Mr. Dalton's intimate personal acquaintance with the details of his father's life and fortunes and with the ranchos themselves, combined with a remarkable and accurate memory, make him a veritable treasure to one attempting to write this history. My last chief source has been the county records, and when it is known that Henry Dalton received five patents from the United States, was a party to 118 deeds and 36 real estate mortgages, besides numerous miscellaneous documents, and figures in sixty cases in the various county courts, the value of this source may be readily appreciated.

THE DISPENSING OF JUSTICE UNDER THE MEXICAN RÉGIME

BY C. C. BAKER

In the days of the Mexican régime justice was obtained with little of the formal and bitter litigation, lengthy and costly suits and lawyers' altercations of our present age. Such things were at variance with the easy-going, somewhat patriarchal and proudly dignified attitude of the alcaldes and ayuntamientos. There were times when the pride of the alcaldes and their associates, or sudden bursts of popular indignation, caused a temporary change in the course of justice, but these were few.

Formal suit might be brought before the alcalde of the pueblo, but often a dispute was put in the way of being settled by a petition presented to the Ayuntamiento, where the matter was heard at length. From the minutes of the meetings of the Ayuntamiento of Los Angeles, and the very abbreviated records of proceedings in the alcalde's court, both contained in the old Los Angeles City Archives now in the City Hall, the following are taken:

When Luis Arenas was first alcalde of the pueblo, three of the Yorba brothers, Tomas, Bernardo and Teodocio, appeared before him, July 10, 1838, and stated that their brother Antonio wished to deprive them of their rights as part owners of the Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana. Arenas states that after due consideration, "I advised them how to act in a brotherly manner and they all agreed they had a mutual right to said place." Francisco Farias had evidently caused trouble between the brothers. For that reason Arenas ordered that as soon as he harvested a crop which he had planted on the Santiago he should leave the rancho and reside in the pueblo. Surely Arenas was a prototype of the present day "golden rule" justice.

At the meeting of the Ayuntamiento on February 19, 1833, the alcalde stated that Vicente Sanchez, then at liberty under bond, had committed many offenses, in particular that he had repeatedly established in the public saloons what were known as "prohibited games." These had recently been listed in an ordinance, and were "albures, monte, banking games, dice, etc." Sanchez was cited to appear before the Ayuntamiento, but, instead, he passed its meeting place flourishing a revolver and raising a general disturbance. The alcalde was forthwith directed to imprison Sanchez, who was remanded to the governor with the request that he be banished from Los Angeles. Sanchez, evidently penitent, appeared before the Ayuntamiento each of the two succeeding days and requested revo-

cation of the sentence. He was refused, whereat "he had the audacity to remark that he challenged the jurisdiction" of the Ayuntamiento in his case. The governor evidently gave Sanchez unrestricted liberty, for at the meeting of August 12th, a member of the Ayuntamiento, Felipe Lugo, brought up "the affront received by this corporation" from Sanchez "last February" and showed the "dire consequences" that would follow if it were unpunished and "the ridicule to which this corporation would be subjected." It will be seen that "the corporation" took its dignity as a serious matter. They decided on the governor's arrival to renew their request for Sanchez's banishment. Consequently when Gov. José Figueroa presided at their meeting of September 6th, they placed their request before him. The governor told them they could not discuss or decide regarding Sanchez as they would then be both judge and complaining witness, since they were interested in their own honor. He suggested an attorney be appointed to bring the matter before a judge, but there is no further mention of the case. It would be interesting to know if this was the Vicente Sanchez who was alcalde in 1845.

An amusing case came before Alcalde Manuel Dominguez on July 1, 1839. Justo Morillo sued José Sepulveda for taking a piece of lumber from the beach at La Bolsa and commencing work thereon. The case having been "properly ventilated," the alcalde decided that the lumber belonged to both parties and that each should have half, but Sepulveda was to deliver Morillo's half "at the door of the latter's house in compensation for his having done the work of sawing the same." One can not but admire the ability of the alcalde to remain absolutely neutral and to balance so nicely the labors of the two litigants.

In a petition presented to the Ayuntamiento in July, 1845, José de Arnaz recited that the wall between his place and that of Don Santiago McKinley was contrary to all police regulations as it formed an imperfect angle, obstructed the view, projected into the street, and was injurious to public health as garbage was dumped there. Therefore he prayed that it be cut to conform with the adjoining property. The report of a committee, approved by the Ayuntamiento, found that the wall obstructed the view and should be cut back. Four months' time was deemed sufficient to do the work!

This lack of a desire to unduly rush matters is shown also in an alcalde's entry of January 4, 1833. Encarnacion Urquidez was notified that his son Guillermo had been fined fifteen pesos for wounding Guadalupe Rendon, and that the fine must be paid in two and a half months. On February 18th there is a further note: "Paid on account, five pesos." Fines on the installment plan are surely the height of leniency!

At the meeting of the Ayuntamiento, September 9, 1836, a peti-

tion from Ygnacio Palomares and Ricardo Vejar was read asking that Luciano and Rita Valdez be ordered to leave the Rancho Rodeo de las Aguas. The petitioners stated that as owners of the rancho they had the right to refuse to allow trespassing. Documents substantiating their claims of ownership were submitted, but they do not appear in the record. The matter was referred to a committee composed of Antonio Maria Osio, José Herrera and Bacilio Valdez. It seems peculiar that this Valdez should have been placed on a committee to investigate a matter in which those who were probably his relatives were interested. This committee submitted a report which said, in part, that it "abstains from giving its opinion as to who has the preference or the best right to the rancho, but it does state that the place mentioned is too small even for one person and consequently a misunderstanding between these parties will always exist." In their opinion the claimants should petition the departmental government to settle the matter, and this the Ayuntamiento approved. The further course of the claimants is not known from these records, but it is true that on March 24, 1837, Palomares and Vejar petitioned for the San José, which was later granted to them, while Rita Valdez was the successful claimant under the United States laws for the Rodeo de las Aguas. This rancho, as patented, contained 4449 acres; so it may be seen what area the committee deemed "too small even for one person."

An instance of popular indignation at the law's delay of those days is given in the punishment of Gervacio Alipaz, the murderer, and Maria del Rosario Villa, his accomplice, for the murder of Domingo Feliz. A meeting was held at the home of Juan Temple and an organization effected called the "Defenders of Public Safety," with Victor Prudon as president and Manuel Arzaga as secretary. A petition was signed by fifty-five residents, among whom were Prudon, William Wolfskill, Samuel Prentice, G. S. (*sic*) Warner and Samuel Carpenter. The petition was remarkable. It was headed by that famous rule in the Roman Twelve Tables, "*Salus populi suprema lex esto*" (Let the welfare of the people be the supreme law), which was quoted, with due reference, from Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Law." The petition states that crime is increasing due to the excessive delay in punishment, since capital punishment could not be inflicted until confirmed by the Supreme Court in Mexico City, and states that a solemn example must be given to check crime. They ask that the guilty pair be at once punished. "The blood of the murderers must be shed to-day or ours will. It will be published throughout the world that the judges in Los Angeles tolerate murders, but that there are virtuous citizens who sacrifice their lives in order to assure those of their countrymen. A committee will deliver to the first alcalde a copy of these resolutions that he may decide whatever he deems most convenient and one hour's time

will be given him in which to do so. If in that time no answer has been received, then the judges will be responsible before God and the public for what might follow. Death to the murderer!"

This petition was duly handed to the alcalde, who at once called an extraordinary session of the Ayuntamiento, April 7, 1836. While deliberating they noticed numbers of armed men opposite their meeting house and sent a committee to ascertain their desires. They stated they wished their petition granted. Prudon was asked to come before the Ayuntamiento, but he refused. The Ayuntamiento had no armed men to oppose these citizens, who they admitted were the best of the town as well as the majority of the citizens therein; so they told Prudon they could not grant his demands and then adjourned. After the hour noted in the petition had elapsed the alcalde was notified that an immediate answer must be had or extraordinary measures would be taken. Next came a note demanding the keys to obtain possession of the prisoners, but these were, of course, denied. Last came a note, signed, as were the others, by Prudon, stating that "The dead bodies of Gervacio Alipaz and Maria del Rosario Villa are at your disposal for burial." The vigilance committees of American times had, therefore, a precedent from much earlier times.

An idea may be gained of what was then thought to be a large town from the proposal of Alcalde José A. Carrillo to the Ayuntamiento, September 7, 1833, that in view of the large population of the pueblo, then "exceeding 1500," an additional alcalde be elected. It is interesting, too, to note the hours for court sessions, which were fixed by the Ayuntamiento, January 30, 1835, at from ten to twelve and three to five, except Saturdays and Holidays, "unless it be upon criminal matters."

A most interesting case was that of the petition of Vicente Sanchez of Rancho La Cienega, José Sepulveda of San Joaquin, Tomas Talamantes of La Ballona, Anastacio Abila of Tajauta, and seven others, to the Ayuntamiento, February 8, 1828, asking for the dismissal of Antonio Maria Lugo from his office of Judge of the Plains, where he had charge of the rodeos of stock. Testimony of each petitioner was taken in writing, as usual, by the Alcalde, José A. Carrillo, and each petitioner signed his statement with the Alcalde. The petitioners stated that Lugo had held the office over two years, which could not be done except through re-election; that he had too much property of his own to be able to give proper attention to public affairs; and that he allowed his sons to substitute in his office, which was declared illegal. The main grievance was that in many specified cases Lugo, though notified of cattle having been killed or stolen, would make no attempt to hunt the malefactor. It was also stated that in the rodeos he distributed the young calves wrongly, sometimes giving them to those who owned no cattle.

Lugo was described as overbearing and demanding much deference. He was said to have run his horse into one man who would not doff his hat to him. A dispute arose at Anastacio Abila's, and Lugo was credited with saying if it occurred again he would chastise Abila, and if the alcalde interfered he would chastise him, too. At one time Lugo beat a son of Cresencio Valdez, and but for two chairs would have beat him more. A chair has been the downfall of more than one good man! To these accusations Lugo returned a haughty answer. He said the witnesses testified "according to their strayed ideas"; that his character and reputation were unstained. The Valdez boy had been placed by his father in Lugo's care; he showed no respect, and it was necessary to teach him good manners. He sarcastically remarked: "I have not the power when the farmer is asleep to prevent his property from being stolen. These individuals are impudent enough to desire that the Judge of the Plains go around when the cows give birth to their young ones so that in the distribution I may be able to discern the cow to which a certain calf belongs." He finally remarks: "If you find it proper to oust me from the office of Judge of the Plains, for the sake of peace, do not hesitate in so doing." What the ultimate outcome was does not appear, for any further record is missing.

The old caballeros in official life had a love of ceremonial which would not brook transgression of certain traditional forms. The conduct of their official business, the courteous but roundabout manner of address and even of retort, the highly formal official written communications, are relics of a time when official dignity was touched almost with austerity, and there was ample time to be courteous in action and speech, even when issuing pronunciamentos and organizing rebellions. That ample opportunity for the development and display of these traits was afforded by a judicial or deliberative body is exemplified in the instances just cited. Further exemplification is given in one of the regulations for the conduct of business by the Ayuntamiento, which reads: "No personalities or loud sounding terms shall be tolerated in any discussion, but a dignified reference to the matter treated shall be had without offending any person." To the uninitiated there seems a touch of hypocrisy in such unbending subjection to form. But this is to misunderstand a people, trained from infancy in their church to a love of ceremonial, surrounded by social customs and forms which made natural a courteous expression and manner, and using a language traditionally one of music, teaching suavity and grace of expression. It was these conditions and characteristics which gave to their manner of dispensing justice a form which, because of its constant circumlocution, seems almost personal and social instead of official.

SOME EARLY HISTORY OF OWENS RIVER VALLEY

BY J. M. GUINN

Since its connection to Los Angeles by the Aqueduct, Owens River Valley has become almost an appendage of our city. Of the thousands of people who use the water brought two hundred miles through the Owens River Aqueduct very few know anything of the early history of the river, the valley or the lake. Who discovered the valley? who named the lake and the river? and for whom were they named? are questions that would puzzle many of our local historians and confound the mass of its water users.

Fremont, the Pathfinder, named the lake, and the river takes its name from the lake. He named it for Richard Owens, one of his most trusted guides and Indian fighters. Fremont's exploring expeditions were not complete without Alexis Godey, Kit Carson and Dick Owens.

In August, 1845, Fremont's third exploring expedition arrived at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River. Godey was with him, but the other two were not. Fremont sent a message to Carson, who, with his friends, Owens, had established a stock rancho on the Cimarron river. Carson sold out his range and cattle at a sacrifice and, with Owens, joined the expedition. Fremont says: "I received them with great satisfaction."

Owens was the senior captain of Fremont's battalion when it marched down the coast from Monterey in 1846, to capture Los Angeles. When Fremont was made governor of California by Stockton, Captain Richard Owens was given command of the battalion and was mustered out with it at San Gabriel April 19th, 1847.

When the Aqueduct scheme was first agitated a noted writer of California history—city librarian at that time—was asked to give some information in regard to the man for whom the river was named. He replied: "The resources of the city library have been exhausted, but nothing has been found to give the desired information." The Aqueduct has made the name of Owens as familiar as that of Fremont.

On the 27th of October, 1845, Fremont's exploring expedition had reached Walker's lake. Here it was divided into two bodies. Fremont, with fifteen men, started for Sutter's Fort to purchase supplies. The main body of the explorers, numbering about fifty men, under command of Theodore Talbot, after remaining at the lake to recruit their horses, under the guidance of Walker, resumed their march southward. Travelling along the eastern base of the mountains, on the 18th of December they came to the head-

waters of a river and, following it down, they found that it emptied into a lake. Fremont, after the two divisions came together, reviewing the discoveries made, says: "To one of the lakes I gave Owens' name." He gave the names of several of his band to rivers, creeks and lakes that the expedition discovered, but only Owens and Kern remain. Kern river was known to the Spaniards as the Rio Bravo.

Owens River Valley remained a terra incognita for nearly two decades after Fremont's explorers passed through it. The Indians who lived on the headwaters of the tributaries of the San Joaquin river and ranged over the desert to the settlements of Southern California were inveterate horse-thieves. After the secularization of the missions many of the neophytes became renegades and joined the mountain Indians. These renegades knew the country well and were expert vaqueros. They led raids upon the rancheros' bands of horses and ran them off to their mountain strongholds, not for riding, but to kill them for eating.

Fremont, on his journey to Sutter's Fort, ran into one of their strongholds, where the ground for acres was whitened with the bones of the horses they had slaughtered. His party was attacked by them. Owens, with his long rifle, brought down their chief. The Indians stole horses in preference to cattle, because cattle could not be driven fast enough to escape pursuit.

The United States government in 1854 established Fort Tejon at the head of the San Joaquin valley in the Tehachapi range to check the raids of these Indian horse-thieves. The Sebastian Indian reservation had been established in a valley near the fort in 1853. It was part of the duty of the soldiers to keep the Indians on the reservation, but they would stray away and go back to their old tricks. The depredations of these Indians caused great loss to the rancheros. The Santa Barbara Gazette estimates the loss of stock to the farmers of the southern counties from 1850 to 1854 at \$600,000.

Owens River Valley was supposed to be one of the retreats of the Horse Thief Indians, the name by which these mountain and desert Indians were generally designated. In July, 1859, a military expedition was organized at Fort Tejon to explore the valley, investigate the character of the Indians who inhabited it and recover stolen stock if any was found in the possession of the Indians. A correspondent signing himself "Quis" accompanied the expedition. His letter was published in the Los Angeles Star of August 27, 1859. It is, so far as I know, the only description extant of the valley and the Indians who inhabited it before the white men took possession of the land and killed off the Indians. The editor of the Star throws out these headlines: "Military Expedition to Owens Lake"; "No Stock in the Valley"; "Indians Peaceable and Reliable"; "Discovery of a New Route to Salt Lake." I copy the portion of the letter

descriptive of the route to the lake and what the correspondent tells of the valley and the Indians inhabiting it:

Tejon, August, 1859.

"Sir: I had the pleasure of accompanying the expedition dispatched from Fort Tejon by the commandant, Lt. Col. Beall, consisting of Company B and a detachment of Company K, First Dragoons, in command of Captain Davidson, assisted by Lieutenant Chapman, to visit the country and Indians in the vicinity of Owens lake and river. The officers and soldiers of the expedition were supplied with thirty days' rations and commenced their march on the 21st of July, with instructions to proceed to the country in the vicinity of Owens lake and recover certain parcels of stock that had been stolen from the vicinity of Los Angeles from time to time, if found in possession of the Indians of that valley; meting out proper punishment for their offenses; making a map of the route and country, with notes of the reconnaissance. One wagon and a howitzer were the only incumbrances, in addition to the pack train, to retard their movements.

"The route selected was through Walker's basin and the Kern river mines; up the south fork of Kern river, through Walker's pass; thence along the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas to Owens lake. The distance from Fort Tejon to the desert by way of Walker's pass is about one hundred and seventeen miles, with good camps at convenient distances, and, with the exception of ascent in Walker's basin, the road is quite good for wagons. Along the edge of the desert to the lake, with the exception of the first thirty miles, water and grass exist at convenient distances.

"Arriving at the foot of the lake, we found a fine meadow of eight hundred or one thousand acres, well supplied with fine water. This constitutes the only desirable spot on the confines of the lake, as there are not five acres of grass at any one other spot on its borders.

"This lake is emphatically a "saline lake," as its waters contain salts to near the point of saturation, producing a density sufficient to support the human body on its surface. From a casual examination, I am of the opinion that those salts consist principally of the bi-borate of soda (borax) and the chloride of sodium (common salt). Upon the surface of this lake swam myriads of small flies, of a species with which I am not familiar, where they deposit their eggs, the larvae of which constitutes an important part of the food of the Indians of that region. The constant winds from the desert drive the larvae in large quantities upon the shore of the lake, where they are easily collected by the squaws. Besides Owens (or as the Indians call it Wakopee) river there are some four small brooks emptying their waters into the lake.

"For some distance along the river, after leaving the lake, but

little desirable land is found, except that supplied with water by little rivulets flowing from the mountains. Twenty-seven miles from the head of the lake is Pine creek, with a large body of meadow land and the first timber we encountered growing in the valley, save a few small cottonwoods. Beautiful streams of clear, cold water come gushing fresh from the snows of the Sierras at intervals of one to ten miles, irrigating beautiful and fertile portions of the valley for the following sixty-two miles from Pine creek, principal among which are Clark's and Dragon forks, either of which supply nearly as much water at this season of the year as does the Kern river.

"Large tracts of land are here irrigated by the natives to secure the growth of grass seeds and grass nuts—a small tuberous root of fine taste and nutritious qualities which grows here in great abundance. Their ditches for irrigation are in some cases carried for miles, displaying as much accuracy and judgment as if laid out by an engineer, and distributing the water with great regularity over their grounds, and this too without the aid of a single agricultural implement. They are totally ignorant of agriculture and depend entirely on the natural resources of the country for food and clothing.

"One of the greatest aqueous curiosities of the trip was a single spring, to which was given the name of 'Mammoth,' from which runs a stream of water, with a fair current, fifteen or twenty feet wide and about two and a half feet deep.

"Although from some distance below the lake we encountered the temporary abodes of the Indians, yet in no instance were the troops enabled to get sight of a single one, they having fled before our approach (as we afterwards learned), having been told that they would be killed, until we reached Pine creek, when the interpreter found a poor woman attempting to escape with her crippled child. She having been assured that the people would not be injured soon became the means of reassuring the Indians, after which there was but little difficulty in communicating with them.

"To our surprise we saw but very few horses among them, and that too on the upper portion of Owens river, and these evidently were obtained from the Walker river Indians. They informed Captain Davidson that some four or five Indians, in years past, were in the habit of stealing horses for the purpose of eating them, but esteeming it wrong they some five years since punished some of the party with death and the rest had died from natural causes; since when none had been stolen by their people. They told us where we could find the bones of the animals thus destroyed, and most certainly the appearance corroborated their statement, for there were no bones of more recent date than four or five years.

"The Wakopee or Owens river Indians appear to be both morally

and physically superior to any of their race in California, for in point of probity and honesty I certainly have never met their equal, and as to their physical condition, I saw none sick or infirm, save the child already alluded to—although they will number twelve hundred or fifteen hundred souls.

"To illustrate their ideas of truthfulness: An Indian boy who was anxious to return with Captain Davidson, after descending the river fifty or sixty miles, met his elder brother and, being somewhat unwell and perhaps a little homesick, asked his brother's advice in regard to turning back. 'Have you promised to go?' said he. 'Yes.' 'Well, then, do not ask me; if you have promised to go, you shall go.'

"Whilst talking to their head men, who had assembled for that purpose, Captain Davidson informed them that so long as they were peaceful and honest the government would protect them in the enjoyment of their rights. Their reply was that such had always been their conduct and should ever be—that they had depended on their own unaided resources—that they had at all times treated the whites in a friendly manner, and intended to do so in the future. He further informed them that should they become dishonest and resort to murder and robbery, they would be punished with the sword. The old captain or head man turned with a smile to the interpreter and said: 'Tell him that we fear it not, that what I have said I have said. I have lain my heart at his feet; let him look at it.'

"Unsophisticated and uncontaminated by free intercourse with whites or vicious Indians, a lack of chastity is said to be a thing almost unheard of among them. The limited opportunities for observation favored the opinion that such was the case. In conversation with L. Anderson, the companion of the old guide and traveller, Captain Walker, this opinion is fully confirmed."

The correspondent draws an attractive picture of the valley before the hand of civilized man had changed it. The natives, from his account, were certainly good Indians. In less than three years from the time the expedition visited this Arcadian vale of primitive contentment and peace, it had been changed to the theater of savage warfare and massacre. Gold and silver mines had been discovered on the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre mountains in the Esmaralda, Mono Lake and Owens Valley districts, and a miners' rush was on. Settlers had taken possession of the Indians' land and the red men, who a few years before had punished their own people with death for stealing horses from the white men, were themselves killed for resisting the theft of their lands by the white men.

The Owens valley Indians proved to be good fighters. The Los Angeles Star of April 26, 1862, under the head of "Indian Depredations—Battle With the Indians—Nine Lives Lost" gives this among other items of the Indian war in the valley: "A party of citizens, sixty

in number, had a fight with the Indians of Owens River Valley on the 5th inst., in which they were defeated with the loss of three men killed, viz: Mr. Pleasants, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Scott, the last named the sheriff of Mono county. The citizens made good their retreat under cover of night, going down the valley, and joined Lt. Col. Evans' command the following day.

"On the 9th instant Lt. Col. Evans' command, with fifty dragoons from Fort Churchill and some thirty citizens, attacked the Indians, who were posted on a very steep hill, and were repulsed with the loss of Colonel Mayfield, who commanded the company of citizens; Sergeant McKenzie, and a private, name unknown. * * *

"Previous to the first fight the bodies of two men were found on the road near the scene of the fight murdered, and four men who, on the road coming south, were attacked and barely escaped with their lives to Aurora, two of the party being badly wounded."

The editor of the Star presages further disaster to the white people of the valley. In his presentiment of evil to come he gives us a glimpse of the wonderful changes that had taken place in the valley and the surrounding country in three years, all brought about by one of those cyclones of human energy, an old-time miners' "gold rush."

"The whole of Owens valley, with the different mining camps in that vicinity, together with the improvements of the settlers of the Owens valley and the valuable machinery in the mines, is entirely exposed to the attacks of the Indians. Within sixty or eighty miles of Owens lake there is an immigration of about fifty large wagons going to Aurora, Mono county, loaded with valuable goods and machinery, which can reach their destination by no other route than through Owens valley; besides, there are on the road a great many thousand head of cattle, sheep and hogs for the same destination."

A military camp was established in the valley and United States troops stationed there until Indian depredations ceased. The Indian war in Owens valley ended as all wars between savage and civilized man end—in the subjugation and extermination of the savage. It is simply the enforcement of one of Nature's inexorable laws: "The survival of the fittest."

One of the most violent earthquakes known in the history of California had its center of action near Owens lake. It occurred at 2 o'clock on the morning of March 26, 1872. It shook up all of Southern California and hustled thousands of its inhabitants in undress uniform into the streets on a frosty morning. In proportion to the population of Owens valley at that time the loss of life was as great as in the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. The greatest loss of life was at the town of Lone Pine. Nearly all the buildings were of cobblestone and adobe. Every one of these was dashed into

a heap of ruins at the first shock of the earthquake. More than sixty persons were killed or wounded. Several were killed at other towns and settlements in the valley.

The earthquake performed some queer freaks. At a point about seven miles north of Lone Pine the bed of the river sank, forming a lake of several hundred acres. At another point the land sank on the west side of the river. The river left its old channel and formed a new one two miles east of its former one. The queerest freak the tremor performed was the moving of a division line between two ranches. The boundary was marked by a straight line of trees that crossed the main road in an unbroken line. The earthquake moved the line of trees on the west side of the road 16 feet further north, giving one of the ranchers that much of his neighbor's land. The trees continued to grow as if earthquakes agreed with them. Whether the man whose land was conveyed to his neighbor by a deed of the tremor sued to recover I do not know.

Had he done so he might have fared as the plaintiff did in the famous land suit that Mark Twain tells of in "Roughing It," the case of Hyde against Morgan. Mark lays the scene of the story in Nevada, but the story was originated in California years before Mark came west.

A man owned a ranch on the side of a mountain; another agriculturist owned one in the valley below. A cloudburst came along and slid the mountain ranch down on the valley farm and with it came the mountain farmer, still holding possession of his land. The valley agriculturist sued to recover possession of his holdings. The judge was ignorant of law, but had a large bump of reverence. He gave his decision in favor of the mountain man. The valley land owner loudly protested against the injustice. The judge, assuming all the dignity he could command, said: "That land was sent down the mountain by a decree of the Almighty, and this court, if she knows herself, and she thinks she does, is not going to buck against the decrees of the Almighty."

JOHN BIDWELL: A PRINCE AMONG PIONEERS

BY ROCKWELL D. HUNT, PH. D.

Here was a Roman, indeed, from whose life the immortal Cicero, were he again writing on old age, might have gleaned many a suggestion, might have drawn deep inspiration. In his death we witnessed the passing of a prince among pioneers.

John Bidwell was born in Chautauqua County, New York, August 5, 1819, and died April 4, 1900. His ancestors for some generations had been New England farmers of sturdy stock. At the age of ten his parents, Abraham and Clarissa Griggs Bidwell, removed to Ashtabula County, Ohio, and in 1834 to the western part of that state. Returning two years later to Ashtabula, John entered the Kingsville Academy, which proved to be the last school he ever attended. Young Bidwell enjoyed comparatively meager opportunities for acquiring an education, but he very early displayed a spirit of earnestness and application in his studies, formed the life habit of turning circumstance and experience into educative forces, and throughout his eventful life he always evinced the liveliest interest in educational matters. He recalled the first school he ever attended, how he trudged along the pathway with snow on either side as high as his head, and how the schoolmaster, a Mr. Poor, went out to cut a piece of clear ice into a lens to illustrate the concentration of light rays.

Despite numerous disadvantages it is clear that he received an education far in advance of the average frontiersman. Besides all the common branches he attempted Latin, reading as far as the "Aeneid" of Virgil. He was accounted very good in arithmetic and grammar. Lack of funds compelled him to discontinue his studies. The opportunity arising in 1838, he engaged in teaching near his father's home: his examination as teacher was so eminently successful that it was subject for approving comment throughout that vicinity.

In his twentieth year, early in 1839, John Bidwell reached an important decision. He had strong aspirations for a college education, but he also had intense longings for travel—and seventy-five dollars cash in his pocket. He therefore decided that he would see something of the great Western prairies, and then return to enter college. That decision cost the young man a college education; but it proved the commencement of a career almost unprecedented in character—romantic, thrilling, unique. It made John Bidwell a path-finder. How he delighted to live over again the alluring past! For hours at a time would he entertain and instruct in his deliberate,

imitable way, with some segment from the large circle of his experience, those who came to enjoy his matchless hospitality at lovely Rancho Chico, Butte County, California. For one of my generation to hear him dwell upon the old California régime was veritably like listening to a voice out of the past: other days were given a voice, history became audible.

For nearly three-score years was John Bidwell a resident of California. Long before the "Days of Gold," even before Frémont's first expedition to the coast, Bidwell, with about thirty others, after a thrillingly interesting trip fraught with perilous incidents and hazardous escapes, reached California November 4, 1841, the first white immigrants known to cross the heart of the Sierra Nevada. The original Bartleson party numbered sixty-nine persons all told, of whom M. O. Nye of Oregon and John Bidwell of California were the latest survivors.

General Bidwell witnessed much belonging to each of the great stages in California development. He stood unique as the living embodiment of the several distinct régimes, or "ages," of our great Pacific Commonwealth, having rendered distinguished service in each régime.

Once in California he almost immediately became prominent, especially in the employ of Captain Sutter: as an adopted son of Mexico he early acquired such facility in the Spanish language as to do much official translating; he surveyed many extensive land grants, and was conspicuous in the Micheltorena war of 1845. He it was that drew up the concise document which Lieutenant Gillespie accepted as the fundamental law of the Bear Flag Republic; in the war of the American Conquest he received from Commodore Stockton the commission of quartermaster, with the rank of major; he was elected a member of the first Constitutional Convention, but being detained at the mines, was unable to serve.

John Bidwell as a Pioneer represented the best elements of a select body of men today virtually without a living representative. The passing of an honored '49er has come to inspire reverence and pathos; the ranks of the Pioneers of the Golden West, bound by cords of affection as genuine as earth can know, are being decimated yearly,—the inroads, made by Death, are ever deeper and wider. But yonder at Chico stood, after eighty rounded years of fruitful life and endeavor, our distinguished fellow-citizen, bridging the years with his memory: and out of the abundance of his own observation and experience he instructed the '49er in the romance, the picturesqueness of *early California*.

While manifesting deep interest in contemporaneous affairs and rejoicing at the tokens of our national and local advancement and development, ever deeply solicitous for the common weal, it is not strange that the mind of Bidwell should have loved best to dwell upon

the stirring theme of early days. With fine accuracy and wonderful comprehensiveness did he recount the details of a now-long-past activity in state building. He recalled the names not only of the earliest Americans in California, but also of the chief Spanish families, from San Diego to Sonoma. As an illustration of the retentive power of his mind he could, at the age of eighty, readily name about one hundred (nearly all) of the leading foreigners who had found their way into California before his entrance, together with their respective locations, based upon modern county divisions. He could name and locate with great exactness every county in our state. Who can fathom the satisfaction of such an old age? In one of Bidwell's last speeches, made on the occasion of the San José Golden Jubilee, he said, "I never found time to loaf. . . . I suppose it is natural for everybody to grow old in time, but we need not let our minds grow old." But now he is dead: he died at his work—but doubtless in the fullness of time. His mind was never permitted to reach senility.

General Bidwell was the recognized "Father of Chico," and his fellow-towners were ever proud to do him honor: upon the announcement of his death all the flags of bereaved Chico were set at half-mast and business houses were draped in mourning. His rancho included the town site, and the survey was made under his immediate direction.

Here must be mentioned his proverbial generosity and unbounded public spirit. One morning I learned that Bidwell had given the delightful Plaza to the town of Chico. At the dinner table I remarked my discovery that the General had not received a very large price for the square known as the plaza. "Oh," said he, "I never charged for anything that the public wanted—so far as I know." It was his intention to give to each church a building site of one-quarter of a block, and he did give sites to at least four denominations, aggregating in value many thousands of dollars. Among his numerous benefactions must be mentioned those of eight acres of valuable land, beautifully located, donated in 1887 as a site for the now well-known Normal School of Northern California, and an extensive tract of choice land for a United States Forestry Station. Since his death his public spirit and generosity have been continued by his widow, Mrs. Annie E. K. Bidwell.

Bidwell's noble estate, the Rancho Chico, was considered one of the most valuable properties in California. It was at one time worth perhaps \$2,000,000, but it did not escape the general shrinkage of land values of the '90s. Extending from the Sacramento River on the western boundary eastward fifteen miles, it contained some 23,000 acres, and was devoted to the raising of grain, vegetables, fruit and all kinds of livestock. Here, delightfully situated on the Arroyo del Chico, is the spacious Bidwell mansion with its broad

verandas, surrounded by such lovely grounds as few can boast even in favored California. This was, these many years, the home of General and Mrs. Bidwell. Here many thousands of persons of high estate and low have gratefully enjoyed the unbounded hospitality of the Bidwell's. Hither have come illustrious visitors, including President and Mrs. Hayes, General Sherman, Senator Stanford, and eminent scientists like Dr. Asa Gray, Sir Joseph Hooker and Professor Parry. No less welcome than these have been others of low estate, even the protégés from the Chico rancheria.

Within the mansion Mrs. Annie Bidwell, the vivacious, charming companion of the General, presided with admirable grace, gentleness and refinement. Mrs. Bidwell is the daughter of Hon. Joseph C. G. Kennedy, formerly a most prominent citizen of Washington, D. C., and a high authority on many subjects. She had moved in the highest circles of society in the National Capital, but did not deem even the degraded Chico Indians beneath her notice. For more than thirty years she was their faithful and efficient pastor and teacher. The truly marvelous transformation in their individual and collective life as the result of her ministry is an object lesson that cannot fail to be deeply impressive to every serious visitor at the rancheria.

Mrs. Bidwell has been called, and rightly so, "one of the noble women of the age." Deeply religious in character, the work that has been nearest her heart, second perhaps to her missionary labors for the Indians, is in the great cause of temperance. As an honored member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, her zeal has been unremitting and her good works have made her name familiar throughout the country. With half an eye the guest at the home could discover the great depth of affection and esteem in which husband and wife held each other. On one occasion I ventured to remark to the General upon the charming qualities of his wife: with evident satisfaction and pleasure he responded quickly and generously, "Professor, I have the very best wife in the world,—but one; and that is your own." In public life and private Mrs. Bidwell has been the indispensable help-meet to her husband.

There was never a time when Bidwell considered himself wealthy. He had no passion for being rich. Had acquisitiveness been his ruling passion he could have accumulated millions. Up to 1867 he incurred no financial obligations; but on going to Washington as a member of Congress he left his business affairs in the hands of other men, and through a combination of unfortunate expenditures and losses his debts began.

The "hard times" of the '90s came upon him in an evil hour and found him laboring under heavy financial obligations. Perhaps he was generous to a fault: within a short time he spent upwards of \$50,000 in making and improving mountain roads. Besides his large benefactions to the public, he has helped scores of individuals, all

gratuitously, but to his own financial detriment. As there were so many worthy causes appealing to him in later years and so many individual requests for assistance, it was a grief to the aged General that he could not open his hands as lavishly as in the days that had gone by.

If Mr. Bidwell did not acquire great wealth, he acquired what was vastly better than wealth. As the eventful years passed over his head, each dropped into his mind an invisible resource and into his heart a mellowing richness, which combined with large native endowment in the perfection of a character at once lofty, heroic, gentle, noble. He was a great lover of nature. The petals of the tiniest flower and the huge geological formations alike attracted his attention and admiration. He mastered the scientific nomenclature of the very numerous and interesting flora of his ranch, if not of the entire region, and was quick to notice any new plant, which, more than likely, he would preserve for a botanist.

As General and Mrs. Bidwell set out upon one of their regular mountain trips,—“Now, Annie, we must see how many plants we can name today,” he would say; and if the season at all favored, he would have named botanically some four-score before nightfall. Mrs. Bidwell, though possessed of quick mind and retentive memory, confessed her husband’s superiority in this recreation, as also in the ready quotation of apt verses. This venerable man had stored his mind with a wealth of poetry, particularly the classic poetry of nature, that seemed fairly astonishing to one who knew something of the business cares and manifold responsibilities that weighed upon him. How beautiful to find here and there a man who does not live by bread alone! Younger persons in the presence of this great soul were inspired to reach out for broader living.

The beautiful in art and nature appealed strongly to him: but he was also at eighty a docile student of science. Himself a good surveyor and an enthusiastic lover of engineering, he betrayed marked susceptibility to the fascinations of astronomy and geology. The only book he brought with him across the plains in ‘41—no wonder he prized it so highly!—is Burritt’s “*Geography of the Heavens*,” published in 1839. He delighted in the discussion of new scientific theories, always alert to add to his intellectual stock, for the pleasures of the intellect were to him an indispensable element of life.

Bidwell was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Chico since 1868, having been converted in Washington and there joining the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation. He never was a stickler for dogma or creed: but stood upon the broad platform of Protestant Christianity. As a Christian he was large-hearted and broad-minded, modest, unassuming, humble, benevolent, charitable, broadly humanitarian. For nearly twenty years he taught a young men’s Bible class in Sunday School, giving much attention to the work, always

committing carefully to memory the entire lesson for the day.

He believed profoundly in the ruling of an all-wise Providence in the affairs of men, and recognized the hand of a merciful Father in his own life, as in the life of his beloved country. That the fabulous wealth of Californian gold should be kept from the world's view until the territory had become an integral part of our national domain and then that it should be poured forth so lavishly to the strengthening and preservation of our national credit during the dark days of the rebellion he deemed clearly providential. Shortly before his death, writing me of his experience in a frightful runaway, from which he escaped without a broken bone, he declared: "The wonder is that all my bones were not broken. Only a merciful dispensation of Providence saved me." His was a simple, sincere faith, with no suggestion of cant, deeply inwrought in his life, a most real part of himself.

One who had seen Rancho Chico would very naturally expect its owner to be deeply absorbed in agricultural pursuits: and indeed there can be no doubt that California is greatly indebted for its marvelous advances in agriculture to John Bidwell. Not only was he diligent in securing the best of farm products on his estate, but with true public spirit he was constant in his endeavor to develop the agricultural interests of the Commonwealth. For many years he was the chief patron of our State Agricultural Fairs. His very extensive exhibits were always promptly in place, and many are the premiums his products have taken. For a long time with characteristic generosity he made it a practice never to accept medals and premiums; later he accepted them for his wife, who now has a splendid collection of gold and silver medals taken by Bidwell grain, cattle, fruits, flour, etc. One beautiful medal I remember to have seen was taken at the Paris International Exposition in 1878 for the best wheat in the world.

When it became apparent to him that the principal feature of these fairs was nothing other than betting on horse-races with concomitant evils, Bidwell's high sense of morality would not permit him longer to countenance them; hence he withdrew his moral support and discontinued his extensive exhibits. Previous to 1875 he had been frequently honored in being asked to deliver the annual address before the State Agricultural Society.

But General Bidwell was not wholly wrapped up in agricultural pursuits: he was also a politician, and as such he saw much of public life. If ultimate right were always determined by a majority of human votes, then one might almost say that Bidwell was not a successful politician. The disappointment that came to him through the machinations of his opponents, and the abuse that was heaped upon him because of his unswerving allegiance to strict moral principles would make of a smaller nature a thorough pessimist. Yet

he never lost faith in humanity nor in the final triumph of right: serene and sweet in old age, his was the life of victory until death—victory and self-conquest.

His political career was long and full of interest, as the briefest resumé will show. After rendering conspicuous public service under the Mexican and the earliest American régime in California, he was in 1849 elected a member of the First Constitutional Convention, though he did not serve, and the same year chosen State Senator in the first California Legislature, where he served one year. Refusing to vote for Frémont in 1856, he went as a delegate from California to the famous Charleston convention of 1860. Of all the Pacific Coast delegates, he alone stood loyal to the Union in that hour of crisis,—“the black sheep of the flock,” as he facetiously remarked. In 1863 he received from Governor Stanford the appointment to command the Fifth Brigade, California Militia, which command he held to the end of the war. In 1864 he served as a delegate in the National Republican Convention at Baltimore, which renominated Lincoln; and at its conclusion he served on the committee of one member from each State to inform the President of his renomination. On that occasion, he afterwards affirmed, Lincoln, usually careworn in appearance, looked like a veritable chief.

In the same year Bidwell was returned to Congress by the Republicans of his district. In Congress his principal services were rendered as chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture. In 1867 he declined a renomination to Congress, the people of California desiring his nomination for Governor; but rejecting the overtures of the railroad company, his nomination on the Republican ticket was defeated. In 1875 he was nominated for Governor by the Non-Partisan and Anti-Monopoly party, but meeting with the violent opposition of the railroad forces he was defeated, with the result that the Democrats elected Governor Irwin. For many years Bidwell was very pronounced in his views against monopolies: he was even more widely known because of his radical views on the temperance question. He had always opposed the use of alcoholic beverages and was known as a teetotler even in the “early days.”

Since 1876 he was a prominent Prohibitionist. Strangely enough it was a clergyman who had persuaded Mr. Bidwell to make wine, about 1863, urging a pure article that might be generally adopted as communion wine. On his return from Washington, having noticed the deception practiced by his wine-maker and perceiving a tendency antagonistic to his temperance principles, he promptly decided to stop the whole business and purposed breaking in the heads of the barrels with an ax. In 1867 he uprooted all his wine-bearing vines, planting raisin and other choice varieties. This act was used as a club to prevent his nomination for Governor that year. George C. Gorham, who secured the nomination, said in his perora-

tion, "Let the grape-vine stand!" Doubtless Bidwell's fearless utterances on the temperance question in the exciting campaign of 1875 had much to do with his defeat, since they were displeasing to many of his own party and, as they protested,—wholly gratuitous.

In 1890 he was the Prohibitionist nominee for Governor of California. Two years later, much against his personal wish, he was nominated in the National Prohibition Convention in Cincinnati for President of the United States. He made a dignified campaign, though in poor health, receiving the largest vote that had ever been polled for that party.

He professed himself to have been an "incorrigible" Democrat till the war of the Rebellion broke out; then for more than a decade an "incorrigible" Republican; later an avowed Prohibitionist. Through all he adhered to his temperance principles, and maintained his hatred for monopolies. The question of temperance he deemed at least as important as had been the slavery question. The initiative and the referendum will come, as he thought, then the question of prohibition can be voted on as a separate issue, the women doubtless participating. He believed proportional representation to be just, and looked for the adoption of its principle. He earnestly advocated the union of all reform forces, during recent years especially, upon a common platform.

Bidwell was pronounced in his opposition to the gold standard for the United States. The general shrinkage of land values he believed was due to the gold standard "crime." Bimetallism by international agreement was favored, but in default of suitable arrangement he held that we should adopt the double standard for our great country alone. On the tariff question his attitude underwent some change. For many years inclined in favor of protection, he latterly confessed inclinations toward free trade. He desired protection, but would not secure it by taxing the poor. He did not see that the advantages of the tariff are certainly to endure indefinitely. Retaliation will be practiced by other nations toward us: "If we tax other nations they will tax us: they are bound to do it." Taxes should fall exactly where the ability exists to pay. A uniform income tax, after exempting, say \$600, is both just and equitable.

As to questions of war, while General Bidwell had seen much active service both in the ranks and in command, he did not possess a bellicose nature. He knew well the perils of the battlefield and the hardships of prison life, and recognized that war is an abnormal state. In the excitement of our strife at arms—the Spanish-American War—he expressed himself as desiring the war to cease before our people should forget and lose their taste for the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, manufacture and commerce. The destiny of our great Republic lies with Jehovah, the Omnipotent. Let us hail with delight the tokens of universal peace; but be not impatient be-

cause we may not in our generation see the grand consummation.

Even in his old age the bearing of John Bidwell was that of a soldier. His carriage was always dignified, his manner commanding. He possessed a remarkable physique. As a young man he stood full six feet in height, possessed a powerful frame and wonderful endurance. Yet he cared little for wrestling and kindred sports, and made no pretensions as a hunter.

In his declining years, while in a reminiscent mood, recalling the thrilling scenes of other days, his face became suffused with an intensity of emotion that seemed to give access to his very soul; while his flowing beard, only partly whitened with age, seemed to lend added authority to his deliberate speech and careful diction. Physical exercise became a necessity to his health. His chief forms of exercise were riding and, particularly, walking. But since walking on level ground merely for exercise was exceedingly monotonous and irksome to him, he was found much in the mountains at his favorite occupation,—the occupation in which he was engaged when the death stroke fell—namely, road building.

Here is an outcropping of his old instinct of leaving the smooth-trodden path for the unknown. At laying out and improving mountain roads he was an expert: to this pursuit he gave years of effort and a fortune of money: but the public has learned to appreciate his work for good roads; and the very pursuit, so healthful and congenial, without doubt extended the General's life. Years ago it had become the fixed practice—indeed they found it a necessity—for General and Mrs. Bidwell to enjoy each summer an extended outing in the high Sierras. Fortunate was the guest who was favored with an invitation to accompany them, for they were model campers.

John Bidwell was thoroughly approachable, though at times seemingly formal; as modest as Washington, though by no means lacking in personality; a serious, refined, Christian gentleman, though possessing a deep fund of quiet humor. Of him, all nature might stand up and say—HE WAS A MAN.

THOMAS R. BARD AND THE BEGINNINGS OF THE OIL INDUSTRY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY WALDEMAR WESTERGAARD, PH. D.

The Anglo-Saxons and their brother Teutons have been a remarkably tenacious and aggressive race. Human history, from the decline of the Roman Empire to the present day, is concerned to a considerable extent with the advance of the Germanic peoples into the far corners of the earth. Whether from motives economic, political, religious, or by methods that were peaceful or warlike, they have penetrated into the world's remotest regions, and for good or evil there secured for themselves their "place in the sun." It is not necessary here to consider whether Anglo-Saxon, or indeed Teutonic civilization, using the term in its broadest sense, is superior to that of the Latin or the Slav, but what is the proper concern of the student of the history of races is to observe where he may the interplay of forces where cultures so peculiarly dissimilar come in contact with one another.

The Pacific Coast affords numerous opportunities for the study of all three civilizations in their mutual interactions. On this coast met—sometimes in friendship, sometimes in enmity—Spanish, Russian and English-speaking pioneers, in the days when this represented the outermost reaches of their pioneering activities. The Spaniard—or Hispano-American—with his generous hospitality, his religious zeal, his love of color and display, his fondness for the vicarious athletics of the cock-pit or the bull-ring, has been practically submerged under the irresistible tide of Anglo-Saxon commercial enterprise. The ranchos exist scarcely more than in name, the mission ruins are the mecca of curious tourists; a crumbling adobe wall mutely but ineffectually lifts its protest against the onslaught of time—and the Anglo-Saxon: our McGroartys and Helen Hunt Jacksons idealize California's Spanish past in plays and novels, but the Anglo-Saxon remains in firm possession of the Spaniard's "lost provinces."

It is not always possible to study individual instances of this interplay of Spaniard and Anglo-Saxon, but an opportunity to observe certain of the phenomena associated with the super-imposing of Anglo-Saxon upon Spanish civilization may be had by the perusal of the correspondence of the late U. S. Senator Thomas Robert Bard of Hueneme, Ventura County, California. This correspondence has been preserved fairly completely since about 1867 up to Mr. Bard's death in 1915, and is now lodged in modern fire-proof vaults belonging to the Bard family, through whose courtesy they

were placed at the writer's disposal while he was employed by the California Historical Survey Commission.

The rise of Thomas R. Bard from a position of comparative obscurity to one of leadership in the political and economic life of the West, forms an episode that is as interesting as it is typical. Coming to the Coast as the western agent of a Pennsylvania capitalist just as the Civil War was drawing to a close, Bard lived to become the proprietor of a veritable barony in agricultural, grazing and mineral lands; he attained the distinction of becoming the first president of the Union Oil Company, one of the powerful corporations of the great West today; and after a memorable legislative deadlock, he was chosen to represent the commonwealth of California in the United States Senate. He saw California when it looked much as Dana described it in "Two Years Before the Mast," and lived to see the day when the ranchos were subdivided and most of what they stood for had disappeared,—the day of the railway and the automobile, of the factory and the scientifically managed farm. When Bard laid down his life labors, the frontier had long since disappeared and the state with the life of which he had been so closely identified had entered upon an era of intensive development. In these movements he had played a large and increasingly important part.

When Bard came to California late in 1864, he came as the agent of Thomas A. Scott, Assistant Secretary of War in Lincoln's cabinet, and later president of the Pennsylvania Railway. Scott's representative was a young man of twenty-four, who had seen service during the war as a telegrapher and had come to Scott's notice while in charge of a branch of the government transportation service. Oil had been found in the county of Santa Barbara and traces in Humboldt county, just before the Civil War had begun and but shortly after the great discoveries of the Pennsylvania oil fields. The boom in California oil lands was on in 1864 when Scott decided to send Bard west to look after the tracts of oil land—some 277,000 acres in extent—that the Pennsylvania capitalist had acquired in Humboldt and Santa Barbara counties. Bard's formal schooling had been received at Chambersburg Academy, which he left in 1858, at the age of seventeen. For a time thereafter he studied law in the office of Hon. George Chambers, a study that must have been congenial if one may be allowed to judge from the brief-like, logical character of his business letters. Certainly his clarity of style and conservatism of statement, his comprehensive grasp of detail and faculty for constructive imagination, would have made him an ornament to the bar, had he chosen to enter that field of endeavor. At the outbreak of the war, he was serving his apprenticeship in business through his connection with the firm of Zeller and Company, a forwarding and commission house at Hagerstown, Maryland. From there he went into the employ of the Cumberland Valley

Railroad, part of the time as telegrapher, where he remained until August, 1864. During the Confederate invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania he saw active field service as a volunteer scout.

On his arrival in California, Bard at once proceeded to those holdings of the California and Philadelphia Petroleum Company, through which Scott operated, which were located in the southern part of Santa Barbara county, in the region that was afterwards formed into Ventura county. The Humboldt River region has never realized the hopes of its promoters of oil, though the name of Petrolia remains as a symbol of its former visions.

The proper care of such immense interests as those held by Scott required that Bard, as the representative on the ground, was obliged to take a deep and discerning interest in the local political situation. To investors in a speculative enterprise such as this, the tax rate was naturally a problem of grave moment. With American and Mexican (or Spanish) interests at loggerheads with each other, it was no easy matter to fix upon a tax rate that would be mutually satisfactory. Under these circumstances the election of supervisors was bound to be the storm center of county politics. Here the Spanish element, the De la Guerras, the Camarillos, the Covarrubias, marshalled their forces to stem the tide against the Americans. The result of the election of 1867 is shown in the following quotation from a letter written by Bard to Scott on September 6:

"In the election which came off on the 4th Inst. I was elected county supervisor, & can assure you that hereafter, you can rely on equitable assessments & equalization of taxes, so far as your properties are concerned— I am told the _____ family, who are the worst enemies to American interests, spent a large sum of money to defeat me & the other American candidates. The issue in this county is Spanish element against Americans—& has resulted favorably to us— . . ."

Bard's position as supervisor placed him where he was able to watch closely the various maneuvers to subdivide counties or to rearrange their boundaries for special reasons. In the year he was elected supervisor, he reported to Scott the plan of Banning (Phineas?) of Los Angeles to make the Santa Clara river the dividing line between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara counties. This plan, which was mixed up with the scheme to divide Santa Barbara county, was projected, according to Bard's view, in order to add a considerable territory to the taxable area of Los Angeles county, where bonds were to be floated to finance the building of a railroad from Los Angeles to San Pedro. The Santa Barbara county division scheme would not down, despite the hopes and labors of the leaders of the northern end of the county. In the spring of 1870, Attorney Fernald of Santa Barbara wrote Bard that it was "kilt entirely." "I have got," he continued, "D. O. Mills, Patterson, Cap-

tain Johnson and others to see that it is kept 'kilt' & Pacheco's solemn assurance in writing that the thing is 'no more.' So rest easy. . . ."

But the rest of the advocates of the status quo was broken nevertheless. In the fall election (1870), the advocates of division won out, and in due time the legislature sanctioned the creation of the County of Ventura out of the southern end of Santa Barbara county. In the archives of the County Clerk of Ventura county is a little paper-covered note book written in Bard's best "copper-plate" hand, and containing the record of the proceedings by which the division took place. Bard was secretary of the board of commissioners that undertook the task of establishing the government of the new county and of effecting an equitable separation with the old county.

Mr. Bard was too busy a man to be a diarist,—at least in the Pepysian sense,—and there is little in his correspondence to throw light on the social conditions in which he found himself. In August, 1867, a few months after a sensational strike of oil at "well no. 6" in the Ojai valley, he wrote to J. P. Green, an associate with Scott in his enterprises, that he had only one man on whom he might safely rely, a man who was in charge of No. 6 and, he says, "the inventor of the expansive reamer which we are now using [in connection with drilling operations]." "Mechanics, particularly machinists [and] forgers in California," he added, "are generally like spoiled children, hard to manage, unreliable & disposed to wander from place to place— Except in S. Francisco, employers cannot feel independent, & it is expensive & difficult to employ him (?) if the employee is objectionable."

The spiritual condition of the community is commented upon in a letter written during the same summer:¹

"Mr. Williams visits us tomorrow for the last time. He thinks this end of Santa Barbara County the worst place he has ever seen & believes his preaching is seed sown in barren ground— Our men do not attend his services & he has discontinued his services here, but has made his home with us— I am sure (?) he has cause for his discouragement but [sic] believe he is fully warranted in his course adopted by the circumstances."

Colonel Scott's holdings were so extensive, and the demand for grazing and agricultural land so insistent, that he decided on Bard's suggestion to subdivide some of the larger ranchos, as La Colonia, Ojai, and San Francisco, reserving the oil rights where the prospects for oil seemed favorable. In broaching his subdivision plan, in a letter of J. P. Green, Bard mentions the colonizing program of a Mr. Higgins who had brought a considerable number of colonists

1. Bard to J. B. Church, 24 July, 1867.

to that region to settle on 160 acre tracts, though there was considerable demand for larger parcels of 300 to 1000 acres.

"This increase of population brought here by Mr. Higgins," continues Bard, "will do much to induce further immigration— Besides this, a mill of considerable capacity will be built, on that property, which alone will offer inducements for parties to cultivate wheat & save us the mortification of being dependent upon S. Francisco for breadstuffs— I agree with you in the opinion that this will be the largest wine-producing country in the world, & for this purpose all of the properties which I designate as agricultural lands, whether capable of being irrigated or not, are well adapted; as well as being capable of being made largely productive of walnuts, almonds, fruits & trees—& silk. . . ." No hint here of the revolution that the lima bean was to bring about in this region.

It was not only with the Spanish element that Bard had to deal. Questions of titles to land were naturally among the most perplexing that came before the courts in these days of transition. If these were days when corporations and men of great means were successful applicants for government favors, they were also days when these were subject to all manner of attempts to take advantage of them, and when men with money at their disposal were obliged to observe extreme caution. A firm of Santa Barbara lawyers, whose names would sound very familiar to a present-day inhabitant of that city, sent the following urgent appeal:

"In justice to ourselves we write to say that we will expect a handsome retainer in the business of Mr. Scott. . . . You understand that office business amounts to nothing here, & that we are dependent for what we make upon counsel fees. . . . We take these liberties, as we consider you our friends, and we know you are rich, at the same time being keenly aware that we are not in a sufficiently robust condition to live upon hope. . . ."

In a later letter one of them wrote: "I have reformed since you left—have given up 'cock-tails' and pursue with diligence my calling."

It is only just to say that Mr. Bard did put a good deal of business in their way, and that he and they became very firm friends.— proof enough that they must have given value received,—and stayed on the water-wagon. The sort of tangles that they were called upon at this period to straighten out were those arising out of the attempts of squatters to settle in the areas where any shadow of doubt existed as to the validity of the title. Against these efforts to secure a foothold on the Scott properties Bard labored energetically and successfully. More than once he carried his life in his hands; but he stood his ground, held the squatters to definite contracts, and eventually won the respect of the men who had opposed him.

How Mr. Bard began to acquire holdings of his own, how he struggled to learn the secrets of the heavy California oils and to

find a market for the wonderful and varied products that the oil was capable of producing, and finally amalgamated them into the Union Oil Company by combining the Hardison & Stewart interests with his own, and how he finally left the Union Oil Company to the Stewarts and Hardisons and thereby just missed becoming a multi-millionaire.—that, in the phrase of Kipling, is another story.

LETTERS BY THOMAS R. BARD

San Buena Ventura, Cal., August 4th, 1867.

John P. Green, Esq.,

238 South Third St., Philadelphia.

Dear Sir:

. . . I select from your list of properties owned by Mr. Scott, those in which his interest is held "in fee," and classify them as follows for the sake of reference—

1st—Ranchos adapted only for Grazing—"Simi" & "Los Posas"

2d—Agricultural Lands—"La Colonia," "Calleguas," & "S. Pedro"

3d—Ranchos though regarded as grazing lands, yet contain considerable area of valuable farming tracts—"Ojai," "Canada Larga," "San Francisco"—& "Conejo"

4th—Lands of a speculative value—

Blocks in the town of San Buena Ventura

400 acres in Los Angeles—

1200 " " Humboldt

Part of La Colonia for town site &c—

The demand for grazing lands at present is limited but is improving with the advancement in prices for cattle and sheep— The Rancheros (natives) have never fully recovered from the devastating effects of the drought of 1863 (?) & have been obliged to sell off their stock nearly as rapidly as their herds increased— The consequence is there was much land lying idle & owners have rented at low rates, in many cases equal to 6% on valuation at 25c. per acre— But [the] country has lately been filled with stock brought [from] the north & I am satisfied we can make good sales in a short time. . .

The conditions which govern the value of and regulate the chances of selling tracts of this description, are as follows—

1. Titles must be perfect to insure sales at all—to farmers &c

2. The land must be susceptible of *irrigation* by artificial supplies of water, or else

3. They must be moist naturally, or

4. If they cannot be irrigated, they must be of a certain character of land, especially adapted for wheat, or grapes & trees—

5 Distance from, & accessibility to, shipping point

The question of irrigation is one of the greatest importance, and it will take a long time to eradicate from the minds of many farmers, the prevailing belief that the land cannot safely be cultivated without artificial supplies of water & until the experience of those who possess the necessary means & the courage to hazard their money in the risk of getting no returns, by experiments, shall have proved the fallacy of their opinions, much of the land which otherwise might be devoted to grape culture &c, will be unsalable for agricultural purposes—¹

... Colonia & San Pedro are the finest properties in the county, need no irrigation, although susceptible of it, are especially adapted to the production of trees, vines, . . . & grain (?). I would have sold almost half of it in quantities to suit applicants if there had been a segregation & if I had such authority from Messrs. Scott & Wyeth.

"Calleguas" is not susceptible to irrigation, is more remote from shipping point and town, but is valuable for its adaptability for grape culture—

"Canada Larga" contains 2000 or 3000 acres of fine lands in the valley of the Rio de S. B. Ventura—most of which is capable of being irrigated from the janjon or ditch made by the Padres—all of which ought to sell at \$10 & \$12 per acre— This Rancho ought not to be sold entire under any circumstances, but should be divided into two natural divisions, one of which is solely grazing land of best description & the other of which, is all farming lands A— No 1—

Ojai and San Francisco—can also be divided advantageously— Ojai contains a tract of beautiful white oak wheat land—consisting of (?) excellent vine lands in one body—while the balance is merely good pasture— Very little land on Ojai can be irrigated but that is not needed for wheat—& for this purpose and reason, it ought to be sold in quantities of 500 to 1000 acres, which in this state where agriculture is brought to perfection, are considered moderate sized farms—& machinery for agricultural purposes is used to a great extent—

We shall have several classes of applicants

1st—Those who want whole tracts for speculative purposes; that is for *colonization*—but it is not preferable to become *colonizers* ourselves & while disposing of such tracts, avail ourselves of the many opportunities that we will thus meet, to sell to other ranchos to the best advantage, & reap also the profits that the speculator would otherwise derive.

2nd—Rancheros—or Grazers—

1. Here Mr. Bard proposed a plan of offering lands through advertisements in San Francisco papers for private sale, that the extent of the demand might be ascertained.

To whom we can offer Simi, Los Posas—or Conejo or parts of Ojai, S. Francisco & Canada Larga

[3d was apparently omitted.]

4th—Others who wish to connect with grazing, the occupation of vintages & farmer, whom we could suit splendidly in Ojai, Canada Larga—S. Francisco, or Conejo—

5th—Farmers of moderate means who want tracts of 300 to 1000 acres at “fair prices & on good terms” we will locate on Ojai, Canada Larga & S. Francisco & Conejo—

6th—Farmers, Vintagers &c of small means who want 160 acres or less, on long payments or very small lots of 40 acres etc for cash—

It would be preferable to sell “S. Francisco” & “Conejo” *whole*, if possible to do so, without loss to Mr. Scott. I think Del Valle the last owner of the San Francisco wants to repurchase it, but will not offer its value— He is contented, as he well may be, as he reserved the finest piece of land on it & his cattle & horses range at will over the whole ranch—without cost to him the taxes being paid by the Co—

I hope Mr. Scott will consent to cut up “La Colonia” in small tracts, as I propose— It seems to me it is the best plan that can be adopted— I am informed by Mr. Higgins, the colonizer of the Rancho Santa Paula, that he has sold one half of that property in lots of 160 acres & will not sell any more at present, holding the balance for expected enhancement of value— He says he could have sold (if not confined by his agreement with the owner to sales of 160 acres only), large quantities to parties who wanted 300 to 1000 acres & that these parties would have more readily have (sic) taken farms on “Colonia,” if it was in condition for selling in that way—

This increase of population brought here by Mr. Higgins will do much to induce further immigration— Besides this, a mill of considerable capacity will be built, on that property, which alone will offer inducements for parties to cultivate wheat & save us the mortification of being dependent upon S. Francisco for breadstuffs— I agree with you in the opinion that this will be the largest wine producing country in the world & for this purpose all of the properties which I designate as agricultural lands, whether capable of being irrigated or not, are well adapted: as well as being capable of being made largely productive of walnuts, almonds, fruits & trees—& silk—

The vineyard on Ojai is doing remarkably well under the circumstances— The ground was ploughed hurriedly & the vines and cuttings were planted very late— Besides these disadvantages, before our fences were completed the wild cattle and horses from the adjoining ranch frequently entered and ate off the buds and leaves— We have not put a drop of water on the land, but kept it well weeded & yet the vines are doing well, bearing a few grapes & show a loss of only 5%— If they live only until October, they will be safe— I

am convinced (sic) in good soil, no water is needed in summer, but is really an injury after the first year— Vintagers at Los Angeles have come to this conclusion & many will discontinue irrigat.

The gentlemen to whom I rented Canada Larga, *bought* a ranch in San Luis Obispo Co— & gave up his arrangement with [us?], hence there will be no interference with sale of that property on that account . . .

I am sorry to say our oil prospects are not very promising at present, though I do not by any means despair of succeeding ultimately.

Please remember me to Mr. Barclay and Mr. Lesley— I will write to Mr. Scott by next steamer—

Respectfully Yours &c.

THOMAS R. BARD.

San Buena Ventura, Cal., Sept. 30, 1867.

Hon. Thomas A. Scott, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

"La Colonia" [rancho] has been surveyed & has [tak?]en in "San Pedro"— It contains about 47500 acres or nearly ten leagues, & its lines leave two triangular tracts between "Los Posas" & "Calleguas"; & between it & "Calleguas" & "Guadalasca"—which of course are public lands— The following sketch will show the locations:



I have paid your pro-rata of expenses of final survey of Colonia, amounting to \$553.57, for which I hold Surveyor Genl's receipt— This will cover all expenses that may occur in the Surveyor Genl's office for final official survey of La Colonia— The survey cannot be approved till expiration of 90 days, for which time it is open for appeal— All of the *owners*, I believe, are satisfied with the survey—

The "padre" at San Buena Ventura, sets up a claim on the part of the Church, for 2000 acres, within our lines, but has no title to an acre of it—

Parties claiming under the San Pedro will doubtless file protest against the survey, & may delay the partition.

I have been over the property & am surprized to find so much waste land upon it— On the north east part of the rancho, is a large tract of "alkali" soil—which is valueless— Along the sea line there is much loss in sand and marshes—& following the river, a belt of low, sandy land averaging one half mile wide— In the whole tract there is at least a total area of [7]500 acres, which would be unsalable, were the lands opened for colonization—

I wish you could take advantage of the present large demand for lands— Large numbers of well-to-do farmers from the north have come here, since their harvests were cared for, to purchase lands— They are generally much pleased with the country & anxious to buy—but want farms of 100 to 1000 acres, with unquestioned title, guarantee deeds & immediate possession—

A number of them have called upon me & propose to buy your interest in Colonia *as it is*, by combining among themselves— Mr. Pringle has told them that you would *probably* sell for \$100,000— I refused to entertain any proposition based on those terms—but named \$3.50 per acre, aggregating about \$119,000, Gold to be paid upon execution of conveyance—by quit claim deed—as our terms—

They wanted the refusal of 60 days, which I declined to give— They have returned to their homes & will inform me as soon as possible, whether or not they will take the property at our figures—

Since the proposition was made I have learned more concerning the circumstances which affect the value of the lands here & now think, that we can *easily* realize the sum of \$175,000 from the sale of our interest in "La Colonia," as soon as it is in condition for selling in small quantities— At present we could sell at \$6 to \$8 per acre—& next year at \$8 to \$10—

The *least* possible calculation to be made would be as follows—

In the whole rancho there are, say,	47,500 acres
Deduct for waste land—	7,500 "

Salable land—	40,000 "
Of which your ownership to <i>four-sevenths</i> is indisputable, which is	22,857 "
1st year sales of 10,000 acres @ \$6	—60,000
2nd year sales of 5,000 acres @ \$8	—40,000
5,000 acres @ \$10	—50,000
3rd year sales of 1,000 acres @ \$12.50	—12,500
1,857 acres @ \$5	— 9,285
4/7 of 7,500 waste lands 4,300 acres @ \$1	— 4,300

Total sales \$176,085

This I consider a safe estimate & am confident that the property can be sold for the sum mentioned, in three years, as easily as it could be sold now for \$100,000—

It is important to keep the attention of the northern farmers attracted here until we are ready to sell—& if possible to give them some early assurances of our intention to sell in quantities to suit—at fair rates—I shall hear from many of them, & will in my answer to their inquiries, hold out inducements to the first purchasers, who will, at once, become settlers—At \$6, *cash*, we will obtain purchasers, who will be able to cultivate & improve the land at once, thus enhancing the value of the balance—As Mr. Higgins is selling "Sta. Paula," \$10 per acre in 10 years—he will have his lands occupied by poor men, who have to depend upon the returns of their labor, to pay for their land—& will be unable to *improve* the property as it should be—

Men of means will prefer to pay \$6 cash for farms on Colonia, than \$10 in 10 years for lands on "Sta. Paula"—

A letter from Mr. Huse lately received says—"If the 'Colonia' were divided & cut up into farms, a great portion of it would *readily* sell for \$6, \$8 & \$10 per acre." All the available land around Sta. Barbara has been sold at prices ranging from \$10 to \$20 per acre, or is held for higher prices—*Higgins* has been offering lately @ \$10 to \$15 payable in cash & 3 years—& has buyers—for reserved lots—

My proposition to sell Colonia @ \$119,000, is not binding in any way, but was intended merely as a "feeler" to keep the party [sic] from buying elsewhere—until we can sell them the quantity they want—They will pay \$6 per acre in farms rather than \$3.50 for the whole—. . .

Very respectfully
Your obt. servant—

THOMAS R. BARD—

San Buena Ventura, Cala. 13 October 1867.

Hon. Thos. A. Scott, Philadelphia.

Dear Sir,

. . . In Upson's official map, of this state, issued from the Surv. Genl's office, "La Colonia" is put down as part of the lands covered by the Mission Grant—

The original grantee of that title is an old Spaniard, our nearest neighbor who says, that the grant was intended to cover the lands known by the name of "La Colonia." He says in 137 [1837?] Alta California revolted & set up a provisional government with "Alvarado" as Governor, & that during this administration Alvarado as Governor, granted the Colonia to eight citizens, under which title we hold— In the following year the difficulties ceased, and Alvarado was appointed Governor of Alta California, by the [Mexican?] Govt. under which regime, he made the "Mission" grant, which gave to the grantee, the lands, that were uncovered by former grants, *and* the lands now covered by the "Colonia." The grantee of the Mission title donated to the Church, a part of the lands claimed under La Colonia, & on this donation is founded the title set up by the "Padre"—for 2000 acres (?)—

I write to Mr. Green as usual reporting our operations on Ojai &c. I have had no recent advices from him—

Respectfully yours &c,

THOMAS R. BARD.

Extracts from a letter of Bard to Thomas A. Scott, probably written early in 1868 at San Buena Ventura, Cal.:

[Bard requested funds of \$19,500 for purchase of various interests in La Colonia lands & to settle pending litigation. The reasons he had in mind were stated by him as follows:]

. . . No other property will so readily sell or attract to it a good settlement of substantial farmers, and none will so certainly conduce to make the settlement permanent and successful as "La Colonia." It is really a hazardous experiment for us, to sell off any other rancho, in farms, until we have disposed of "Colonia"— There is danger that farmers will be unsuccessful on the higher dry lands— & one year's failure would work us a great injury— We can sell "Colonia" readily at \$10 per acre, to start with & will get \$20 or \$25 per acre for one half of it—I think— A successful colony once established would enhance the value of your lands here to over one million dollars—!

Higgins' colony on the "Santa Paulo" Ranch, are apprehensive that their crops will fail, notwithstanding a favorable winter season— They complain that [the] soil dries out very rapidly— Should they fail, the fact would be known all over the state and might injure

us very much— An immense immigration will flow here this year, and we ought to be ready for it. The more people we induce to stay here this year, the better are our prospects for the future.

In the matter of "Calleguas" I would recommend to you to retain that interest & compel the other . . . interest to sell to you. It can be done, without much trouble.

An effort has been made by the people in this end of our county to effect a partition of the county, but will fail— Senator Banning of Los Angeles County will probably urge the Legislature to make the Santa Clara River the boundary between that & this County, with the object of securing all the taxable territory possible, for aiding them to pay the great debt that Co. has assumed for building a Rail Road from San Pedro to Los Angeles, amtg to \$150,000. I am afraid that Banning's influence will carry the measure through— But I have taken all steps within my power to defeat this measure— Some of the people of this County, fearing a separation or partition of this county, will aid Banning's measure, on the principle [*sic*] that a *part* of the Santa Clara River Valley is better than *none*. Banning's scheme, would give to Los Angeles County the Ranchos, "Simi," "Las Posas," "Colonia," "Calleguas," and "S. Francisco."

. . . Banning is the great forwarder & stage proprietor of Los Angeles County—and possibly his scheme to grab us up for that county, is concocted for his own personal aggrandizement—

Looking at these facts, I have induced the Board of Supervisors of our County to do [some]thing towards securing the Clear Creek trade, establishing a County Road up the Valley of Santa Clara River, to intersect the road from Los Angeles to "Clear Creek," and to provide for maintenance—

In a financial view, the talked of roads from Santa Barbara, over the mountains to Clear Creek & Owens River, are utterly impracticable— The "Santa Clara River" is the only *natural* outlet, in the Southern Country for that trade. The route can be put in good condition [for] \$5000 to \$8000— A wharf at Hueneme will divert the trade over it—

. . . I hope to hear soon of Mr. Green's arrival.

Yours truly &c THOMAS R. BARD—

LARKIN'S DESCRIPTION OF CALIFORNIA

BY ROBERT G. CLELAND, PH. D.

The collection of Larkin papers from which the following extracts were taken is preserved in the Bancroft Library of the University of California. There are several thousand manuscripts of different lengths and varying degrees of importance. Altogether they constitute the most valuable source of California history, just prior to the American occupation, now extant. While H. H. Bancroft refers to many of these documents and makes extensive use of some, there is much virgin material in the collection awaiting the historical student and the light of publication.

Larkin's "Description of California," an official document, was written for the special benefit of President Polk and addressed to the Secretary of State, James Buchanan. Parts of it were confidential, but other portions were undoubtedly designed for newspaper publication. Larkin's intimate knowledge of California affairs makes this account both interesting and authoritative. In the original it consisted of seven parts as follows:

1. General account of the province.
2. Political state of the country, 1845 and 1846.
3. Commerce.
4. Notes on personal character (a brief account of individual inhabitants and their attitude toward the United States.)
5. Maritime statistics.
6. Governmental, military and miscellaneous affairs (chiefly statistics).
7. A map of the coast—"for the Secretary's use, showing the roads in the interior from one mission to another, and when occasion may demand it, to point out any particular part of this country by land or sea."

All of the divisions here mentioned, except the seventh, are to be found in the collection. Except for some changes in punctuation and minor grammatical constructions, I have made no alteration of the original.

GENERAL ACCOUNT

Upper California is situated between the 32nd and 42nd degrees of North Latitude, and the part which borders on the Pacific is between the 117th and 123rd degrees of West Longitude: its boundaries on the east have been considered the Rocky Mountains, although the part that has hitherto been settled is a very narrow

strip of land on the shores of the Pacific not exceeding twenty leagues in width.

The first mission settled was San Diego (in) the Southwest of Upper California, which took place in 1769; San Carlos de Monterey was settled one or two years afterwards, and gradually the rest, amounting in all to twenty-one: the last, San Francisco Solano, was established in 1822. Some of these missions were built much larger than others, yet they were nearly all upon the same plan, viz: the principal side of a large square was occupied by the Church, a suite (sic) of apartments for the habitation of the Priests, apartments for travellers, and a guard house; the other three sides of the square consisted of granaries, work shops of all kinds (carpenters, weavers, blacksmiths, etc., etc.), cellars, wine presses, separate apartments for the Indian boys and girls, etc.; and a short distance from them were the habitations of the Indians: in each mission there was a large garden and orchard, and in those capable of producing grapes, extensive vineyards. Besides the missions there were four Presidios, (towns) San Francisco, Monterey, San Diego, Santa Barbara; two villages, the Pueblo de Los Angeles, and the Pueblo de San José; likewise a hamlet called Villa de Bonaficia (?). The garrison of each Presidio was composed of about eighty cavalry, with a very few infantry and artillery. The commandante of each Presidio was the captain of the respective company of cavalry and formerly decided all disputes, for before the year 1822 there were no Alcaldes or any other civil authorities.¹ The residence of the Governor (who up to 1822 was generally a captain or a colonel sent from Mexico), was in Monterey. Formerly all the land in the country belonged to the different missions, for although they were situated at an average distance of about fourteen leagues from each other, their respective boundaries always joined. In the year 1825 the missions might be considered at the height of their prosperity. At that time they counted from 2000 to 3000 Indians each, and from 6000 to 100,000 head of black cattle, an equal number of sheep, and such immense herds of horses that large numbers were killed in order to avoid the destruction of pasturage. Before the year 1822 the only trade of the Missions was with vessels from San Blas and Callao to purchase tallow.² In the year 1822 an English house, established in Lima through their agent (W. E. Hartnell of Monterey), made a contract with the greater part of the Missions to receive all the hides at \$1 apiece, tallow and grease at 3 \$ an aroba (of 25 pounds) that they could produce. In the same year an American ship arrived from Boston and prepared the way for the future trade which, since that day, has been carried on almost exclusively by the

1. Literally this was incorrect, but for all practical purposes Larkin's statement holds good.

2. Larkin does not take into account the illicit trade frequently carried on by the mission authorities with the fur traders before this date.

New Englanders.³ The present export (1846) amounts to about 80,000 hides, 60,000 arobas of tallow, 10,000 fanagas of wheat, 1,000,000 feet of lumber, some staves and shingles, 10,000 \$ of soap, 20,000 \$ of beaver, land and sea otter skins, 1000 barrels Aguardiente and wine, 200 ounces of gold worth 17 \$ an ounce.⁴ The missions now are almost entirely destroyed; some that had formerly from 2000 to 3000 Indians have now not above 100; others none; but few missions have any cattle. About the year 1835 a law was made to take away the management of the temporalities of the missions from the Priests and give it to the secular administration, who in a very short time managed to completely ruin the establishment without in general benefitting themselves, even taking the tile off the roofs of the houses. The land has in great degree been divided out among private individuals. Although the Mission cattle have disappeared, there are as many if not more hides shipped from California at this period as there were (sic) when the missions were in their prosperity, arising from the increase on private farms.

Exclusive of countless wild Indians and some neophytes, California has perhaps some fifteen thousand inhabitants, descendants of Spanish and Mexican fathers, mostly from native mothers. The baptized Indians, now released by the demolishing of the Missions, are engaged by the Inhabitants as servants, while many of the Inhabitants are hired by each other to do the more superior work of the farms. The Indians who were taught by the Spanish Padres the different mechanical arts are now dead and no more of their tribe will ever take their place.⁵ Foreigners are now doing all the work of this class in California. The farms now occupied are owned by Mexicans, Californians, naturalized foreigners, who became so by signing a simple memorial (some even by proxy), stating that such was their wish, when a letter of citizenship was immediately filled up for the Petitioner without any form, oath, or ceremony on his part. The farms are given to any petitioner (who is a citizen) from one to eleven square leagues as he may ask for it with little or no expense.

The land joining the sea coast is principally taken up, also that immediately on the Bay of San Francisco, and a few on the River Sacramento, but more on the San Joaquin River. Taking the whole extent of the country but a small portion is divided into ranches having owners. A part of the Mission lands still belongs to Government and all other unclaimed lands. Some few farms are being vacated by the Californians from fear of further depredations of the wild Indians, who yearly steal thousands of horses even out of

3. For the best account of this trade yet published, see Theodore Gray, *The Hide and Tallow Trade in Alta California*, *The Grizzly Bear*, July, 1917.

4. The export of \$3400 of gold in 1846 is an item of more than passing interest. Most of this doubtless came from San Fernando.

5. This loss of skilled artisans was one of the important minor evils that followed the secularization of the missions.

the enclosed yards near their dwelling houses. They are now (almost every week) committing depredations of this kind. The whites but seldom follow them to regain their property. The Indians are losing all fear of the inhabitants and with their arrows have shot several of them during the years 1845 and 1846.

There are from one thousand to twelve hundred foreigners (including their families) in California, a majority of them residing around the Bay of San Francisco and on the Sacramento River, and one-third of the men are citizens of this country.

Many of them never expect to speak the prevailing language of the country, so that at this early period a knowledge of the English language is to a merchant of more importance than the Spanish. In 1832 there were in the whole department some two or three hundred foreigners; there are now some eight or ten who have resided here twenty-five years. They were sailors, now farmers, entrapped from their vessels by the former Spanish government.⁶

The first arrival of American settlers on the Sacramento River has been since 1840. Three-fourths of the full number of foreigners in this country are Americans. Of the remaining fourth the subjects of Great Britain predominate. Of this fourth the majority are in expectation of being under the Government of the U. States. Probably all are willing in preference to remaining as they are now. For the last five years the largest proportion of the emigrants have arrived at New Helvetia (Capt. Sutter's establishment),⁷ excepting a few of them from Oregon. They leave Independence, Missouri, which is the starting point, every April or May, arriving at the Pacific in September or October. Soon after their arrival at New Helvetia they scatter over the River Sacramento and the Bay of San Francisco, asking for farms from the Government or settling on private grants by the owner's consent. Some have arrived at the Pueblo de Los Angeles (town of the Angels), near San Pedro, via "Santa Fee," some of whom had married at the latter place. A few arrived by water from Valparaiso, Callao, and the Sandwich Islands. A person travelling from San Diego to San Francisco, or Bodega, can stop at a foreigner's farm house almost every few hours and travel without any knowledge of the Spanish language.

Among the emigrants from Independence there are several German families who have resided in the U. States (farmers, mechanics, laborers), others are young men from the New England or Middle States who left home seeking a fortune in the Western States, thence here. The emigration in 1845 amounted to from four to five hundred; from U. States newspaper reports of 1845 from one to two thousand are expected to arrive this August to October.

6. Probably Larkin knew what he meant by the word, "entrapped." I do not.

7. Established in 1839. The objective of most overland emigrant parties from 1842 to 1846.

Emigrants leaving Independence for the Pacific should furnish themselves (if a family of five or six persons) with one good wagon, four or five yoke of oxen, three or four cows, three horses, and to each grown person 250 lbs. of flour, 150 lbs. of bacon, 30 lbs. of coffee, 50 lbs. sugar, 20 lbs. of rice, two good blankets, and a few cooking utensils. Every male person over fourteen years of age should have one good rifle, 10 pounds of powder, 30 pounds lead, 2000 percussion caps and a good horse. On arriving on the banks of the Sacramento and finding a convenient piece of land that the emigrant can occupy, he should begin sowing wheat from December to February; Beans, peas and corn in April or May, and should also procure for himself cows two years old, worth from 4 \$ to 5 \$; young bulls at 2 \$ or 3 \$; thirty or forty mares at 5 or 6 \$; a stallion at 15 \$ or 20 \$; and a few sheep at 2 \$ each. One hundred young cows will produce from seventy to ninety calves between the second and twelfth months; from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars in cash will start an enterprising man in breeding animals for a California farm.⁸

In a few years the settler may find purchasers for produce from among the emigrants and throughout the country. In time he will find a market in the Sandwich Islands, North West Coast, San Blas, Mazatland, and elsewhere. Wheat produces from forty to fifty fold under the most imperfect cultivation. The Spanish Padres for many years obtained one hundred fold at some of the missions. One hundred and eighty fold was once gathered at the mission of San José. Wild oats and mustard cover the country, the former from three to four feet high, the latter so high and compact that it is almost impossible for a traveller to find his horses when they stray among it. Rye and Buckwheat have not been proved. Hemp was raised by the former Padres. Cotton has been proved to advantage, but no quantity has been planted. Every kind of vegetable yet planted has produced well. Apples, pears, quinces and peaches are common all over California. In parts of the country there are limes, oranges, almonds, figs and walnuts. Plums and cherries have not been introduced. Grapes of the very best quality in the greatest abundance in different sections of the country. Latitude south of 34 degrees produces the best. With imperfect means good wine could be produced and distilled. The climate of California is surpassed by no other. The lowest rate of the thermometer in the shade at Monterey in 1845 was 44 degrees, the highest 86 degrees; from 60 to 70 is the common rate throughout the year.

The account then took up the Political State of California. Larkin's treatment is exceedingly interesting, but too long for presentation at this time.

8. Larkin's statement of the equipment necessary for the overland journey and of the cost of livestock in California in 1845 are the best I have yet found.

CALIFORNIA STATE DIVISION CONTROVERSY

(Documents furnished by Mary M. Bowman)

I. PETITION TO CONGRESS AGAINST FORCING STATEHOOD ON SOUTH CALIFORNIA, MARCH 3, 1850

Note—Statehood for California, without a preliminary form of Territorial government, did not meet the approval of the citizens of the southern part of the country. March 3rd, 1850, at a public meeting in Los Angeles, of which Don Manuel Requena was chairman and Don Augustin Olvera, secretary, a petition to the Congress of the United States was drawn up,—plausible, sensible and almost pathetic in its appeal against the efforts of the north to force statehood upon them without their consent. The protestants say:

"We your petitioners, citizens of South California, present ourselves before your honorable body, with our solemn protestation against the admission of California, as a state, into the Confederacy. We have to announce to your honorable body that the people of South California have been opposed to the state formation and that our delegates, at the last convention, voted faithfully to their principles in favor of the Territory, but, unfortunately, remained in the minority. We now take the only step remaining to American citizens to protest and solicitate. The reasons that lead us to this resolve are plain and clear:

"First—The short time which has passed since the treaty of Queretaro and the formation of the state did not permit the old inhabitants to become acquainted with the American institutions; the whole of this important subject has been hurried in such a way that often the most intelligent of the Spanish race did not understand what they were called upon to do. It was, and it still is, our conviction that a Territorial government was not only more proper to remove these evils, but preferable in every sense. The unsettled state of this people is such that it requires a plainer and more economical government, because a great many of the inhabitants do not intend to live here.

"Second—The expenses of the state are, of course, very considerable; this has been foreseen by your petitioners and the opinions laid down by others have confirmed our convictions on the subject. We can not state to your honorable body what will be the amount necessary to maintain the state of California, but we have been assured that this amount will be enormous. For the purpose of covering this, the government must recur to ruinous contributions, and, though California is a land of gold, few will be those who contribute in proportion to the emergency.

If any tax be laid on lands, as is customary in other countries, it would cause the utter ruin of all the proprietors of the south.

We hope that your honorable body will take our memorial into consideration, because the admission of California, as a state, into the Union would be very prejudicial to a portion of the American citizens.

Third—The great extent of land embraced within the limits of this state is another reason for our opposition. The strength of this argument appears more clearly by comparing the different resources of this large area of land. The north is rich in its mines and commerce, but the south being a land of agriculture and pasture, will have for a long time but a limited population. The north, beside its mineral advantages, has a numerous population; they do not increase the revenue, while they would have an almost exclusive influence on the political and judicial state of the country. This is a very great evil and causes the stronger often to oppress the weaker.

"The extension of California being from the 32nd to 42nd degree of latitude, the seat of government is very remote from its extremities, and this causes great inconvenience to its administration. It appears by the information given to your honorable body that this state contains 100,000 square miles, sufficient for the foundation of three states, and, though some parts of it are barren and mountainous, there still remains sufficient fertile land for the foundation of two states of moderate dimensions. Your petitioners entreat your honorable body to divide South California from the north, by drawing a line of division from the Pacific, so as to include the district of San Luis Obispo, establishing said part of the country as a Territory, with the name of Central California, governed and protected like the other territories of the Union. We hope that your honorable body will take our petition into consideration and grant this favor to—we may say—the finest part of the American Union. Such a measure would give general satisfaction to this people, increase agriculture and commerce, develop its resources in every quarter, and the whole would present the picture of a united and happy country."

This appeal was not heard, or at least not heeded: consequently the movement for state division in 1851 was very earnest and determined. Lieutenant Halleck advised against it. He wrote to Don Pablo de la Guerra: "For God's sake don't commit yourself to the state separation. California will rue the day she ever seriously enters into the question, or I am no prophet." Alfred Robinson, who had known the Californians since 1829, and married one of them, wrote from Boston that if he were in Santa Barbara he would do all he could to bring it about, for then the Californians would have a better government.

II. CALL FOR A CONVENTION TO DIVIDE THE
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, 1851

City of Los Angeles, September 15th, 1851.

"At a special meeting of the citizens of Los Angeles County, held on the 12th inst, the undersigned were appointed a committee to draft an address in relation to the convention recommended to be held in this city on the second Monday (10th day) in November, with a view of effecting the speedy formation of a Territorial Government for the Southern counties of California. The time was fixed in the belief that thus an ample opportunity would be given to secure a full representation from all the counties deeming themselves interested; and the place is thought to be as nearly central to the whole proposed territory as can be obtained or will be generally desired, while it is easy of access from all points, and presents other advantages for the purpose, not among the least of which is that of having a newspaper printed in English and Spanish. Other places and an earlier date have been suggested at some of the preliminary meetings, but we trust that the friends of the great measure at issue will not be disconcerted by this circumstance, as the delay seems to be absolutely necessary to establish a perfect concert of action among them and to mature well the means of ultimate success.

"It is our aim to set forth in detail the grounds of this momentous enterprise in which the southern counties are engaged with an entire unanimity. Such a movement cannot be mistaken for the temporary ebullition of party excitement, that may be counteracted and checked by another party antagonism; nor need it be supposed that the enthusiasm everywhere displayed in its behalf is to die away with its first efforts. NO! The manifestations of the Public Will already made are truly the voice of one people, feeling deeply in their inmost heart a common evil that is attributable to one sole cause and has no other remedy than the one now sought and which must continue to be prayed and struggled for by all peaceable and constitutional means, until Justice shall triumph in its glorious accomplishment. There is little to please in the reflection; nevertheless it is the plain truth that whatever of good the experiment of a state government may have otherwise led to in California for us, the southern counties, it has proved only a splendid failure. The bitter fruits of it no county has felt more keenly than Los Angeles. With all her immense and varied and natural resources, her political, social and pecuniary condition at this moment is deplorable in the extreme; her industries paralyzed under the insupportable burden of taxation; her port almost forsaken by commerce; her surplus products of no value on account of the enormous price of freights; her capital flying to other climes; a sense of the utter insecurity of property pervading all classes and everything

tending to fasten upon her, in the guise of legislation, a state of actual oppression which will soon exhaust the energies of a population that deserves a better fate.

"As with Los Angeles, so it is in various degrees with our sister counties. She is the greatest sufferer, only because she has more to be despoiled of. What our section wants for its prosperity is Military Protection, a simple and cheap government, and equal laws adapted to the character of the people. A prey to incessant Indian depredations from without and destitute of internal protection for our lives and property, under laws applicable to our wants, and the character of the population, and withal a continued and ruinous taxation impending over us, our future is gloomy indeed as a community if we shall fail in this appeal to our brethren of the north for the only redress consonant with our national interests—a separation, friendly and peaceful, but still complete, leaving the north and the south, respectively, to fulfill their grand destinies under systems of laws suited to each. A melancholy experience, now of sufficient duration, coming home to every man in the south, has produced widespread conviction in which the present movement originated.

"We claim for it the purest motives which Patriotism and Philanthropy dictates. We rely on the inherent powers of truth, when the facts shall be laid before our brethren of the north, through the convention, to achieve the result that we are seeking, always in good faith and kindness toward them, but from a stern necessity we are driven to, in the pursuit of our happiness and safety.

"In the name of these we have the honor to represent, we respectfully and earnestly ask you, sir, and every citizen of the state, to give this subject the consideration which its importance demands, and we cordially invite all who are favorable to the end contemplated to use whatever exertions they can in order that a proper representation may be had of their respective counties.

"The time has arrived for prompt, firm and decisive action. Let each friend of the cause faithfully do his duty and we promise a fortunate consummation of our dearest wishes. True to ourselves, we shall have no reason to complain of the Legislature of California, nor the Congress of the United States.

"We are respectfully your obedient servants,

(Signed) AUGUSTIN OLVERA,
PIO PICO,
BENJ. HAYES,
J. LANCASTER BRENT,
LEWIS GRAINGER,
JOHN O. WHEELER,
JOSE ANTONIO CARRILLO,
Committee."

DEPOSITION OF ARCHIBALD H. GILLESPIE
CONCERNING MISSION SAN DIEGO

(Furnished by Mary M. Bowman)

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco, *ss*:

Heirs of the Estate of Santiago Arguello
vs.

The United States.
Mission San Diego.

The undersigned, Archibald H. Gillespie, of the city and county of San Francisco, in the state of California, being duly and solemnly sworn, declares that during the war between the United States and Mexico he was a First Lieutenant of the United States Marine Corps on special service, under orders of the President of the United States, James K. Polk, and organized the California Battalion of Mounted Riflemen, from the foreign settlers assembled at the Mission of Sonoma, July 5th, 1846, and was Adjutant and Inspector, with the rank of Captain, of the volunteer forces of California, mustered into the service of the United States; that on the 31st day of July, 1846, this deponent landed with a portion of the aforesaid Battalion, under Major J. C. Fremont, and took possession of the town and district of San Diego in the Territory of California, in the name of the United States; that in the second week of August, 1846, this deponent was left in command of said district of San Diego and became well acquainted with the Mission of San Diego and its surroundings, had the friendship of Padre Don Vicente Olivas, who was and had been in charge of the church property of the said mission for many years, and frequently visited him in the company of Dr. Edward Gilchrist, of the United States Navy, on duty with the land forces; on one of these visits, in the month of August, 1846, to the aforesaid Padre, Don Vicente Olivas, this deponent was shown about the mission aforesaid and inspected its buildings and surrounding grounds, then in possession of the United States, when the following described property was exhibited, *viz*:

A large square of houses and corral, or stable yard, including a house for the Padres (or priests); a house for the servants and working people, several store houses and offices; a large church or chapel with ancient and rich adornments.

Separate from the aforesaid square were several outhouses for manufacturing purposes and victualing places for the Indians. In the store houses were many pipes of wine and brandy and several

casks of olives, all the products of the aforesaid mission, in good order and of fine quality. There were also farming utensils and many agricultural implements, as well as a variety of tools for mechanics. In the outhouses were quantities of wheat, corn, barley to a considerable amount, and in one of them were several weaving looms for making blankets.

There were two orchards and gardens, containing vines and various kinds of fruit trees: the pear and olive trees, which were numerous, were in good condition and fine preservation. These orchards were enclosed by good fences.

And this deponent further declares that the aforesaid Padre, Don Vicente Olivas, stated to this deponent, and in which statement this deponent has the most implicit trust and confidence, that there were upon this mission lands over 400 head of cattle, of which some 300 had been given to him, the said Padre, Don Vicente Olivas, for the benefit of the Church and the remainder for the subsistence of the mission.

There were also a considerable number of wild horses, mares and colts, exact number not remembered, but certainly over 200 in all, a portion of which had been given to the Padre, Don Vicente Olivas, aforesaid. There were also several hundred head of sheep, number not recollect, but over 500, of which this deponent drove into the Garrison and town of San Diego over 350 sheep. There were also a few tame farm horses and jackasses in use about the mission.

And this deponent further testifies and declares that whilst Military Comandante of the Southern Department of the then Territory of California, and at that time having his headquarters at San Diego, as aforesaid, to-wit: In the months of November and December, A. D. 1846, this deponent frequently visited the aforesaid Mission of San Diego and at various times occupied it with troops of the United States forces, operating in the southern portion of the then Territory of California, under command of Robert F. Stockton, Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces on the Pacific Coast, at which time such articles of subsistence or means of transportation actually necessary for the use of said troops were freely taken. And also this deponent declares that of his own knowledge the aforesaid mission was occupied by troops of the United States, under command of Brigadier-General Stephen W. Kearny, in February, 1847, and from reports of officers of the United States Regular Army, in service in San Diego, its buildings and grounds were occupied and held by the forces of the United States for a long time after the close of the war between the United States and Mexico in one continued occupation from the first day of August, 1846.

And this deponent further declares and testifies that during the month of August, 1846, he became acquainted with and knew one

Don Santiago Arguello, an old and retired officer of the Mexican service, who placed in this deponent's hands, as the commanding officer of the United States of the District of San Diego, the necessary papers and documents in relation to his right and proprietorship of the aforesaid Mission of San Diego, and the said Don Santiago Arguello stated and confirmed to this aforesaid deponent that which is hereinbefore described in relation to such property.

And this deponent further declares that he knows that much of the perishable property of the aforesaid Mission of San Diego, hereinbefore described, was appropriated and made use of by the said United States troops, soldiers of the Regular Army and Volunteers, also by the Sailors and Marines of the United States Navy, under command of Commodore Robert F. Stockton and Brigadier-General Stephen W. Kearny, Commander-in-Chief in the years 1846-1847, and afterward under Col. R. B. Mason, United States Army, Provisional Governor of the Territory of California, the exact amount it is impossible to state, but this deponent declares that the amount of property used, lost and destroyed during the occupation of the aforesaid Mission of San Diego, by the United States forces, was to such a degree to deprive the said Don Santiago Arguello of the entire perishable property and from all occupation and uses of the said houses, tenements and gardens or adjacent grounds of the aforesaid mission thereunto belonging.

And this deponent further declares that all the herds of stock and horses, mules, oxen, beef cattle and sheep used by the United States forces on duty in the aforesaid District of San Diego and around about said mission, were pastured, fed and kept upon the lands of the aforesaid mission, to the number of several thousand, certainly over 5000 head of stock of all kinds, from the first day of August, A. D. 1846, to May 15th, 1847, and subsequently when the aforesaid District and Mission of San Diego was held and occupied by the troops of the United States Army and the United States Boundary Commission, whose herds of horses, mules, beef cattle were pastured, fed and kept on the lands of the aforesaid mission, at different times and periods up to the year 1851, and the lands of said mission were used by the United States to a later date, long subsequent, the precise time this deponent cannot state, and for which occupation and use the aforesaid Don Santiago Arguello did not receive any compensation nor pay.

(Signed) ARCHIBALD H. GILLESPIE.

Sworn and subscribed February 25th, 1868, before me,

W. H. CHEVERS, *Notary Public.*

THE WORK OF A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HISTORIAN

BY ELVA E. MURRAY

Mr. James M. Guinn, one of the twenty-two men who founded the Historical Society of Southern California, November 1, 1883, is the only one of the founders now connected with the Society. To Mr. Guinn the Society is indebted not only for his long and untiring efforts in the upbuilding of the organization, but for a vast number of valuable contributions to its annual publications, while Southern California has found in him one of its foremost historians.

A delightful visit one afternoon with Mr. Guinn, at his home in Highland Park, revealed a number of interesting facts concerning his long and active life.

Mr. Guinn is not a native son, but was born in Ohio, on November 27, 1834. At nineteen years of age he was teaching school, and after two years of alternate teaching and farming, he entered Antioch College, whose president was at that time Horace Mann.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Guinn had been a student at Oberlin College for four years. Fourteen members of his class responded to the first call of President Lincoln and went to the front as Company C of the Seventh Ohio Volunteers. He was with his regiment in every campaign, was in five great battles and was one of six who came out uninjured at the battle of Cedar Mountain. But the war had, to a certain extent, impaired his health, for when the Governor of Ohio promoted him to a Captaincy in a new regiment in 1864, he had to decline the honor. Instead, he came to California, by way of Panama, and engaged in teaching school in Alameda County.

The next three years Mr. Guinn spent in gold mining in Idaho, and, after going back to Ohio, came to Southern California, where he has since resided.

In 1869 he became principal of the school in the pioneer settlement of Anaheim, and held this position for twelve years. During most of this time he was also a member of the County Board of Education.

During his principalship in Anaheim he was married to Miss Dapsileia Marquis, a teacher in his own school, and the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, who was also a pioneer of California.

In 1870 he assisted in organizing the first Teachers' Institute ever held in this county. (At that time Orange and Los Angeles counties were not separated.)

In 1875 he was nominee of the "anti-monopoly wing" of the Re-

publican Party for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, but for the sake of harmony within the party, withdrew just prior to the election in favor of Prof. Ezra Carr, the nominee of the Republican Party, who was elected.

Mr. Guinn's connection with the Los Angeles city school system began in 1881, when he was appointed superintendent of the city schools. This office he held until 1883, when he engaged in the mercantile business for a time. In 1904 he was elected to the Non-Partisan Board of Education, and for ten years was a member of this body, serving as president for one year.

Mr. Guinn is probably best known as a historian, and especially is he an authority on the history of this city and Southern California in general. He has written three large volumes on local history, one of which is "The Historical and Biographical Record of Southern California," published in 1915. This work contains a history of California from its earliest settlement through the first years of the twentieth century. It also contains biographies of well-known citizens of the past and present. It also bears the title of "Los Angeles and Environs."

The book of which Mr. Guinn is himself most proud was published in 1907 and bears the title, "A History of California, and an Extended History of Its Southern Coast Counties."

As a founder of the Historical Society of Southern California and as an active member, he has furthered his reputation as a historian. On November 1, 1883, Mr. Guinn was one of twenty-two men to found this organization. Today but three are living, Col. E. W. Jones, Dr. J. P. Widney and Mr. J. M. Guinn, who is the only charter member now connected with the Society.

Throughout the entire history of the Society he has been one of its most active members. From 1883 to 1890 he was treasurer of the organization, from 1890-1891 he was president, from 1892 until the present time he has been secretary and curator, and during the entire history of the organization he has served on the Board of Directors.

Not only has Mr. Guinn been active in the Society as an officer, but he has been the most frequent contributor to its annual publication. His first article appeared in the publication of 1888, and since that time nearly one hundred contributions have appeared, five of which appeared in the last issue.

A partial list, grouped according to the different phases of California history, is as follows:

BEFORE THE CONQUEST—"California Under the Rule of Spain and "Mexico"; "Pioneer Courts and Judges of California"; "The Passing of the Old Pueblo;" "Los Angeles in the Adobe Age"; "The Old Pueblo Archives."

CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA—"Capture of Monterey, October 19, 1842"; "The Siege and Capture of Los Angeles, September, 1846"; "Captain Jedediah Smith, The Pathfinder of the Sierras"; "Fort Moore."

EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA—"In the Days of '49"; "Early Postal Service of California"; "Pioneer Railroads of Southern California"; "Los Angeles in the Later '60s and Early '70s"; "The Sonoran Migration."

HISTORY OF INDUSTRIES IN CALIFORNIA—"From Cattle Range to Orange Grove"; "Some Early California Industries that Failed"; "The Gold Placers of Los Angeles County."

HISTORIES OF THE RANCHOS—"The Passing of the Rancho"; "History of the Cabuenga Valley and the Rancho La Brae"; "Passing of the Cattle Barons of California"; "The Romance of Rancho Realty."

CALIFORNIA SCHOOLS—"Beginnings of the Los Angeles School System"; "Pioneer School Superintendents of Los Angeles"; "Old Time Schools and School Masters of Los Angeles"; "A Plea for Local History Teaching in the Schools."

LOS ANGELES HISTORY—"The Story of a Plaza"; "The Old Highways of Los Angeles"; "Pioneer Ads and Advertisers"; "The Pioneer Directory of Los Angeles"; "Historic Seaports of Los Angeles"; "La Estrella, The Pioneer Newspaper of Los Angeles"; "The True History of Central Park"; "The Passing of Historic Street Names"; "How the Area of Los Angeles City Was Expanded"; "From Pueblo to Ciudad (From Town to City)."

Miscellaneous Group of Incidents of Interest that are not Recorded Elsewhere and that Might Otherwise be Lost—"How California Escaped State Division"; "The Poetry of the Argonauts"; "The Lost Islands of San Pedro Bay"; "The Lost Mines of Santa Catalina Island"; "The Great Real Estate Boom of 1887"; "The Pony Express"; "El Cañon Perdido"; "Some California Place Names"; "Las Salinas"; "A Forgotten Landmark"; "The Myth of Gold Lake"; "Some Historic Fads and Fakes"; "Thirty-three Years of History Activities"; "Camel Caravans of the American Deserts."

In addition to these papers and the three histories, viz: A History of Los Angeles County, A History of California To Its Division Into Counties, with an extended history of the Southern Coast Counties, and A History of Los Angeles and Environs, Mr. Guinn has written a number of historical sketches for newspapers and magazines and has also delivered a number of addresses on historical subjects and kindred topics.

He is now in the forty-ninth year of his continuous residence in Los Angeles County. He has watched its wonderful growth and made frequent note for publication of its rapid development. He has witnessed the city's increase in population from five thousand

to half a million. His long residence in Southern California and a careful study of the history and resources of its counties has made him an authority on its history.

Mr. Guinn has been a member of the American Historical Association for twenty-five years. He was president of the Pacific Branch of that Association in 1913. He is also a member of the California Historical Survey Commission. He was appointed by Governor Johnson in 1915 as the representative of Southern California.

The three histories were issued in quarto form and range from four hundred to five hundred pages per volume. They were sold by subscription. In the preparation of these books, Mr. Guinn read thousands of pages of the old archives of the early periods. Very few historians have consulted these. It is to be regretted that his fugitive sketches have not been collected into book form. They are worth preserving in durable shape and they illustrate some phases of early pueblo life little known.

"DE TAL PALO TAL ASTILLA"

BY DR. H. W. MILLS

(Fragmentary notes on the life histories of the two George Millers, father and son, the former of whom started for California in 1846.)

Gentlemen: When invited to read a paper before this Society, it seemed advisable to select a subject of local interest embodying, if possible, original documents not previously published, having some bearing on the earlier days of California's American history.

I have lived in California for only fourteen years, but it has been my good fortune to have been intimately acquainted for practically all of that time with George Miller, the younger, the George Miller who arrived in California in 1861, widely known among all of the old-timers as perhaps the finest shot, and undoubtedly the finest tracker,—Indians not excluded—among a generation of men who in the nature of things were almost all experts at both pursuits.

Those who read the following notes will, I think, admit the propriety of my title, "*De Tal Palo Tal Astilla*"—A Chip of the Old Block,—for the indomitable energy, self-confidence, self-reliance in his own line, and courage that will not be denied, and does not know the word "can't," which characterized the elder Miller, have been reflected in the whole life of the younger in full measure. To these traits the success of the father may be attributed, and, though in his latter days the fruits of his energy were lost to his family, owing to his weird habit of giving away his substance to strangers from motives which to us seem to resemble to a marked degree those which actuated Don Quixote, yet, in his prime of life, he undoubtedly "made good," in the language of the country, and his son, who is still with us, having no such pseudo-religious vagaries of opinion as to what constitutes "duty," made good also. Not mistaking the shadow for the substance, and realizing that "charity begins at home," he hung on to that which literally by the sweat of his brow he had acquired to such good purpose that he who—to use his own expression—was "his own man at twelve," is now more than comfortably well-off, being among other things the possessor of one of the finest orange groves in the finest orange country in the world, at Highland, California.

Both believed in the old saying that "God helps those who help themselves"; both were deeply and sincerely religious, with this difference,—that while the older man habitually swore by the "God of Moses," the younger, a Knight Templar, makes his appeal to the "Great Architect of the Universe."

When, in 1841, the Patriarch Miller started with his patriarchal family of several wives and many children and a numerous retinue of camp followers for California, he kept a log, and kept it with that exactitude of detail and truth which characterized his every act. This log was destined for his little "spiritual son" (by his second contemporaneous wife) George, Jr.

Years passed—years of almost constant toil and danger; the old man died. The clan, after vicissitudes, which included a ship-wreck in the Gulf of Mexico, ultimately entered the promised land, and with the clan came its much diminished impedimenta, including the old trunk—a sturdy trunk it was—which contained the log.

Now comes the sad part of the story. A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kindred, and the same dictum applies to the prophet's literary productions.

George, Jr., was a baby—an uncommonly husky, self-reliant and sturdy boy, incidentally,—but too young to be interested in family documents? By no means. Being of a prosaic and practical turn of mind, he instantly consigned the trunk and its contents to the rubbish heap, and applied a match,—casually, some days later, informing George, Jr., of what she had done.

Did she instantly take measures to protect and preserve these documents. By no means. Being of a prosaic and practical turn of mind, she instantly consigned the trunk and its contents to the rubbish heap, and applied a match,—casually, some days later, informing George, Jr., of what she had done.

George, who had never heard of the log, but who entertained profound respect for his father's memory, was greatly shocked and at once essayed to rescue the partially destroyed and tattered remnants of what was left of his father's bequest.

From this fragmentary salvage I have transcribed what follows;—many gaps occur;—the pages are yellow with age, and whole segments have gone by the board; frequently a portion of a page is torn off, and other parts are so charred as to be utterly undecipherable. Nevertheless, what remains is of such historic interest that I have thought it worthy to be brought to light before the Historical Society.

The elder Miller, it is true, never reached California—he died en route in Illinois in 1856. Nevertheless, he was one of those brave old pioneers whose Mecca was California, and his clan *did* complete the pilgrimage on which he started. And his sons, and his son's children, aye, and his great-great grandchildren, are with us in California today.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE MILLER, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

I was born in the County of Orange, State of Virginia. My father's name was John, who was the son of Leonard Miller, and my mother's name was Margaret Pfeiffer. I, therefore, was born of John and Margaret in the said state and county, near Stanardsville, on the 25th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four.

About 1798, my father moved across the Blue Ridge Mountain into the the County of Augusta, Virginia. About the first of November, 1805, we started to move to Kentucky. We stopped part of the winter and spring in Hawkins County, Tennessee, on the Holston River, and about the first of March, 1806, we resumed our journey and arrived in Madison County, Kentucky, in time to make a crop of corn and oats.

In the spring of 1808, we moved about one hundred miles into Boone County, Kentucky, where my father owned 3417 acres of land. The country was new and the few settlers were kind and hospitable.

My oldest sister, Catharine, married John Ferrell a year or two after I was born. They came with us to Kentucky, and, about the time my father began to make a settlement of his land, my only surviving brother, Lewis Miller, married Elizabeth Yates, and my sister Elizabeth married Elijah Anderson, and my sister Mary married James Baxter Daniel, leaving four younger children, viz.: Sarah, myself, Margaret, and Ann, the youngest, unmarried. My mother had five children die in infancy—three boys and two girls. My father apportioned land to all the married children of his house.

My father was addicted to occasional intemperate drinking, which very much impaired his health.

In the year 1810, my sister who married Mr. Daniel moved back to Virginia to live with an aunt of his. And my brother Lewis moved back to Madison County, Kentucky, where he had married.

Nothing worthy to be recorded transpired until the winter of 1811 and spring of 1812, when we had at sundry times severe shocks of earthquakes.

There was much talk of war about this time between the United States and England: preparations were being made by both nations. General Wm. H. Harrison had a hard-fought battle with some combined Indian tribes on Tippecanoe River, near the Wabash River, in the Territory of Indiana. In the month of June war was formally declared by the Congress of the United States of America against England and all her dominions. The war was conducted with varied success.

In the month of May, 1813, I went to my brother's in Madison County, Kentucky. I remained with him until after harvest, when,

at the persuasion of my brother, I entered into a contract with Mr. John Grugett to learn the house-joiner's and carpenter's trade, in the town of Richmond, the county seat. I was not satisfied to remain with Mr. Grugett on account of his incompetency in the knowledge of the art of building, and, the village being too small to admit of many fine buildings, I therefore went to Lexington, Lafayette County, Kentucky, (perhaps the best inland city in the United States). I arrived in Lexington in April, 1814, and worked with Mr. Ater and Mr. Welch, who instructed me in all the mysteries of the trade of joiner and carpenter, until the spring of 1815, when my father's health had so rapidly declined that he sent for me. My father lived about fifteen miles from Cincinnati. In a few days after my arrival my father began to mend and we had hopes of his recovery. I stayed and attended to the cutting of the small grain, and then went to Cincinnati and worked at my trade as a journeyman. I got the best wages. In the month of August my father died, and, after attending his funeral, I continued working at my trade in Cincinnati.

In the fall of that year I made arrangements to go on a campaign to Canada, but it so turned out that I did not go, and the news of peace changed the aspect of affairs so that many were leaving for the eastern cities. I arranged my mother's affairs, and on the 7th of January, 1816, I left Cincinnati on a flat boat for the city of New Orleans. Our boat froze up at North Bend, twenty miles below Cincinnati, where we lay three weeks, until the ice broke up, and we floated again on the mighty waters. A few days after the middle of February we arrived safely at New Orleans.

On the 4th of March I sailed on the fine ship *Belize*, bound to Baltimore. We had very boisterous weather, and it was not until the 9th of April that we arrived in Baltimore. The next morning after my arrival I obtained work at the highest rate of wages.

In the month of November I went to visit my sister—the one who had married Mr. Daniel—in Orange County, Virginia. I also visited some of my cousins and uncles in Augusta and Rockingham counties, and worked a short time at my trade in Charlottesville.

In the spring of 1817 I returned to Baltimore, where I worked a short time at my trade. At that time Mr. Joseph Glasscock and myself undertook and went to build a fine house for Wm. C. Mitchell near the mouth of the Rappahanock River, in Lancaster County, Virginia. Here I labored very hard; we got the house enclosed and a great deal of the inside work done, when, in the month of August, I was violently attacked with a disease of a complicated form which developed into third-day ague and fever. I was advised by my physician to go to the mountains where my relations lived, if I wished to regain my health. I accordingly brought my business to a close at a great sacrifice to my pecuniary interest,

and in the month of October, 1817, I was accompanied by Dr. Lemoine, Colonel Ball and Mr. Mitchell, who took some men and a boat and put me on board a schooner bound for Fredericksburg, Virginia, situated at the head of the tidewater (and navigation) on the Rappahanock River, where I arrived safely on the evening of the second day. Some incidents on this voyage took place that have ever since caused me to believe that the captain and mate of the vessel (who were brothers) formed a design to take my life, believing, as I supposed, that I had a great deal of money, but, by my decisive and prompt action, their design was baffled. When I arrived at the inn kept by Mr. Young, after refreshing myself, I related the whole matter to my host. He thought their conduct very suspicious, but did not think that they had carried matters far enough to convict them of an actual attempt to take my life. Mr. Young said we would keep the matter to ourselves and he would keep a lookout for them, and report to me if anything occurred that he could have knowledge of; that they were bad men, and that the circumstances of my affair could be brought in as corroborating testimony of their guilt.

I stayed part of two days and one night with Mr. Young, and, although my health had been much injured by my recent anxiety and fatigue, I hired a horse and gig and a man to take me out a distance of 35 miles to the home of my sister in Orange County—the one who had married Mr. Daniel. I did not get there the first day and not until ten o'clock in the morning of the following day. I found them all well and glad to see me. I made a stay of three weeks at my sister's, and my health mended very much. But I still had an ague every third day, but not so severely but what I could go about after a few hours.

About the first of November, 1817, I went to Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Virginia, the proposed site, at that time, of the Central College. But before the erection of the college buildings had begun, the Legislature of Virginia changed it into the University, and applied the literary fund to its endowment and the erection of its buildings, which were on a very large scale. I was employed until 1820 in the erection of these buildings. The first year of my labor on the university was very arduous, for I did not get clear of the ague until the latter part of the August following.

I will now take a brief view of some of the religious notions of my father and mother. They belonged to no religious sect. They believed that the Scriptures were mainly true, but that there was no sect that followed the pattern of the Scriptures. They believed nothing of baptism but immersion. But they had most of their children sprinkled in infancy, because of the established church of the vicinity. My own religious bias was in favor of the Baptists, and my investigations of the religious opinions of the sect, and all

my reading of the Scriptures, were undertaken with a view of strengthening myself in my religious bias. I had early serious religious impressions, beginning at eleven years old, and onwards up to this time, when I partially came to the conclusion that I was a reprobate and consequently could not be saved. About this time I grew careless about religious matters, rather trying to make myself out an infidel, which I could not fairly make out, but finally settled down in a belief in universal salvation, in grades according to men's works.

In the fall of 1819 and winter of the same year I visited my mother and relatives in Kentucky. I brought my youngest sister, Ann, back with me and left her with my sister in Orange County. I made provision for my mother's comfort before I left Kentucky.

About this time I had advanced to the highest degree in ancient Free Masonry. I never took the delight in the institution that some seemed to take. My impressions were that it was corrupt, not carrying out in practice its professions. In fine, I believed it was like the religious sects then extant, corrupt in proportion to the wickedness and corruptions of the great mass of people all over the world.

[Gap in manuscript.]

At a blessing meeting held at the house of Joseph Smith, Sr., in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, the 4th day of July, 1840, the following blessing was given by the Spirit, and pronounced by Joseph Smith, Sr., Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, upon the head of George Miller, son of John and Margaret, born on the 25th day of November, 1794, in Orange County, Virginia:

"Brother Miller, in the name of the Redeemer of the world, the Holy One of Israel, I lay my hands upon thy head, by the power of the Holy Priesthood, as a Father in Israel, to bless thee, and I bless thee with a Father's blessing, and I say unto thee, thou art of the household of faith, and heir to all spiritual blessings of thy fathers, even Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and this blessing shall be upon thy posterity after thee, and thou shalt be a Patriarch in thy family. I pray that thy latter days may be thy best days, for thou hast seen much affliction, and hast been tempted and tried, but the Lord has delivered thee out of all thy troubles. Thou hast had a desire to do good, and to serve God, but didst not know the way, and hast joined thyself to a harlot, but the Lord has now opened thy eyes, that thou canst see, and discern between those that serve God, and those that serve Him not. Thou art of the blood of Joseph, and confirmed in his covenant, even in Ephraim, and if thou art faithful thou mayst become mighty, and be one of the horns of Joseph, to push the people together. Thy name is written on high, and registered in the Lamb's Book of Life, and numbered with the blessed of Abraham's posterity; thy tongue shall be loosed, and thou

shalt be able to confound all gainsayers, and thou shalt go forth even to the ends of the earth, and proclaim the gospel with power; thou mayst convert many of thy former faith; multitudes will gather round thee, and be astonished at thy doctrine, and thou shalt be esteemed as an angel, and the glory of God shall be manifested in thee; thy face shall shine as the face of Moses of old, and thou shalt have great power; therefore, be faithful and live to God, for great things await thee and mighty things are before thee. Thy heart is right in the sight of God, for thou desirest to do his will, and if thou shouldst step aside it is not intentionally, but for want of wisdom. Thou shalt have the riches of the land as well as the riches of Eternity. Thou shall see the Nephites, that remain in the flesh. The heavens shall be opened and thou shalt behold great things and the veil shall be rent, and thou shalt be permitted to look within the veil and behold that which thou wilt not be able to utter; thy life shall be long; thou mayst tarry until the winding up scene, and then be numbered with the hundred-and-forty-and-four-thousand that stand upon Mount Zion; thou shalt have many blessings, that I cannot speak at this time; the lame shall leap as an hart, the blind shall see, the deaf hear, and the poor rejoice in the Holy One of Israel through thy instrumentality; thou shalt be useful, and shalt bring in thy thousands, through thy ministry, and great things shall appear to thee, and marvelous things be done at thy command, for thou art of the blood of Ephraim; thou art a pure Ephragnite, and thou shalt have power over sickness, and death, and the power of the Holy Ghost shall rest upon thee. If thou art faithful, not one of the least of these promises shall fail, for I seal them by the power of the Priesthood, by my office in the name of Jesus Christ, and seal thee against the power of the destroyer, against the devil and all evil spirits, and every abomination and wickedness, and I seal thee up to Eternal life, in the Celestial Glory of God. Even so. Amen.

JOSEPH SMITH, SR.,

"Patriarch of the Church."¹

On Thursday, the 13th day of October, 1842, I had an evening meeting at the court house, which was attended by the members of the ban and a great many of the citizens. I think much prejudice was broken down and I was courteously treated by all. On the Tuesday night following, I had another meeting and made a favorable impression, especially on Mr. Charles Seidel, who is going to locate in Nauvoo as a merchant. I had daily combats with one or another, refuting the slanders against the Church of Christ and its official members, and exposing the errors of sectarian religion.

1. This document is not in the writing of Bishop Miller.

On the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th of October, I was kept in great suspense awaiting the arrival of our boats, and on the last named day, my wife having recovered her health measurably, I left on a raft, or rather rafts, from the St. Croix Mills, with the object of getting intelligence as to our boat, which I expected to meet daily. The raft's crew consisted of some thirty-four or -five men, rather rough characters, although among them were some men of intelligence, all being highly prejudiced. I was necessarily compelled to defend the truth, and made such a favorable impression on the minds of those men that during the eight days I was with them they treated me with the respect and kindness of a brother, and on Wednesday, the 2nd day of November, when I met the boat, they parted with me with seeming regret. This day I found on board our boat Brother Henry W. Miller and family, Sister Gaylord and family, Hiram Mikesel and family, my son Joshua, Brother Henry Thompson, Octavus Pawkit, and Thomas Jenkins. After the salutations caused by our meeting were over, we prosecuted our journey and encamped a short distance below the village of Fulton, Illinois.

November 3rd: We made an early start, traveled about sixteen miles, and encamped on an island four miles below Savannah.

Friday, November 4th: We made an early start—came about fifteen miles, and took up our camp for the night below the village of Beloit.

Saturday, November 5th: This day we had a strong head of wind with cold rain, but made near fifteen miles on our journey. We took up our camp for the night seventeen miles below Dubuque.

Sunday, November 6th: This morning we had a good sailing wind. We reached Dubuque about one o'clock P. M. We were detained getting on board supplies of provisions, etc., to serve our company through the winter, during which time the wind veered so that we could sail no further, and were compelled to cross the river to get a safe harbor for the night. We made about two miles further, and reached a harbor after dark, and took up camp for the night.

Monday, November 7th: Made an early start—had a strong head wind to contend with, and cold rain—made ten miles on our journey, and encamped at Parson's Landing.

Tuesday, November 8th: We had a strong head wind this morning, together with snow. Bought some potatoes and got them on board. In consequence of the bad weather it was thought by some of our hands impracticable to travel, but we finally agreed on a start about nine o'clock; we had some difficulty by reason of getting fast on a rock. Some of us got into the water about four feet

deep to help get the boat off. The shore on which we towed the boat was rough and stony—the precipices in many places jutting into the river so that we were obliged to wade in the water near mid-depth. We came about four miles on this day and encamped in the afternoon for the night.

Wednesday, November 9th: Had a strong head wind with a little snow. Made an early start; contended against the elements all day; made eleven miles on our journey and encamped for the night about four miles below Cassoille.

Thursday, November 10th: Had as usual a strong head wind; traveled about eight miles this day with much labor.

Friday, November 11th: We still had a strong, cold head wind. Contended strongly against the elements all day. Encamped for the night about twelve miles below Prairie Du Chien.

Saturday, November 12th: Brother Henry Miller started before daylight for the Prairie on foot to get my family and other things ready by the time we should reach there. We started early; after we had traveled a few miles a fair wind blew up. We set sail and reached the Prairie a little after noon. Got my family on board and prosecuted our journey about three miles further. The wind ceased and we took up encampment for the night. During the last night the wind blew up favorably. We, however, did not take advantage of it, as so many of the men needed rest.

Sunday, November 13th: We spread our canvas to the breeze bright and early, having all day a favoring gale. We made this day about thirty-three miles,—encamped for the night near Chapala Bluff—took up camp on an island on the Wisconsin side of the river, not thinking it safe to sail at night. Snow fell during the night about an inch deep.

Monday, November 14th: We started early—the wind blowing hard, but not favorably for sailing up stream. We sailed, towed and poled alternately, as the circumstances compelled us, until about noon, just below Winnashuk, when the wind determined fairly in the north, blowing a gale, bleak and cold. Here we came to a halt, the water being too deep to pole, and the bank too brushy and steep to tow. Here we met Mr. Anderson and others from Black River going to Prairie Du Chien. We heard from our friends there, which very much comforted us, hearing that they were in health and had food to sustain them. We, however, got on about three or four miles further by extreme exertion. Encamped for the night on an island, snow falling some two inches during the night.

Tuesday, November 15th: We started early, used every effort possible during the day, and encamped on an island about eleven miles below Prairie La Crosse.

Wednesday, November 16th: We started from our encampment in the midst of a snowfall, but it soon ceased partially. This day we exerted all our physical powers against the wind, snow and deep water with rough banks. Gained about three miles and encamped on the head of an island. The snow continued to fall all night.

Thursday, November 17th: We found the snow floating so thick in the river that it was impossible to prosecute our journey by means of water transportation; therefore, we thought it best to gain a landing on the mainland on the Wisconsin side, which we did, as we supposed, by noon, about seven miles below Prairie La Crosse, near the mouth of Black River. During the remainder of this day we made a harbor for our boat and pitched our tents,—clearing away the snow and making ourselves as comfortable as possible under existing circumstances.

Friday, November 18th: The snow continued to fall during the past night and through this day. Consequently we remained in our quarters, consulting upon measures to be adopted to get ourselves and effects to our place of destination. Upon my proposing to make sleds and to send two men up to the mills for four or five yoke of oxen to haul us and our household effects up, some sparring took place between Brother Henry Miller and myself, he assuming a dictatorial air, treating my opinion with great contempt, assuming to himself the whole authority of directing the operations of the expedition according to the counsel of his own will. He stated that he had received instructions from the Temple Committee to let me have no control or direction in the matters of the expedition whatever, as they would hold him alone responsible, and that I had no right to direct or advise any of the operations of the expedition; that my duties were to make examinations of the country and report to the authorities of the church. I told him I had at least a right to be heard in counsel in the direction of the affairs so far as the Nauvoo House Association was concerned, and would claim the right of a voice in the control of its affairs. He said he was willing to hear the opinions of others, but would do as he pleased, unless the opinions of others agreed with his. I rebuked him for the spirit he evidenced, and expressed my feelings that I was willing to hear the opinions of all and act upon our united wisdom.

Saturday, November 19th: Octavus Pawkit, Brother Henry Miller and myself went up to Prairie La Crosse. The snow was about eighteen inches deep, and we discovered that we were not on the mainland as we supposed, but separated by a small slough, which we crossed on the ice. We saw Mr. Miller of the firm of Miller & Merrick, and learned that we could get storage with them for our provisions, etc. The others of our company were engaged in preparing to make sleds as agreed upon and had got a pair of runners

started for the mills, reaching them about ten o'clock, and found our friends well. This day we finished a sled that was in the making, and sent up the river five miles for the oxen and some meal to feed them on our journey.

Thursday, November 24th: We got our oxen, five yoke, to the sled about noon. Brother Pawkit having injured his knee, it was not thought advisable for him to go with the teams. While I went down to Mr. Douglas' on foot, Brothers Reuben Oaks and Mecham Curtis went with the teams to get hay for our journey, and, while they were on their way, they met with an accident to their sled, and consequently lay out without fire, but reached the home of Mr. Douglas a little after breakfast, having received no material injury from their exposure to the night air. I had much uneasiness on their account.

Friday, November 25th: We left the house of the Messrs. Douglas, with the elder Mr. Douglas for a pilot. We traveled seven miles to a cabin at the mouth of Tryans Run, where they were building a mill. Here we were also hospitably entertained.

Saturday, November 26th: We made an early start—crossed Black River on the ice—got within fourteen miles of Prairie La Crosse and took up camp for the night. This night was intensely cold and we suffered very much, especially Mr. Douglas.

Sunday, November 27th: We made an early start—had a little difficulty in crossing two creeks. We reached Miller & Merrick's about dark, where we were kindly entertained, and learned that the company with the boat had got the boat about a mile further up the river to a trading house, where they had stored, or arranged to store, our provisions, excepting seven barrels of flour and pork, which they had hand-sledded to Miller & Merrick's on the ice. The river being closed, they had also hand-sledded our household effects to the mainland above the mouth of the slough, three and one-half miles below Miller & Merrick's, where they had encamped, Brother Gaylord and family to take care of them.

Monday, November 28th: We went down to the camp before breakfast, but I myself also went down to the trading house where the remainder of our company had quartered, and ascertained that they had only had time to finish the one sled that was on hand when I left them to go after the teams. The company divided their labor—some were put to making a sled, and others to hand-sledding the families and their beds up to the camp. The traders very kindly assisted us, as well as extending other hospitalities towards us, without making a charge. I was exonerated from labor this day in consequence of my having walked all the way up to the mills and back again, breasting, as it were, the snow, finding it necessary to walk before the oxen in order to make the cattle manageable to the drivers.

I, therefore, changed my raiment and returned thanks in my heart to God, our Heavenly Father, for the strength He had given me for the performance of the labors I had just passed through.

Tuesday, November 29th: During the last night the snowstorm almost overwhelmed us, still continuing to fall all day. About noon we put all the families in a large covered wagon box, which we brought down from the mills, and on the three remaining sleds put all our household goods, and set out through the snowstorm. We traveled about seven miles and encamped about dark at a large spring, where we had water for ourselves and cattle, five of us having walked all this day before the cattle in order to break the road.

Wednesday, November 30th: The snow continued falling all night, making it this morning two feet deep where it was not drifted. We were out of hay, and so Mr. Douglas, Brothers Henry Miller, Thompson, Curtis, Gaylord and Jenkins went back one and one-half miles to Miller & Merrick's hay stacks, and brought up great back-loads of hay, while the others prepared for a start. When they arrived with the hay we set out on our journey. There being no traces of the track visible, five of us walked ahead, breaking the way, to enable the oxen to get on with the sleds, and it was with the most intense labor that we traveled about four miles and encamped on the bank of a small lake. One of the sleds which was brought up at night having broken and turned over, we held a council and decided to leave one of our sleds and nearly half of our goods. Brother Gaylord and family volunteered to stay and take care of them until we could return for them.

Thursday, December 1st, 1842: We put all our oxen to two sleds, leaving Brother Gaylord and family in the camp to take care of our goods, and set out breaking the road. We had to make a bridge over the creek, which we accomplished, and got the two ox sleds over safely. Brother Miller and Mr. Douglas remained to mind the horse sled that was broken the evening before. We traveled about six miles with much difficulty and pitched our tent for the night. Being short of hay, we cut brouse for the cattle. In a short time the horse sled came up.

Friday, December 2nd: We started early, going ahead as usual to break the road. We crossed a mountain, and, having left some hay on our way down, about a mile off our route, where we intended to cross a creek, we sent Brother Curtis to look after the hay and the rest of us made camp, and looked for a place to cross the creek in the morning. By the time that Brother Curtis returned we ascertained that we should have two creeks to cross.

Saturday, December 3rd: We made a daybreak start, crossed the creeks safely, and after crossing a mountain we found the snow only about fifteen inches deep, which was a great relief to both men and

oxen. Our old track also became visible, and both men and oxen seemed to cheer up. We reached the cabin of Mr. Douglas at the mouth of Tryan's Run about noon. Here we got the assistance of the younger Mr. Douglas, with a sled and two yoke of oxen, and reached the hospitable roof of Messrs. Douglas about dark, where we were kindly entertained, having a good supper which they had prepared and which was indeed a great treat to us.

Sunday, December 4th: The elder Mr. Douglas, who had been with us through our troubles, was taken ill during the night, but most energetically insisted on going through with us to our mills. Brother Thompson and myself left by daylight to get to our mills in time to prepare a good dinner by the time the teams should get up with the families, which was about two o'clock.

Monday, December 5th: This day we prepared our cabins for the families.

Tuesday, December 6th: I took up a new trade—that of shoe-making, in order to fit out the men who are to return with the teams to bring up Brother Gaylord and family and the household effects left with him. I worked nearly all night.

Wednesday, December 7th: Early this morning Brothers Henry Miller, Reuben Oaks and Robert Egbert left with two sleds and five yoke of oxen to bring up the rear.

Thursday, December 8th: Most of the men went up to a shanty five miles up the river to cut logs. Those who did not go up the river, excepting Hiram Mikesel, who has a boil on his breast, are engaged in cutting coal and getting wood. Brother Abram Monseer and myself are closely engaged in making clothes and shoes for the men and mending boots.

Friday and Saturday, December 9th and 10th: We continued our several employments, Brother Monseer and myself working the greater portion of every night for the purpose of getting our company clothed and shod.

Sunday, December 11th: All of those who were not down with the teams assembled together and had a comfortable meeting, enjoying a good degree of the Spirit during our exercises, and having our strength renewed.

Monday, December 12th: We all continued as before in our several employments. This evening, quite unexpectedly, the teams returned with Brother Gaylord and family and our effects. All were well, to our great joy and satisfaction.

Tuesday, December 13th: We continued our several employments. All those coming up with the teams helped with the labor, except Brother Henry Miller, who is making himself some bedsteads.

Wednesday, December 14th: This day I was engaged in writing

up this memorandum and all the others. I will here remark that the women folk of our company have been as busily engaged as any of us, in making, washing and mending the clothes for the men, whom we found very bare of clothing on our arrival here. No one ate idle bread. At seven o'clock P. M. I began to work at night as usual at shoe-making for those in need of shoes.

Thursday, December 15th: We were all engaged as before during the day.

Friday and Saturday, December 16th and 17th: We were likewise engaged.

Sunday, December 18th: We held a meeting today. All those who were cutting saw-logs up the river came in last evening to attend. Brother Henry Miller spoke for two hours, and I made some remarks in conclusion. Two or three of our neighbors came in during the service.

Monday, December 19th: Nine of us, including Brothers Henry Miller, Cunningham, Pawkit, Thompson, Gaylord, Adams, Monseer and Thorn, went up to Spaulding's Mills at the falls of Black River. The residue of our company were engaged in setting a coal kiln and banking logs at our upper shanty. Those of us who went up to the falls arrived at Mr. Spaulding's mills early in the afternoon. We made some examinations of the premises and held a council in regard to making a bargain with Mr. Spaulding for half of his mills, as before agreed upon.

Tuesday, December 20th: We looked at the machinery and the surrounding country and came to the house in the evening to make out the writings, but, because of a misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Spaulding, the negotiation was broken off.

Wednesday, December 21st: Early this morning part of our company returned to assist those who remained below in their labors. Brothers Miller, Gaylord, Pawkit, Thompson, Cunningham and myself went up to McClean's Falls to examine them preparatory to building our mills on them. Mr. Spaulding, finding out that we would not be trifled with, made further overtures to sell us half the mills at the falls, but we plainly told him that we had no further proposals to make, but would return in the evening, and that, if he acceded to them, we would then draw up the necessary writings. We went up to McClean's Falls—found an excellent site for a mill, and came to the conclusion to build forthwith if Spaulding did not agree to our proposal. On our return he made us a proposal, during the evening, to sell the whole mills, but did not state the price.

Thursday, December 22nd: We arose early and Mr. Spaulding made a definite proposal. We struck a bargain with him and made

the writings. We left for home about one o'clock and arrived there after dark, say six o'clock. This night was intensely cold.

Friday, December 23rd: This morning the thermometer, at sunrise, was 24 degrees below zero; during the latter part of the night some one of the company, who examined the thermometer, stated that it was as low as 28 degrees below zero. This day we were preparing to move up to the falls, gathering our effects from the shanties above.

Saturday, December 24th: This day is more pleasant than yesterday, the weather still gradually moderating. We are all busy preparing for Christmas and getting ready to move up to the mills at the falls.

Sunday, December 25th: This day we were all together, and had our exercises, greatly to our edification. Some of our neighbors came in during our service, behaved themselves respectfully and found no fault.

Monday, December 26th: Some 16 or 17 of the men, residents of this country, came in for the purpose of eating a Christmas dinner with us, which we had previously prepared to give to all who would call on us. We had an excellent dinner. Our guests seemed to be much pleased with the entertainment. They all seemed to venerate us, expressing the kindest feelings toward us.

Tuesday, December 27th: This day we held a council and determined to send Brother Elijah Cunningham to Nauvoo for twenty additional men to assist us in our labors. We partly loaded our sleds preparatory to moving on the morrow. This day was mild and beautiful—thawing all day.

Wednesday, December 28th: At some time in the night snow began to fall. We, however, made an early start for the falls, all except Brother Cunningham, who started for Nauvoo, and Mr. Curtis, who started with a horse and train to Prairie La Crosse to bring up flour, and Brother Gaylord and family, who remained to take care of our place and stock, and Brother Thomas Jenkins, who remained to finish burning a coal kiln. The snow continued falling all day, and we had to travel on the ice with three sleds. One of the teams broke through the ice, but we got them loose from the sled and pulled the sled back without breaking in. We then got the oxen out without injury. We then continued on our journey through the snow-storm about ten miles to Messrs. Wood and Morrison's shanty—they kindly entertained us for the night. Six of our men not having room in the shanty, went two and one-half miles further up the river to Mr. O'Neal's.

Thursday, December 29th: The snow had fallen during the past day and night about eight inches. We made a daybreak start, left the ice at Mr. O'Neal's, and went overland to our mills at the falls.

We arrived here about noon, cooked and ate our breakfast, and commenced repairing our shanties for the families, and the stables for the cattle.

Friday, December 30th: We were all busily engaged as yesterday, except Brothers Egbert and Oaks, who went back with the teams to bring up more of our effects. This day Brother Curtis returned the horse because it was refractory and refused to work.

Saturday, December 31st: We continued fitting up and getting saw logs preparatory to running the mill, which we are to get possession of next Monday morning, together with three yoke of oxen, hay, oats, potatoes, etc.

Sunday, January 1st, 1843: This day we had previously set apart for fasting and prayer and for returning thanks for the manifold blessings received since we left Nauvoo, but many of the inhabitants came in from Black River, expecting to hear preaching, and we then changed our plans. Brother Henry Miller spoke on the first principles of the Gospel, in the forenoon, and the afternoon we spent as before contemplated.

Monday, January 2nd: This day we sent Brother Meacham Curtis to make timber claims, as we discovered a disposition in the people to make claims with a view to speculate at our expense. The rest of us were engaged in various employments, cutting and hauling saw logs, hay, etc., sawing and preparing places to pile lumber and also repairing the stables. The cold is increasing, the thermometer ranging at, and below, zero.

Tuesday, January 3rd: This morning the mercury is at 22 degrees below zero. All of us were engaged as before. The pitman of our saw mill broke today.

Wednesday, January 4th: I proposed to make a move to get all the logs that we could with part of the hands to stock the mills, and four or five of us set to work and put the two mills that have been sawing in thorough repair, they having been so badly constructed, in the application of water, that they had never paid the expense of running them. We also proposed to complete the third mill, which was already in a state of forwardness, but Brother Henry Miller opposed me so arbitrarily that I gave way. Nevertheless, Brother Pawkit and I began to get timber to complete the mill partly erected. The others were engaged as yesterday, except one man, who started on a new pitman for the mill. Weather moderating.

Thursday, January 5th: This day we were severally engaged as yesterday. Two men, however, worked on the pitman and got it in, but the mill would scarcely saw at all. We had Mr. Avery commence work with us today. Brother Abraham Monseer and myself are engaged of evenings tailoring and shoe-making. It does not freeze at all today.

Friday, January 6th: This day grew a little colder. We were engaged as before, except four of us, who are at work in putting all three mills in thorough repair. We also keep one man sawing.

Saturday, January 7th: We are engaged in the same work as yesterday. The mercury stands below zero.

Sunday, January 8th: The mercury this morning was 22 degrees below zero, but gradually moderated during the day. Several of the neighbors came in and also two Indian traders, and requested to hear our religious tenets. I asked several of our elders to preach, but they declined, intimating a desire that I should speak, which I accordingly did. Those who came to hear seemed to be well satisfied, having no objections to raise.

Monday, January 9th: This day the weather is quite moderate. We sent three sleds to our hay meadow, eight miles below here; one of them went to the lower mills to bring up some of our effects. This evening we sold our lower mills to Mr. Spaulding. Two of the sleds returned about dark.

Tuesday, January 10th: I drew the writings in regard to the sale we made yesterday. This morning some of us made preparations to send up a team and five or six men to McClean's Falls to cut and bank logs, the weather being very pleasant. The remaining teams returned.

Wednesday, January 11th: A light snow fell last night. Our teams went up to McClean's Falls with the hay and to take up the tools, etc., for the men to work with.

Thursday, January 12th: The mercury stood at 22 degrees below zero, but moderated during the day. Our teams returned from McClean's Falls and we prepared to move Mr. Spaulding down, and to bring Brother Gaylord and the remaining effects from the lower mills.

Friday, January 13th: A pleasant day. We sent our teams to the lower mills with Mr. Spaulding and his household goods. Those of us who are not otherwise engaged are at work on the mills.

Saturday, January 14th: A pleasant day. Our teams returned, bringing Brother Gaylord, his family and effects. All were glad to see them, as they are greatly devoted to the upbuilding of the cause.

Sunday, January 15th: This is another pleasant day.

Monday, January 16th: A cloudy, gloomy day—temperature 42 degrees. We sent two teams down the river to our hay meadow to sled up some hay on the ice, for fear lest the ice should get bad, as appearances indicate a thaw. The sleds returned after dark.

Tuesday, January 17th: The weather continued soft. We intended to have sent the hay brought up yesterday to McClean's Falls, but the ice became so rotten that it was impracticable. We therefore moved the hay and let our teams rest, as they are much reduced in

consequence of the constant hard usage and through our not having grain to feed them. The Indian traders with whom we stored our provisions came up this evening with trains and went on up to the forks to trade with the Indians.

Wednesday, January 18th: This is a warm, cloudy day, with occasional light rain or mist. The teamsters assisted about the mills.

Thursday, January 19th: The weather continued as yesterday and the men were severally employed as before.

Friday, January 20th: This was a rainy day, and we continued our several employments.

Saturday, January 21st: This morning was clear, but warm, with some wind; it, however, soon clouded over and became a little cooler. We all worked on the tail race, which had become filled with stones falling in by the abrasion of the water, and also put the flutter wheel of our new mill into its place.

Sunday, January 22nd: This morning was cloudy again.

Monday, January 23rd: The sun rose on us this morning in all his splendor, the mercury standing at 32. Yesterday the head-gate gave way, letting the water in on the works of our new mill, the river having risen over two feet. We fixed in a temporary head-gate and partially repaired the water-gate, which was badly made and out of repair. We put one team and sled to hauling logs, and started the small mill to sawing. This has been frozen up ever since we bought the mills. We find it a poor concern, but will, however, run it until we get time to overhaul it. Two hands are engaged in piling lumber and working on the railroad. The weather continued clear and warm.

Tuesday, January 24th: Another clear day. Brother Pawkit came down from McClean's Falls, having injured a cross-cut saw by falling a tree on it. He came down to have it repaired. He informed us that the team at McClean's Falls had run out of hay, and that the ice on the river, where it has not broken up, is not sufficient to bear the oxen, they being on the opposite side from, and 10 miles above, our house, and that there was no road by which we might haul hay to them at the falls. We shall, therefore, have to bring them down and swim them across at the falls to the side of the hay, until we can do better.

Wednesday, January 25th: A pleasant, clear day.

Thursday, January 26th: This morning we found a great change in the weather, rain and hail falling, accompanied by wind. Consequently we thought it most prudent to keep our oxen stabled, and not expose them to the weather. Light snow continued to fall all day.

Friday, January 27th: Snow kept lightly falling all day. Our teams hauled hay, assisted by the team that returned from McClean's Falls, as our meadows are about a mile off, and we feared there

might be a deep snow and thought that we should get the hay beforehand.

Saturday, January 28th: It cleared off during the night and we had another very pleasant day. Our men up at McClean's Falls have consumed the pork and potatoes they took with them—so we are informed by those who came down this evening.

Sunday, January 29th: A very pleasant, clear day. Six or seven of us took a walk northwest from the mills with a view of seeing the face of the country. There being but little snow, the walking was good. We therefore rambled about five miles—found the face of the country broken, with the exception of coves and valleys of excellent farming land. On our return we passed a plain or barrens of one thousand or fifteen hundred acres, of rather a thin quality of land, only part of it being susceptible of advantageous cultivation. It would probably sustain a population of twelve or fifteen thousand.

Monday, January 30th: This morning is cloudy, it having snowed a little during the night. Snow fell occasionally all day. We sent a supply of provisions to our men at McClean's Falls.

Tuesday, January 31st: The wind this morning is blowing from the north and, although it is much colder than yesterday, some snow is falling. The cold and wind increased all day, with snow, making it the most disagreeable day we have had this winter.

Wednesday, February 1st: This morning is clear and cold, the mercury standing at, or about, zero all day.

Thursday, February 2nd: This morning light snow was falling, which continued until about noon, when the clouds dispersed and the remainder of the day was clear and pleasant. Part of the men began repairing the dam of the small mill, which was erected over a brook and was so injured by the winter frost that it became necessary to make many repairs on it before letting the water in from the river, which we are nearly ready to do, it being necessary to keep up a head, the brook not being sufficient.

[Gap here from 1843 to 1846.]

1846

After many plans had been proposed for the sake of order in traveling, finally, on the 6th day of February, 1846, as many families started west for California as could conveniently ferry their wagons and effects over the Mississippi River, and I amongst others. We went eight miles out into Iowa and camped on a stream called Sugar Creek, orders having been issued by Brigham Young for all hands, that could be ready to start west, to be moving. We remained in this camp until the 4th day of March, when orders were again issued to move forward. We went on sixteen miles further and camped between Farmington and Bonaparte on the Des Moines River. While

we were camped on Sugar Creek there was hardly a night without a council, and quite as many changes of plans as councils. At one of these councils (which were usually held at night) Howard Eagan came to my tent and called me aside for a private talk. He asked me if I was going to cross the bridge to the council tent that night. I told him I was. He then told me that he had a private matter to communicate, and did not want me to tell who had informed me, that orders had been issued by Hosea Stout to all the sentinels that if I crossed the bridge they were to kill me and throw me over the railing into the creek. I immediately started to the council, and the sentinel on the bridge hailed me. I told him that I was the person that he had orders to kill and throw into the creek. At the instant, setting my foot forward and taking him by the arms, I threw him his length on the floor of the bridge. Then, passing on into the council tent, I demanded of Brigham Young what kind of order had been given the guard to kill me and have me thrown over the bridge into Sugar Creek. He said he did not know that any such order had been given. We had Stout and some of the guards sent for. They appeared before the council, and upon examination stated that Stout had given the order to kill me. Stout said that, on mustering and changing the guard, he had, by way of a joke, said to the guard, "Let all those who pass the bridge to council go unmolested, except Bishop Miller; kill him and throw him over the bridge." He supposed all had understood it as an idle joke, as he had spoken at his usual tone of voice, and in a public way. The guards said they did not know whether Stout had been joking or not, but could not think he was in earnest. It seemed to them a very strange order. They were inclined to think he was joking.

We had repeated delays, from causes that I could not understand. One day orders would be issued to go ahead, and the next day orders would be issued to stop and lie by in camp. On one particular occasion, the two brothers, O. and P. P. Pratt, and a company of others and myself, had gone on ahead about eight miles, where we lay in camp a day or so, awaiting the coming up of Young, Kimball and Richards, as they had already assumed supreme authority, when a messenger arrived with orders from Brigham to return forthwith to their camps and give an account of ourselves, or they would cut us off from the church for disobedience. We got on our horses and rode back. I remonstrated at their high-handed measure. They said they had sent for us to have us in their council. And in like manner our time was consumed, without our making much progress on our journey, and it was not until the 13th day of June that we arrived at Council Bluffs, a distance of two hundred and seventy-five miles from the city of Nauvoo, by my computation.

Here another round of delay took place, and it was not until the 6th of July that we crossed the Missouri River, and only a minor

part of the camp at that. About this time a deputation of officers came up from Fort Leavenworth, with orders from General Kearny that we could not be permitted to leave the United States with the bad feelings we entertained against the general government, and go to California, unless we furnished a battalion of soldiers to operate with the United States against Mexico in the present war; and, if we refused compliance, we were to be forthwith dispersed in the States. Brigham called a council; I did not attend. The result of their deliberations was that they should enlist a battalion for one year's term of service, the men to be then mustered out of service, with permission to retain their arms, and they stipulated that such mustering out of service should take place at San Francisco. About this time the Sioux Indians attacked the Pawnee Loup Indian Village, and burned and sacked it, the Pawnees being on their summer hunt, and no one being at the village but the missionaries, farmers, etc. They took alarm and sent a dispatch to the Bluffs for teams to bring them and their effects down to the Bluffs. I made a bargain with them to haul them and their effects down, and forthwith started (the distance being 120 miles), with thirty-two wagons, and the families thereto belonging, intending to unload the wagons and camp out, and let the teams return with the missionaries to the Bluffs.

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We started on this expedition on the 9th day of July, and on the 18th we arrived at the mission station. On the 22nd of July, we sent them to Council Bluffs. We received in payment for hauling the effects of the missionaries their standing crop of wheat, oats and garden vegetables, together with a lot of old corn, which was all better for us than money. While the teams were gone with the missionaries' goods, we harvested and threshed our grain, shelled the corn and sacked it, all ready for a move on the return of our teams. One morning, before the dew dried off so that we could proceed to threshing, we saw persons walking in the distance, and, by the aid of a glass, distinctly ascertained that the objects were eight Indians approaching. They came up without any hesitancy, and when I interrogated them through James Emmit, who acted as interpreter, we ascertained that they consisted of the principal chief of the Ponca Indians and seven chiefs or braves, who had come to offer assurances of peace to the Pawnees, lest they might think that the Poncas had taken part in the burning and sacking of the Pawnee village. We pitched a tent for them, and extended our hospitality toward them.

On the return of our wagons from the Bluffs, a large number of wagons came up from the Bluffs, which increased our whole number to two hundred and four, and persons to six hundred, with written orders from Brigham Young to start forthwith for California. I had sent men to the Bluffs to bring up two cannon, six pounders,

that had not yet returned, but, nevertheless, I began crossing the River Platte, as our road lay on the south side of the Loup Fork, on which we were then camped. On the 8th of August, our men that we had sent for the cannon got back, bringing another letter from Brigham Young directing me to stop short where I was; to organize a high council of twelve, and preside over them in their deliberations,—the said council to manage all matters relating to my camp, as it was called, both spiritual and temporal,—and bidding us go into winter quarters, some at the place where we then were, and the others at Grand Island on the South Platte.

Our Ponca Indian chief was yet with us. We informed him of the purport of the orders we had received from our big captain, and he told us that it would not do at all; that our big captain knew nothing about Indian customs: that the Pawnees wintered their horses at Grand Island, and that our immense herd would eat up all the feed before winter would be half gone, and when the Pawnees came in from their summer hunt they would kill all our cattle and drive us away; that it was wholly impracticable to winter in the places designated by our big captain. But he said that if we would go with him to his village on or near the mouth of the Loquocore or Running-water River, there were rushes abundant to winter all our cattle, and to spare; that it was his country and he had the granting of privileges and there was none to object, and he could ride to it on his pony in two days. We held a council in regard to what should be done in our present circumstances, and unanimously agreed to go with the Ponca chief to his village. He had already agreed to act as pilot. We had, in the meantime, recrossed the Platte River, and on the 13th of August started for the Ponca village. We saw and killed a number of buffalo on our route, and, without loss or accident, arrived on the 23rd of August at the Ponca village and found everything truly represented by the Indian chief.

The excitement and surprise were very great in the Ponca camp at our approach. They were riding and running in every direction, twenty or thirty riding toward us. We were no doubt a great curiosity to them—two hundred wagons and a vast herd of cattle. On nearing us they recognized their chief, who spoke to them, and all was calm. The chief was quite sick at this time; however, he called a council of all his chiefs and braves and made a long speech to them, after which he told us the land was before us and we were to build ourselves lodges and feel ourselves at home. We made them some presents and then prepared for setting about making shanties for the winter. The name of this chief is Tea-Nuga-Numpa, signifying, or rather interpreted, "Buffalo-Bulls-Two."

We were now, as we supposed, at home, but very serious results sometimes grow out of very little things. The old chief continued sick and, as part of our wagons were moving up to the place of

our shanties, we passed through the Indian camp, and all the Indians came with a rush, with arms in hand, upon us, threatening destruction, saying that their chief was dying and we must have poisoned him. I ordered a halt and went into the chief's lodge and found him just recovering from a fainting fit. He extended his hand to me and began to speak, saying he was about to die and that his brother would succeed him as principal chief and he must talk to him and the lesser chiefs and cause them to carry out his promises to us. They forthwith assembled around him—it was now getting dark—and the venerable chief began his death-bed talk, which lasted over an hour. He presented me before them, stating that I was his friend and brother, and it was for them to treat me as such. By the time this talk had ended, the darkness was such that we could not travel, and the old chief's brother advised us to camp right where our wagons stood, and sent some of his young men to assist us in camping. The old chief seemed better in the morning, and we all moved up to the place of our shanties. This day the great Tea-Nuga-Numpa died, and the mourning was indeed very great for this truly great man. Their custom for interring their dead is for each mourner to cut up a large sod and lay them in a conical form around the body of the deceased, and the size of the mound is always in proportion to the number of mourners. On this occasion all turned out, from the least to the greatest. Their cries were very great and sore.

All seemed to go on well with us, until the Indians left on their winter's hunt. A short time after they had gone, all of our horses were stolen, with the exception of those belonging to James Emmit. A council was called to deliberate on the course best to be pursued in regard to the stolen horses. Nearly all were in favor of raising men and pursuing the Indians and retaking our horses. I alone opposed the measure, on the ground that the Poncas had most likely taken our horses and that it was not advisable to break friendship with our Ponca friends as we were in their country, and that if they had not taken them, as their chief had promised us protection, they might undertake to recover our horses for us, and that if the brethren would leave the matter to me, I would recover the horses; and in case of failure, if I could not satisfy them, I would be responsible to them for their lost horses. My offer was agreed to, and James Emmit and myself set out to find the Ponca camp. We proceeded up the Loquocore River about one hundred and twenty miles, and came up with them. They manifested great pleasure in seeing us. On approaching the camp we discovered some of our horses running out among the Indian horses. It was but a short time after taking care of the animals we had ridden that we were invited to partake of a feast at the lodge of the principal chiefs, and so on in quick succession until we had eaten four feasts, prepared

at the lodges of the chiefs, and at night we were conducted to the lodge of the principal chief, who (after the usual ceremony of smoking) said that if we had anything to say, we should then talk.

I accordingly began my speech by inquiring how they had succeeded in their hunt. The chief replied that, considering the lack of horses to ride in the chase, they were making a very good hunt, and, if we would send up four wagons, he would load them with meat. I told him that we had nothing but ox teams and they would not be able to make the trip. If we took them from the rushes, they would starve, as they could not eat the cottonwood bark as the horses did. Then I thanked him for his kind offer and told him that I was very sorry that they had not horses sufficient for a successful winter's hunt, but that we were so poor we could not help him or we would gladly do it; that we had but eighteen horses, and I supposed that on account of their great lack of horses his men had taken them, as I had seen the horses among theirs; but for us who were chiefs it would not do to break friendship on account of our men doing wrong; that if I were rich I would give him the horses, but, as I was poor, I could not do it, as they all belonged to my men. I told him further that I knew the Indians could take better care of the horses than we could and I was glad they had them; that they needed them on their hunt, and could return them in the spring in better plight than if we were to keep them ourselves.

At this time the chief arose and smote on his breast, saying his heart was sick, that my tongue was not forked, that I looked good to him, just as I did when he first saw me; that his whole heart was sick to think that his men had taken the horses of so good a man. Then turning to the interpreter he said a few words and then went out, and, in a few minutes, I heard the war-chief going through their camp, among the lodges, making a loud and long harangue. After he had done, a silence prevailed, and the chief, coming up to me, said, "Walk outside." Then, presenting the horses, he said, "They are all here." I told him I did not want the horses, I would lend them to him until spring, and they might then return the horses, or buffalo robes at their option. After this we smoked, and the chief allotted us our lodging for the night. We lay down and had a comfortable night's rest. Next day, after feasting abundantly on the best of fat venison and buffalo meat, and receiving many assurances of good will, we set out on our journey home, loaded with all the meat we could carry.

In the course of the winter we sent down eighteen wagons to Missouri for provisions (a distance of 330 miles), as we were apprehensive that we might be short before we should get in our next year's supply.

I saw daily manifestations of Brigham Young's jealousy and hatred toward me, as indicated by the letters he wrote up to our

camp, to sundry individuals, warning them not to let me prejudice their minds against the authorities of the church. Part of the teams we sent down to Missouri, having stayed longer than I had anticipated, and Brigham Young having sent an express to me to meet them in council at winter quarters, and bring James Emmit with me (as he had also in Joseph Smith's life-time been organized into the council of the fifty Princes of the Kingdom), and not to fail in coming, as important matters were to be taken up in the said council for their deliberation and action, I, at the receiving of the message, thought I should not go. But my son Joshua not having yet returned from Missouri, where he had gone with others to purchase grain, I altered my mind and concluded to go, and, after the counselling should have ended, help my son home to Ponca village. I had been down to winter quarters and returned only a short time before this, and had the journey to perform on foot (a distance of 180 miles), and to go a second time seemed rather a task. However, Emmit and I set off, and hunted and killed our food on the way. The excellencies of this man Emmit as a skilful hunter and pioneer cannot be too highly spoken of; he was perhaps never excelled, even by the renowned Daniel Boone. When we arrived at the winter quarters the council convened, but their deliberations amounted to nothing. However I was not wholly overlooked in their deliberations. Brigham Young, Kimball and Richards proposed that I should come down to winter quarters, bringing with me part of my family, and take my place with Bishop Whitney in managing the fiscal concerns of the Church, and that I should be supported out of the revenues of the Church; which, however, was not done. This council, originally consisting of fifty-three members, of whom some twenty had gone on missions, or were by deaths and other means absent, was now swelled to a great crowd under Brigham's reign. It adjourned Sunday and I proceeded on my way down into Missouri on foot to meet my son. I went one hundred and forty miles before I met him. The weather was intensely cold and my son got his feet badly frost-bitten. When we got to winter quarters (about the 28th of January, 1846), I had presented to me a revelation, given through Brigham Young, in regard to the journeying of the Saints west, and Young intimated to me that a First Presidency would be organized. I was greatly disgusted at the bad composition and folly of this revelation, as also at the intimation that a First Presidency would be organized—so disgusted that I was, from this time, determined to go with them no longer, and to look out a place where I might support my family, and remain until the true Shepherd of God's flock should show himself to lead the Church and the Kingdom of God. The trio, namely, Young, Kimball and Richards, sent up to Ponca village E. T. Benson and others to teach the revelation received by Brigham Young, and assist in bringing

me and part of my family to the winter quarters at Council Bluffs, according to the decree of Brigham Young and his council. I must confess that I was broken down in spirit on account of the usurpation of those arrogant apostles and their oppressive measures.

LETTERS OF GEORGE MILLER

Saint James, June 23, 1855.

Dear Brother:

In accordance with your request, I now proceed to write you a series of letters, narrating some incidents of my life and experiences since I have been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

In the early part of November, 1838, the wolves being unusually destructive to my flock of sheep, to avoid the perplexity of having them daily killed, I resolved in my mind that I would reserve of my flock for family use a sufficiency, and take the residue (amounting to a little over five hundred) into the adjoining state of Missouri—I was then living in McDonough County, Illinois, about five or six miles east by north of the village of Macomb—and there find a market for them. While I was ferrying my sheep over the Mississippi at the town of Quincy, Illinois, I met with a young man on the ferry-boat who had been into the town to get himself armed and equipped for the purpose of entering the Mormon war, as he was pleased to call it. This declaration of the ignorant young man was indeed news to me. I had heard through the medium of the newspapers that a set of religionists had recently sprung up in northeastern Ohio, but had never taken interest enough in the matter to read an entire article, thinking it all humbug.

When I got to Mr. Merrill's, six miles from Quincy, who lived in Marion County, Missouri,—being a Campbellite preacher and tavern-keeper—I put my sheep up for the night and found a crowd collected there and much excitement and confusion prevailing. This was the night of the 8th of November. It is not to be expected that I heard much good said of the Mormons in this clamorous collection of ignorant, enthusiastic beings, and, although I entered into the discussion of every topic, I gained very little knowledge of the causes of the Mormon war, as it was called.

Early the next morning, after my past night's confusion, I put my sheep-drove in motion and made nearly twenty miles on my way west, all the way trying the chances of selling my sheep, but found no buyers on account of the war excitement; there being none but the old superannuated men, females and negroes left at home, and they all excused themselves from buying sheep on the ground of having used all their ready money to arm and equip those who at the

1st Major Miller



Mother of George Miller, the younger



governor's proclamation had responded to the call to drive out every Mormon beyond the limits of the state, or exterminate them.

I stayed the night of this day at the house of an old aristocrat, a native of Virginia (and, of course, of one of the first families), possessed of more pride of family than sound judgment, or general information. I had many warm arguments with him on free religious tolerance and the Mormon war, which, as I now considered it, was nothing more or less than a religious persecution incited by the fear that owing to their increasing numbers they might in a short period give political character to the state, if not nipped in the bud. I became convinced during the arguments against the Mormons by the old egotist (my host) and his disclosures of the cause of the Mormon war, that it was, as I supposed, a religious persecution, an ungodly crusade against an unoffending, innocent people; and I ever after treated it as such, while I remained in Missouri selling my sheep.

I did not return home until the first of December, and before I left the state the war was ended.

On my way home I was detained a week by the ice running in the Mississippi, cutting off the communication between the adjoining states, and, the old preacher Merrill's being the nearest house of entertainment, there was a general resort to this house by all transient men that were waiting to cross the river.

The house was very crowded by men from Kentucky, Iowa and Illinois, all prejudiced more or less against the Mormons, except Judge Holman of Kentucky, who was on his return home from emigrating the Pottawattamie Indians, as principal agent to emigrate them west of the Missouri River.

He informed us that he had gone and returned through the far west, and the firm conviction of his mind was that it was a religious persecution and political jealousy of the growing strength of the Mormons.

Judge Holman and myself had to contend against the crowd, who were headed by our host, Preacher Merrill. Our arguments—or rather quarrels on the part of our opponents—were very bitter; all were more or less excited. Holman was a host to contend with, and bore down all opposition, and we really succeeded in silencing the crowd before the end of our six days' and nights' discussion.

By the time I got home the advance guard of the Mormons expelled from Missouri began to cross the Mississippi River in a poor and apparently distressed condition.

During the course of this winter I found my health very much declining, and was advised by Dr. Wm. F. Barrett, who is now president of the Medical College of Missouri, to suspend all manner of manual labor and take moderate home exercise, and he pre-

scribed for me and prepared the medicine for me to take. The principal ingredient was blue mass.

I had already entered my sons and two nephews as pupils at the McDonough College, located in Macomb, and concluded to rent my farm, teams and other stock, and move into the village and board my sons instead of hiring their board. I had three hundred acres of tillable land, between five and eight thousand bushels of grain that I had no market for, a large quantity of bacon and lard, about two hundred and fifty head of hogs, and about one hundred head of cattle, together with sheep and poultry, and fourteen well selected horses, well suited for the saddle or harness; also three yearling colts.

The incumbrance of this amount of personal property was greatly in the way of my resolution to move into the village. I was not long in determining what to do. With the abundance about me, I immediately resolved to seek out some poor Mormon families and establish them as farmers on my homestead, as I was well supplied with house-room. My dwelling had eight rooms besides the cellar, and I had another good house that would accommodate two small families.

Some time in the month of March I went down to Quincy, Illinois, to put my plan into effect. I saw many families that had come out of Missouri, all more or less destitute. But I had a friend in Quincy, the Honorable Archibald Williams, whose advice I wished to obtain in regard to suitable persons to take charge of my farm and property. Upon arrival in Quincy, I waited on my friend Williams, who informed me that he had, in one of his houses, the families of Joseph Smithson, Samuel H. Smith, Don Carlos Smith, Jenkins Salisbury, and a Brother Henry Hait. He said they were all destitute, and he thought gentlemen, and would suit my purpose, and that he had warm prejudices in favor of them and Mormons in general.

I waited on the venerable Patriarch, and those under his roof. He received me with great cordiality; and, after I had disclosed my business, he frankly said that his sons would take charge of my farm and effects, and praised God that I had been sent in answer to his prayers.

He called the whole household together in council, whereupon it was decided that Samuel and Don Carlos would accompany me home, to see the premises and consummate the bargain. But, the distance being sixty miles, and they being afoot, it was concluded that I should start home that afternoon and get home the next day, and that they would try to be at my house the night following.

The old Patriarch, during our interview, gave me a rather detailed account of the persecution through which the Saints had passed since the organization of the Church in April, 1830, up to the ex-

pulsion of the Saints from Missouri, and their unparalleled sufferings, with the circumstance of his son, the Prophet and Seer, remaining in prison in the hands of his enemies. But his confidence in God was unshaken that He would deliver him from his enemies, and restore him to the bosom of the Church. The manner and language used in narrating the above, and his allusion to the ignorance of mankind in regard to God and Godliness, and the period which had arrived at hand for the ushering in (according to the words spoken by the Holy Prophets) of the dispensation of the fulness of times, and the coming forth of the book of Mormon, pursuant to the accomplishing of God's work for the Salvation of mankind: bringing them a glorious period, when all should know Him from the least to the greatest,—all this was really most thrilling, and made an impression on my mind which cannot be forgotten; indeed, I was almost persuaded to be a Mormon.

I arrived at home, and the Brothers Smith came as was agreed upon, and in a few days they took possession of my farm and stock, which was ample for the comfort of many families. I told the brothers Smith, Hait and Salisbury to inform all the destitute Mormons that they were to come and get provisions to subsist upon, as eight thousand bushels of grain would feed many persons if used for bread-stuffs alone, and it could be had without money or price.

The stock of grain, etc., on hand, and that produced on the farm this year, were all used for the benefit of the Saints in the course of this year.

Notwithstanding the influence of the course of medicine I was under, my health was still rapidly declining.

All seemed to move on smoothly with me and my tenants, but there was an occasional freak of persecution against me for introducing Mormons into the neighborhood. In the meantime, I had read the book of Mormon, and was somewhat perplexed (as I was really a believer in the work, although I had not as yet heard a sermon) at the frequent occurrence of the words, "Had not ought," and such like provincialisms. However, I became reconciled in regard to these errors as I was daily growing in faith.

About this time we heard that the Prophet, Joseph Smith, had escaped from prison, and had arrived in Illinois, and was making an effort to reach the village of Commerce, at the head of the Lower Rapids of the Mississippi River. I had great anxiety to see him, and Don Carlos informed me that, as soon as the contemplated purchase had been made, and the place fixed for the gathering of the Saints, Joseph would be at my place to pay them a visit. I thereupon put my patience into requisition to await the appointed time.

As I was in the habit of riding out every fair day, on a bland, bright morning I prevailed on my wife to indulge in the luxury of a ride on horseback to visit our tenants of the farm. On our return

home, as we were leisurely riding along, I perceived a carriage containing a number of persons meeting us, and, as we neared it, the appearance of a large man, sitting in front driving, seemed familiar to me, as if I had always known him, and suddenly the thought burst into my mind that it was none other than the Prophet, Joseph Smith. Indeed my whole frame was in a tremor at the thought, and my heart seemed as if it were coming up into my mouth. Getting in speaking distance, he suddenly reined up his horses, as if making ready to speak. I was much agitated as the words came from his mouth, "Sir, can you tell me the way to the farm of a Mr. Miller, living somewhere in the direction I am going?" Instead of answering him directly, my reply was, "I presume, sir, that you are Joseph Smith, Jr., the Mormon Prophet." "I am, sir," he replied, adding, "I also presume that you are the Mr. Miller whose farm I inquired for." "I am, sir." He then introduced me to his wife and family, and thus a formal (or rather an informal) introduction passed between us and our families.

In our short interview certain things were said in regard to our belief, that on our approach we each thought that the other was an old acquaintance. I solicited him to preach. He excused himself, not feeling able to sermonize. He said that, having just escaped from prison, he felt like a bird escaped from a cage, and was more disposed to reconnoitre the county and visit his people and friends. Upon my urging the matter of his preaching, he suddenly turned to me, saying that he *did* think of several of the Elders preaching for me, but that he was now resolved on doing it himself; that it had been whispered that a Samaritan had passed by and bound up the wounds of his bleeding friends, adding that he would do the best he could in the way of preaching. Accordingly the time and place were fixed upon, and I went to notify the people of the appointment of the Mormon Prophet to preach.

The day arrived and the house and door-yard were filled with people apparently anxious to hear, as I then thought and do yet, more for the purpose of fault finding than as seekers after truth. He took for his text that chapter in the writings of Luke where a certain man journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among thieves, and was ministered to by a Samaritan. He took an extensive latitude while treating this text, and took up a long time, and, notwithstanding that it was a rainy day, those outside the house stood in the rain, sheltered by umbrellas, until the service was over. I had no remaining doubts left in regard to the truth of the Prophet, Joseph Smith, and the doctrine of the Gospel as taught by the Latter Day Saints. An arrangement was then agreed upon that I should circulate notice of an appointment for a two days' meeting, to be held in the Court House, on Saturday and Sunday, some weeks from that time, and Joseph was to send two Elders to preach in this

stronghold of Presbyterianism and Methodism. Some days before the appointed time of preaching in the Court House in the village of Macomb, near the 20th of January, 1839, keeping up the habit of riding out every day for the benefit of my health, I harnessed up my carriage horses and brought out the carriage, proposing to my wife to take our little daughter Mary, who was of the age to be interesting as a little Prattler, for a ride to the farm, see our Mormon friends and dine with my sister, who lived adjoining my farm, on a farm I had given her and her husband. This we did. On leaving our brother-in-law's, in the act of handing our little daughter to her mother in the carriage, and putting up the step, I fell as if I had been shot down, with no more use of my body from my hips to the tips of my toes than if I had not such parts. I would, however, persist in going home, and was accordingly bolstered up in the carriage and got home at night, or rather sundown, with much difficulty. Three doctors were called in, and upon consultation they opened the veins in both my arms and took one-half pint of blood every three-quarters of an hour. They pronounced my disease Tic Douloureux, and told me frankly that, if I had any matters to arrange in regard to my estate, I had better be quick about it, as I could not live. On that afternoon, Elder Taylor and Elder Rigdon arrived at my house for the purpose of filling the before mentioned appointment. They questioned me in regard to my faith and told me I need not lie in bed another minute on account of my sickness, and I was instantly healed and had the use of my limbs.

St. James, June 26th, 1855.

Dear Brother:

At the writing of my article, bearing date 22nd inst., my health was so miserably wretched that I apprehended some doubts in my mind whether I should really be able to continue the writing of the series of letters I had at that time intended.

In the fall season of 1839, I got my affairs so arranged that I moved to Commerce, or rather across the Mississippi into Iowa, where I had a tract of land and house to shelter my family. This place of my farm in Iowa was nearly opposite (a little below) the present remains of the City of Nauvoo, then Commerce. Here I established a small woodyard for steamers plying on the Mississippi, and remained here with my family until the first of September, 1840, when I was solicited by the prophet Joseph to move into the City of Nauvoo, which was now growing up like a mushroom (as it were, by magic). A little prior to this time I was called and ordained a High Priest under the hands of Joseph, Hyrum and Bishop Knight.

We bought a steamer about this time of the United States, re-

modeled her, named her Nauvoo, and put her on the trade. A requisition was made by the governor of Mississippi upon Governor Carlin of Illinois for Joseph Smith as a fugitive from justice. Joseph, to keep out of the way of the officers of the law, went two trips on the steamer that was then plying on the upper Mississippi River. I was also on the steamer Nauvoo until the close of navigation, which was earlier than usual, taking place in November, at which time I moved into Nauvoo.

I was requested by Joseph to rouse up some Elders and go into Iowa and the region around about Nauvoo and preach the gospel, this portion of the country having been neglected on account of the Apostles and many of the Elders during the fall previous being sent to England and the Eastern States on missions. This was a great task for me on account of my diffidence and lack of confidence in myself.

I, however, was faithful to my calling and the appointment of my mission, and our labors were blessed. The Legislature had granted us a city charter and other charters also, embracing powers and privileges so broad that our enemies had their jealousy, either real or ideal, aroused to the highest possible degree on account of the great power granted by the Legislature to the Mormons. But my opinion was then, and is yet, that the main ground of fear was the act to organize a military force called the Nauvoo Legion, as, according to the provisions of the act to organize the Militia of Illinois, this dreaded Nauvoo Legion would draw State arms, and, if they should wish to expel the Mormons from Illinois as they had from Ohio and Missouri, these State arms might be somewhat in the way of the undertaking; as our increasing numbers had already excited the fears of the knowing ones in regard to our political as also our numerical strength.

Joseph Smith had already begun to make preparations to build a temple, and had suggested the propriety to me of building a house suitable for a tavern or hotel answering to the growing importance of the city.

Whilst I was out on my mission, on the 19th of January, 1841, Joseph Smith received the revelation appointing me to the office of Bishop, to organize an association to build the Nauvoo House; also the revelation to build a temple. Alpheus Cutler, Reynolds Cahoon and Elias Higby were appointed a building committee to superintend the building of the temple.

In this commandment I was made one of the committee of the Nauvoo House Association, and named by Joseph as its president. In the month of February I was ordained and set apart in the Bishoprick, to which I was called in the revelation; and also to my calling as president of the Nauvoo House Association. I immediately entered on the duties of the stupendous work before me,

and a scene of activity peculiarly complicated and diversified in every feature, involving responsibilities and manifold labors hitherto unknown to me.

Early this spring the English emigrants (late converts of the Apostles and the Elders in the Vineyard) began to come in, in apparent poverty and in considerable numbers. Besides those, they were crowding in from the States, all poor; as the rich did not generally respond to the proclamation of the Prophet to come with their effects, and assist in building the temple and Nauvoo House. The poor had to be cared for, and labor created that they might at least earn part of their subsistence, there not being one in ten persons that could set themselves to work to earn those indispensable things for the comfort of their families.

My brethren of the committee of the Nauvoo House Association, and the committee of the temple, all bore a part in the employment of laborers, and the providing of food for them, but I had a burden aside from theirs that rested heavily upon me, growing out of my Bishoprick. The poor, the blind, the lame, the widows and the fatherless all looked to me for their daily wants; and, but for the fact of some private property I had on hand, they must have starved, for I could not possibly by soliciting gratuitous contributions to bury the dead obtain them, let alone feeding the living. I was here thrown into straits unlooked for; no tithing in store; the rich amongst us pretended to be too poor to barely feed themselves and nurse their speculations, which they were all more or less engaged in, and those that were really poor could not help themselves.

I was now in the midst of a sickly season, filled with anxiety for the suffering, with multiplied labors crowding upon me, and hundreds of mouths to feed. My days were filled with trial and care, and my nights were not spent with the giddy and mirthful, but with sleepless anxiety in waiting on the suffering poor and sick of the city. Perhaps I am saying too much. But I praise the God of Heaven that he gave me shoulders to bear, and patience to endure, the burdens placed upon me.

In a conference of the building committees, Joseph and Hyrum Smith presiding, called at my suggestion, to deliberate on the best plan of operations for procuring lumber for the building of the temple and Nauvoo House, the result of our deliberations was that we should buy a mill in the Pineries of the firm of Cram and Kirtz, situated on Black River, a tributary of the Mississippi, which they were holding for sale at fifteen hundred dollars. Cram and Kirtz were sent for—their residence being twenty miles off. They came. The bargain was made upon the representation of Cram and Kirtz. And Peter Hawes of the Nauvoo House Committee, and Alpheus Cutler of the Temple Committee, were appointed to take immediate possession of the mill, and take a company of laborers, with nine

months' provision and clothing, and enter into the lumbering business for the joint benefit of both buildings, each furnishing an equal proportion of the accruing expense. The outfit was provided for a large company (I do not remember the precise number), and they all forthwith set out on their undertaking.

The remainder of the summer and fall was taken up in providing the means for feeding and paying the wages of the laborers engaged on the temple and Nauvoo House, which was done abundantly for the time being, mainly by the exertions of Lyman Wight and myself, for both houses. The workmen were kept all winter, as we necessarily had to feed them whether we discharged them from the work or not, they having no means of buying the winter's food without our aid.

At the closing in of winter, Joseph advised me to go to Kentucky on a preaching excursion, and sell some property I had, to obtain means for the early spring operations; and Lyman Wight to go to Ohio and the Eastern States, and visit those that would not gather up to Nauvoo, to get what tithing he could, and sell what stock in the Nauvoo House he could, and return early in the spring.

We severally set out, Lyman to the N. E. and I to Kentucky. My labors were prospered. I returned in the ensuing April with a hundred head of cattle, some horses and other effects.

I will now take a retrospective notice of the progress of our operations in the Pinery. Hawes and Cutler returned with a raft of hewed timber at the close of navigation, and twelve of the men. They left a man in charge at the Pineries. They remodeled, or rather almost made anew, the mill, but made little or no lumber, and left the men to get logs ready for the spring sawing.

This summer I was almost overwhelmed by the amount of business crowding upon me, having the burden to bear almost alone.

John C. Bennett, one of the most corrupt of corrupted men, having been severely reprobated for his corruptions and false teachings, set out to get revenge for being so harshly dealt with. He wrote and published a series of exposures of Mormon corruptions, as he was pleased to call them, and by his falsehoods procured another requisition by the Governor of Missouri, as accessory before the fact, for an attempt to commit murder upon the body of ex-Governor Lilburn W. Boggs. I was delegated to go to Missouri and see Governor Reynolds in person. E. H. Derby went with me, and, for the time being, the blow was warded off, and all was peace again. Soon after this, Joseph wrote two letters of revelation in regard to the baptisms for the dead. In the beginning of the month of October, 1842, we fully ascertained that our lumbering operations ran us in debt \$3000.00, and the amount of lumber was so little that our work was almost brought to a stand.

Many of the Apostles and Elders having returned from England,

Joseph washed and anointed as Kings and Priests to God, and over the House of Israel, the following named persons, as he said he was commanded of God, viz: James Adams (of Springfield), William Law, William Marks, Willard Richards, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Newel K. Whitney, Hyrum Smith, and myself; and conferred on us Patriarchal Priesthood. This took place on the 5th and 6th of May, 1842. All of our lumbering operations having proved nearly abortive, Lyman's labours this summer produced very little for the Nauvoo House, but a large amount for the Temple. I was, at the October conference, called and ordained by Joseph President of the Quorum of High Priests, instead of Don Carlos Smith, deceased.

We had another conference of the committees, whereupon it was determined that I should go to the Pineries and get Henry W. Miller and family, with two other families, to go up as cooks for the men, and for Lyman Wight to go East and return in the spring, and together with Peter Hawes drive the work at home, whilst I should make an effort in the Pineries to extricate our establishment from debt, and make the lumber in sufficient quantities to keep the work progressing. It was advised that I should take my wife along with me, as she was very sick of ague and fever, and taking her North was advised, to recover her health. A few days after the conference, I started with my wife, female children and hired girl, to Prairie Du Chien, there having a suit pending against Jacob Spalding, the owner of the mills at the falls of the Black River, fifteen miles above our present establishment; the others were to come forthwith after me, in a boat loaded with our winter supplies, which we intended to have towed up to the mouth of the Black River, and then work it by poling to our lumber mills. I got to Prairie Du Chien and arranged my business with Spalding, so as to secure my claim against him, in getting possession of his mills on my arrival there, and turn him over ours (which was of little or no value) in lieu thereof. Spalding returned to the mills to await my arrival, and remained awaiting the coming of H. W. Miller. It is often the case in the course of human events that, when men are clothed with a little brief authority, they often get far above their principals. Unfortunately this seemed to be the case with H. W. Miller. He loitered away his time at Nauvoo, swelling over his big authority, telling the men that we couldn't do without him, for his knowledge and skill were really indispensable to us. He also told the men that he was sent to keep a kind of oversight of my movements; but he was finally urged out of Nauvoo by the men on the boat, and the architect of the Nauvoo House, after having loitered away two weeks of time at this advanced season of the year; and it was not until three weeks after the time that he appointed to meet me at Prairie Du Chien that this great personage arrived, and not until the steamers had all

stopped running, leaving us ninety miles to tow to Cordell, or pole our boat to the mouth of the Black River, and then over a hundred miles to the mills. I, however, before the boat came, got on a raft and met them coming on by poling, and on the evening, or rather the afternoon, of the 12th of November we got to Prairie Du Chien. I got my family aboard and came on toward our destination. The weather being cold, and the river running with slush ice, with intense labour we made at noon, on the 17th of November, within seven miles of the mouth of the Black River, and stopped at a trading post, the river now being completely filled with snow and ice. Here we secured our boat for the winter and stored our freight.

I will not attempt to give in detail (as in my diary) the toil, cold, the breasting of snow banks (it was two and a half feet deep on the level), treading a road for oxen and sleds to travel on, and the labour of myself and the men in getting the teams down from the mills, and the families moved up; suffice it to say that Bonaparte's retreat from Moscow was a mere nothing in comparison, save that there were no deaths or freezing among us. It was not until the 31st day of December that we got fully established at our mills, at the falls of the Black River, and began our lumbering operations. We were one hundred and twenty miles from our principal supplies of winter provision, our cattle were not half supplied with grain and forage to enable us to prosecute our winter's work to advantage; the men were almost worn out with the miserable toil that we had just passed through. Indeed they performed labours that are almost incredible to relate, and I felt in my heart to praise God that he had given me strength to take the lead, and go before the men in all their toil. Too much cannot be said in praise of those faithful brethren; they really performed wonders.

We were in the midst of a howling wilderness, and the aspect of our affairs to some might seem forbidding, but we were all buoyant with hope of better days, and resolved on accomplishing the work we had undertaken. We, now being organized for a regular train of operations, thought our labor and exposure might in a great degree be past, but it was not so, and, with the best division of labours that we could possibly devise, it was all we could do to keep our families and our cattle from perishing for want of food, from the fact of our winter supplies being far distant, and the depth of snow on the mountains and valleys intervening. We had to draw on sleds, and carry by back loads, the principal supplies for men and animals, beside our lumbering operations. The foregoing were not all the difficulties we had to encounter. Several bands of the Winnebago Indians were scattered up and down the Black River on their winter's hunt, and, as is common, a number of traders and whiskey sellers were also in attendance, in order to buy, or rather cheat the Indians out of, their furs and peltry. Those fiends in

human shape influenced the Indians to come in sufficient numbers (as they supposed) to our mills and make a demand of us for the pine trees we were sawing, for two hundred pounds of pork, with a proportion of flour, or threaten, on our refusal, that they would burn down our mills. The lumber men on the river had a hand in this matter, but they tried to explain themselves clear. When the Indians came to our mills they were drunk (or partly so) and very clamorous. I could not understand their language, so as to know what they wanted, more than I conjectured from their signs; but prevailed in making them understand that I would go with them to a trading post where there was an interpreter, and I would have a talk with them. Accordingly I set off with them unattended, as I did not want to raise any excitement among our men. On our arrival at the post, the Indians told me that we were cutting and sawing up the pinery that was once theirs and of right ought then to be; that their children were perishing with hunger, the snow being so deep that they could not hunt, and the white men had told them that we ought to pay them, or they ought to have our mills. In my speech in reply I told them that I did not fear them or the white men either; that when they got ready to burn our mills they might come on and bring the white men with them; that I had not at any time sold them whiskey to make them drunk, causing them to lie in the snow and freeze to death, as had been the case several times during the present winter; nor had I, at any time, cheated them out of their furs and peltry by giving them trifles in return, thereby depriving them of the means of buying food to feed their starving children; nor had I any hand in buying the Indians' land; nor had I, as a lure, held up the bottle or trifling trinkets as an inducement to them to sell, so that they might receive annuities for the traders to squabble over, which of them should get the first chance to cheat the Indian out of them by smuggling whiskey to them, thereby disqualifying them for getting their living as their forefathers had done; and that the white men had done all this, and more too; that they had driven them from the houses and homes of their fathers, and that I did not sanction any of these wrongs done to the Indians; that I had been, and always expected to be, their friend; that I had fed and warmed them when they came to my house, and had sent food to their hungry children, and, if it was for these things they wanted to burn our mills, they might come on and burn them. While I was speaking the tears rolled down the cheeks of some of their principal men, and they came up to me when I closed my remarks and embraced me, telling me in broken English, "Good captain, brother, good captain!" I bought some flour and pork of the trader and gave it to them, telling them to take it home to their children. I returned to the mills the same day. Nothing further of difficulty occurred with the Indians, lumbermen, or traders in the course of

the winter and spring. Nothing but toil and hardship awaited us at every stage of our undertaking.

We had sent a man down about the first appearance of the melting of the snow and breaking up of the ice to the place where we had left our boat and stored our provisions, to take care of them. On the 6th of April I, with four of the young, able-bodied men, started down to bring up our boat and provisions that we had left last fall (or winter). The ground was beginning to show itself on south exposures. We arrived at our boat on the morning of the third day. The man we had sent to take care of our boat had all safe, but had not been able to free the boat of the ice that had accumulated through the winter. We immediately set about it, and had all clear by night; but it was not until eleven o'clock on the 10th of April that the river was freed from ice so as to be at all practicable to work our boat. We loaded up and started, breaking the gorges of ice, making headway by the most tremendous exertions that men could possibly make. Worn down and exhausted, we encamped for the night fairly up in Black River Lake (a widening out of the river above its mouth). In like manner we prosecuted our daily task until the afternoon of the 19th day of April, when we arrived at our mills, worn out with the violent exertions we had made on our voyage. We however, did not slacken our hands until, with the assistance of the men at the mills, we unloaded the boat and put our flour, pork, etc., into the store house. I took, this spring, two rafts of lumber to Nauvoo and obtained supplies to feed and clothe the men engaged in lumbering. I conceived it necessary to buy three or four yoke of oxen, as we had lost three head from the severity of the winter, and, our mill daily turning out over twelve thousand feet of lumber, it necessarily took much team work.

About the first of June I came up on a steamer to Galena, that being a better place to buy oxen than Nauvoo, and because it would (I thought) save transportation that part of the way. I bought the oxen required, but could not get any boat to take them up under two weeks. I, upon this information, yoked up and chained my cattle together, lashed my trunk to the middle yoke, and forthwith set out for Prairie Du Chien about four o'clock P. M., a distance of 75 miles, where I arrived on the afternoon of the third day. I had yet a distance of 150 miles to go on a right line and on the traveled road 200. I was at a loss to determine on the route I should travel—whether to aim at a straight line never trod by the white man's foot or take the road frequented by those who had occasion to travel in this region. I, however, was but a few minutes in determining. I provided a supply of provisions and started forthwith to reach the mills by the straight line through the woods, and went out four miles to the last house on my way, where I stayed all night.

I set out early, and, without entering into detail in giving the incidents attendant on this lonesome journey—no company but my three yoke of oxen—by perseverance arrived at the mills at noon on the sixth day from Prairie Du Chien, to the surprise and apparent joy of all my friends present. To see a man all tattered and torn, though not forlorn, emerging from the woods, driving three yoke of oxen—the brethren would scarcely accredit me when I told them the route I came up, and all alone. Some would say, "Were you not afraid the wild bears would eat you, having no gun to defend yourself?" I told them that I had a knife that answered just as well.

In my next I will conclude my operations in lumbering in the Mississippi Pineries. As ever, most truly and sincerely,

GEORGE MILLER.

St. James, June 27, 1855.

Dear Brother: In my epistle of yesterday, I closed with an indefinite relation of a trip on foot, and of driving three yoke of oxen from Galena, Illinois, to the falls of the Black River in Wisconsin, June, 1843.

I got clear of a great clog in my business operations in the month of May, I believe, viz: Henry W. Miller, who carried with him all of his consequential dignity back to the vicinity of Nauvoo.

I received an additional supply of hands this summer, and we made lumber rapidly, paying our expenditures, beside liquidating part of the indebtedness that had accrued before I came up to this country. We sent to Nauvoo a large amount of hewed timber, and two hundred thousand feet of sawed timber, suitable for the Temple and Nauvoo House, together with a large amount of shingles, and a raft of barn boards.

[Gap—half a leaf torn out in manuscript.]

But when I took down the last rafts in the fall season, upon my arrival at Nauvoo I found that a great deal of the lumber that we had (during the two last seasons of toil and sacrifice) made for the Temple and Nauvoo House had, to my great mortification, been used for other purposes than those intended. The Temple Committee said that the workmen must needs have houses, and they had to pay their men; but the truth of the case was that the committee had become housebuilders, that they were not alone content to have fresh eggs to set themselves, but they wanted eggs to set all their numerous brood of chickens, and that it was really convenient to use the material provided for the Nauvoo House (as its operations were temporarily suspended)—as in like manner the Temple materials also—as we had in common such productive mills

in the pinery. I remonstrated at this course of procedure, but Joseph told me to be content and promised that he would see by and by that all should be made right, saying that it was most likely his persecutors would let him alone since his final discharge by Judge Pope, and that he would in future have more leisure.

I gathered up a large supply of provisions to make up the deficit that might be, to feed the hundred and fifty we then had in the pineries, and shipped it on the steamer Governor Brooks, then on her last trip to Saint Peters. The water was very low this fall, and the boat lay so long from time to time on sand bars, that, when she got to Prairie Du Chien, the master concluded to go no further up, as the water was low and the season far advanced, and, abat²ing something on the price of my freight, put it off and turned back.

I stored my supplies with Mr. Dousman, the principal of the few company's houses at that place. This was now the early part of November. On the next day, in the morning, we made up a company that was going up to the pineries, who agreed to go with me through the near way, the route I had taken with the oxen a year ago last summer. The company consisted of eight persons; one gave out the first day and turned back. I found no walkers amongst them; none of them, perhaps, had ever been without food for an entire day. Two of the men, however, were brethren, viz: Pierce Hawley, of the Black River Company, and Moses Smith, of Nauvoo, who was going up to make shingles. The other five were all Gentiles. I took what provisions I thought sufficient to last me through, and requested the others to do likewise. They asked me how long I was going through with the oxen. I told them six days. They said they could go up in a little over half that time. I told them that it was then summer and they would find out that when I walked I did not stand still, and they had better take six days' provisions, as it was then snowing, and we might have a deep snow before we got up to the mills. They said there were three guns in the company, and they could kill what they could eat. We traveled hard all day, the snow falling rapidly, very wet and heavy. Four of us came about thirty miles and camped before night to await the coming up of the other three. They did not, however, get up to camp as we had expected; the snow was nearly a foot deep. Howley, Grover and a man, I have forgotten his name, and myself came thus far, and the other three came up about ten o'clock A. M. of the next day, footsore and tired. They declared that we must have walked fifty miles. After resting a short time, we started and came on about two miles farther than I had made the first day with my oxen from the house four miles this side of Prairie Du Chien, where we camped for the night. We had frequent snow-showers this day. Some of the men said we must be pretty near half way to Black River. At these remarks I began to apprehend trouble,

and told them they had better turn back; that the distance we had come was only what I had made in a day-and-a-piece travel. At this three or more replied that they believed I was lost, and did not know where I was going. I replied pretty sharply, at which they begged my pardon and said they were all joking, and hoped I would take no offense.

This day we made a late start on account of the men being footsore; we came on our way about twelve miles, some of the men being so tired that they said they could go no further; we therefore took up camp for the night. This night finished up all our provisions. The morning of the fourth day we set off early, our gun-men to hunting, the other four following me; we camped early that our hunters might have time to get up; they came, but had no meat. All, or most of them, were quite snappish and fretful.

On the morning of the fifth day we set out on our journey very early; our hunters set out to bring into camp a good supply of meat, and the others went on with me to make a trail, and take up camp as on the day before; but night again brought all up without food. It was indeed laughable to hear the occasional complaints, followed by a period of silence, and see the bitter faces of all hands. This kind of starvation being nothing new to me, I did not mind it. On the morning of the sixth day we all set out together, traveled hard all day and took up camp for the night, having made the best progress that we had any day since we left Prairie Du Chien. We decided this night to slay a dog that had followed us from Prairie Du Chien, and make a supper of him. We halved him and roasted him before the fire. I tasted the dog, it is true, but my prejudices were such that I could not eat it—not so now. One old man, whose name I did not hear, as we all called him "Old Gentleman," could not be prevailed upon to taste the dog. All hands seemed to be cheerful and happy whilst feasting on the dog, and by morning light he was wholly demolished.

We set off, this morning of the seventh, intending to make near our mills, as we were in plain view of a mountain that was situated three miles southeast of our place, which I pointed out to the men from an eminence soon after our starting. The snow was quite soft this morning, and we moved on finely a few miles, and came to where three bear-tracks crossed at right angles the route we were going. It was soon agreed upon that I and one of the men, a Gentile, were to pursue the bear, and the other five were to go on towards the mills, and leave us to come up after night. I pointed out the mountain for them to steer for, and put out in chase after the bear. We several times got near him, but could not get a shot on account of the thick underbrush. We abandoned the chase about three o'clock P. M. and made our way for the mills. After going about ten miles we encountered an Indian, who was going in chase

of the bear we had left: he was on horseback. I enquired of him if he had seen anything of our men. He said he had. I told him that I had pointed out the mountain southeast of the mills that they were to steer for. He said that they were lost; that they did not see him; that, at a certain hill he pointed out to us, our men had turned off to another mountain twenty miles below that looked just like that at our mills. My hunter companion wanted to go on toward the mills, and leave the d—d fools, as he pleased to call them, to go to hell, for he was so tired that he was not going to trail after them. I told him then that he could go towards the mills, and I would follow the lost men. No, he'd be d—d if he would do that, for he did not believe that I was right about the mills. I told him to go to the Indian and get him to take him to the mills; that he was frequently there, and was an acquaintance of mine. By the end of this disputation we came upon the men's trail who had turned down to the other mountain, and he followed with me on the trail of the men. We did not go far until dark overtook us, and in some places we had difficulty in keeping their tracks or trail. About nine o'clock at night my hunter companion told me not to walk so fast; that he could not stand it. I slackened my pace and all went on well for a while. He again called to me, saying he'd be God d—d if he didn't shoot me if I continued to walk so fast. I turned to him and clubbed my gun, and placed myself in a position to strike, telling him that I was almost minded to make a finish of him. He humbly begged my pardon and said he would be more patient in the future, and asked me to have pity on him, for he was almost perished with fatigue and hunger. I told him to take courage; that I would take care of him, and that we were near a camp, for I smelted pine burning. After a half hour's walk we came to a place where the fire was yet burning; here we called aloud and were answered nearby. We proceeded and soon came to an Indian lodge, where we found all our company eating venison. When I got into the lodge, the old Indian told me that the men had come out of the way; that they could have gone to the falls as soon as to his lodge, and that he would send two of his boys in the morning to Mr. Nichols' mill with us to show us a near way through the mountain pass; he said it was about twelve miles, and in five days he would come up to the falls to get his gun-lock mended, and asked me to be certain to have my smith at home: he also told me that he had killed a very fat buck that day, and he was having some choice parts boiled for me; and, as I had eaten nothing for four days, that I must fill my belly first by drinking broth before I partook of the meat. He said that the men that came with me, and those that came before, were fools; that they all run headlong to eating venison as the Indian dogs did to eating blood and guts when he killed and butchered a deer. He lighted his pipe and smoked, and then



George Miller, the younger



handed it to me. The men all had a hearty laugh at the Indian's remark about their eating like dogs. It was, however, not long until the broth was served up, and I filled (my belly!) accordingly, and, after another round of smoking, a large wooden bowl of choice, fat venison was served up, and I was told to eat occasionally through the night, for at daybreak his boys would start. He laid down a skin for me to sleep on. All by this time were snoring finely but the old Indian and myself.

At daybreak the ensuing morning we started, got to Nichols' and got a good dinner cooked for all hands, Indians and all. Nichols remonstrated at eating with the Indians, as it would make them too saucy. I told him that if these Indians did not sit at his table I would not. He told me in return that he was owing me flour, pork, etc., and I should be eating my own provisions, as his had not yet arrived. After eating I gave the Indians some pork and flour; none of my companions would agree to go any further, except Hawley. Whilst I was preparing to set out for home, our boat came down, going to meet me, supposing I was waiting for them at the mouth of the Black River. I told them it was at Prairie Du Chien that our stuff was stored. They accordingly set off, intending to travel all night, and I started for the mills, distant fifteen miles, in company with Pierce Hawley. We arrived at home in the early part of the night, to the joy of all the brethren. Hawley was so used up that he worked very little more all winter. In ten days our boat returned with our load of supplies. I had, however, in the interim, finished my house and shoe-shop, and was ready at the coming of the supplies to have the shoeing of the men go on, as they were much in want.

All branches of business in our line went on with astonishing dispatch, and a great amount of lumber was made.

The Indian agent for this region had forbidden the cutting of timber above the falls of Black River. All the good pine being above, you may readily conceive the clamour raised amongst all the lumbermen of the country. About this time we received a visit from the Indian chief, Oshkosh, and his interpreter; his band was camped twelve miles up the river. We made a feast for him, and, after eating, explained the principles of our religion to him. His interpreter, being an educated Indian, said he was disposed in his mind to join us, but that many of their people were Roman Catholics, and it would take a long time to change their religion. The chief said he believed we were right, for many things we had told him were backed up by Indian tradition; but for him, the principal chief, to act on his belief would avail nothing; that at some future period it would be best to call a council of all his chiefs—he could not then, as they were on their winter hunt—and deliberately consider the whole matter, and act upon it in national council, and in that case

their change of religion would be national and permanent, and that he had no doubt as to bringing it about. In regard to our cutting timber, he said that it was all his, and that the agent and the United States had no business to interfere in the matter; that he had come to attend to his timber himself, and that, if he could not stop the cutting of saw logs, he would then call on the government, through their agent, to put a stop to it. He told us that we should have the exclusive privilege of cutting timber, and all he would ask of us was to feed his people in their passing by. But, however, he would advise my going over to the Wisconsin River with him, and he would procure me a written permit from the agent in order to silence other lumbermen. I took with me Cyrus Daniels, one of our brethren, and forthwith started with him for the Wisconsin River, a distance of sixty miles.

We walked on snow shoes, as the snow was then three feet deep. On our arrival at the agency, the agent refused giving the permit; whereupon very sharp words ensued between the chief and agent; finally he (the agent) said we might make our own bargain. The chief told him he had not asked what he might do. The agent said he dare not give a permit; the United States would not allow it; but we might proceed according to the arrangements with the chief, and he would not interfere in the matter.

The agent privately proposed a partnership in our establishment. I told him I could not do it without consulting my friends; he then said he would let the matter rest until the next fall; he would come over to our place, and we would take the matter into further consideration. On parting with my Indian friends, I received the warmest assurances of their lasting friendship, and it was not until I would agree to go with them to their lodges and relate to them in detail the persecutions of our people by the States of Ohio and Missouri that they would consent for me to leave them; upon hearing which the Indians shed tears (not common for an Indian), saying we had been treated almost as badly as the Indians. On my return home, Brother Daniels got badly frost bitten. On my arrival at home I found things progressing as usual. About this time a band of northern Chippewa Indians were on a hunt above us on the river; their chief came down on a trading expedition to a trader's shanty below us. They sold him whiskey and made him partly or nearly drunk, and, some dispute taking place between him and the trader, he (the trader) took a large bar and beat the chief and left him lying in the snow for dead. The residue of his company fled precipitately, and, coming to our place, told us what had taken place. I took some of our men with me and went to the trader's, and told him that if any more whiskey was sold to Indians I would demolish his shanty and its contents, and, if the chief died, I would make it a bad job for him. We took the chief into our houses and bound

up his wounds, and toward the latter part of the night of this day he left our place for his lodge. In about two weeks he came to our place with part of his band and an interpreter. He had the United States flag carried by one of his braves, saying to us in his speech that the snow was so deep that they could not hunt, and that their children were starving, and, on producing a purse of money, said that whenever that flag —pointing to it—was produced to the white man, as he was told when he received it, it would be an order to him for provisions. We said in reply that the United States was no friend of ours; that they had robbed us and permitted us to be plundered by the white man, and further, that if we let them have food it would not be for the love we had for the United States, but for that we had toward the abused and oppressed Indians; that he was to put up his money; that we would give him some flour and an ox to take to his camp and feed their children. They received the flour and ox and started, blessing us by returning many thanks and assuring us of their lasting friendship, stating that we were not like other white men.

Towards the opening of spring, having made an abundance of lumber for the Nauvoo House and temple, we held a council in regard to future operations. The result of our deliberations was that a memorial should be sent to Joseph and the authorities in Nauvoo, expressive of our views, and I was delegated to be the bearer. A few days later I set out on the ice for Prairie Du Chien, at which place I took the stage coach for Galena, and, upon my arrival at Nauvoo, presented the document to Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith, whom I found together in consultation. After a hasty perusal, Joseph said to me, "Brother Miller, I perceive that the spirit of God is in the pineries as well as here, and we will call together some of our wise men, and proceed to set up the Kingdom of God by organizing some of its officers." And from day to day he called some of the brethren about him, organizing them as princes in the Kingdom of God, until up to the number of fifty-three were thus called. In this council it was agreed upon that we should run Joseph Smith for president of the United States, which we would certainly do, and also Sidney Rigdon for vice-president, and, in case they were elected, we would at once establish dominion in the United States, and, in view of a failure, we would send a minister to the then Republic of Texas to make a treaty with the cabinet of Texas for all that country north of a west line from the falls of the Colorado River to the Nueces, thence down the same to the Gulf of Mexico, and along the same to the Rio Grande, and up the same to the United States territory, and get them to acknowledge us as a nation; and, on the part of the church, we would help them defend themselves against Mexico, standing as a go-between the belligerent powers, and, if successful in this matter, we would have dominion

in spite of the United States, and we would send the Black River Lumber Company to take possession of the newly acquired territory. Lucian Woodworth was chosen minister to Texas, and I was to return to the pineries to bring down Lyman Wight, and leave matters there in such shape that the work could go on without my presence, and be here by the time Woodworth might return from Texas. We severally started the same day, Woodworth for Texas and I for the pineries.

Most truly as ever,

GEORGE MILLER.

Saint James, June 28, 1855.

Dear Brother: In my last I expected to have finished my narrative up to the time of Joseph's death, but the limits I had prescribed myself for writing would not permit.

Upon my arrival at the pineries, we set about arranging our lumbering operations so as to leave a man in charge to carry on the work, while Wight and myself should go to Nauvoo, as before agreed upon by the council (of fifty princes of the Kingdom).

Some time toward the last of April, 1844, we, Lyman Wight and myself and families, arrived in Nauvoo. Soon after this Woodworth returned from Texas. The council convened to hear his report. It was altogether as we could wish it. On the part of the church there were commissioners appointed to meet the Texan Congress to sanction or ratify the said treaty, partly entered into by our minister and the Texan cabinet. A Mr. Brown, Lucian Woodworth and myself were the commissioners appointed to meet the Texas Congress, and, upon the consummation of the treaty, Wight and myself were to locate the Black River Lumber Company on the newly acquired territory, and do such other things as might be necessary in the premises, and report to the Council of the Kingdom. It was further determined in council that all the elders should set out on missions to all the States to get up an electoral ticket, and do everything in our power to have Joseph elected president. If we succeeded in making a majority of the voters converts to our faith, and elected Joseph president, in such an event the dominion of the kingdom would be forever established in the United States; and if not successful, we could fall back on Texas, and be a kingdom notwithstanding.

It was thought and urged by the council that so great an undertaking would require, in order to insure success, the entire and united effort of all the official members of the church. Accordingly, on the sixth day of May I started to Kentucky, and Lyman went off to the eastern States; and at no period since the organization of

the church had there been half so many elders in the vineyard in proportion to the number of members in the church.

I preached and electioneered alternately. When I had preaching meetings, as a general thing we had crowded houses, and our prospects bid fair for the accomplishment of a great work in each point of view, and of reaping an abundant harvest as fruits of our ministerial labors. All Kentucky was in high state of political excitement, as it was just before their general election, which was to come off on the first Monday in August—having barbecues in the different neighborhoods of that densely populated country for the express purpose of giving the candidates an opportunity of addressing the citizens. These were the latter end of the days of political folly, such as having log cabin exhibitions and live raccoons at the top of long poles (set up for that purpose), etc. At one of these meetings, whilst one of the candidates was speaking, I was rather on the outskirts of the immense crowd, reading to a few of my old acquaintances Joseph Smith's views of the powers and policy of government. One of my old neighbors, and a relative by marriage, brought up a Missourian with him, and addressing me, said: "Here is a man that knows all about the enormities committed by the Mormons in Missouri." Without a moment's pause I answered, "Yes, I have no doubt of it, and I believe I recognize in him one of those murderers who shot a little Mormon boy in the blacksmith's shop, under the bellows." Upon which the fellow slunk off, and I saw no more of him. Not so, however, with my old neighbor and relative. "Now," said he, "I have a matter to tell you as a friend, and that is, that if you do not leave this country and put a stop to preaching your religious views and political Mormonism, the negroes are employed to hang you to an apple tree." I told him that I had had enough of his hollow friendship, and, if I could believe there was courage enough amongst such intolerant scamps, I would hire a house and hold forth three months to give them an opportunity of carrying out their threat. By this time quite a crowd had collected around us, even more, apparently, than around the candidate that was then on the stand. I got on a large stump and commenced reading aloud Joseph's views on the powers and policy of government, and backed it up with a short speech, at the end of which I was loudly and repeatedly cheered, and a crowd bore me off about two miles to a Mr. Smith's tavern, where they had a late dinner prepared for my benefit, all declaring that I should not partake of the barbecue prepared for the candidates who were addressing the log cabin meeting; that I was worthy of better respect. After dinner I rode to the place where I was then making my home, several gentlemen accompanying me. In ten or twelve days after this I went about twenty-five miles into Mercer County, Kentucky, to fulfil some engagements, where I preached to large congregations,

so that we resorted to groves for the convenience of room. About this time we saw notices in the newspapers that there was civil war in Nauvoo, and on the morning of the 28th of June, 1844, I had a dream, or vision, in an upper room in the house of a Mr. Saunders, where I then lodged with Brother Thomas Edwards. It took place after sunrise. I was lying on my bed, and suddenly Joseph Smith appeared to me, saying, "God bless you, Brother Miller. The mob broke in upon us in Carthage jail and killed Brother Hyrum and myself. I was delivered up by the brethren as a lamb for the slaughter. You ought not to have left me; if you had stayed with me, I should not have been given up." I answered, "But you sent me." "I know I did, but you ought not to have gone"; and then approaching me he said, "God bless you for ever and ever," making as though he was about to embrace me, and, as I was in the act of extending my arms to return the embrace, the vision fled, and I found myself standing on the floor in the midst of the room. Brother Edwards, roused from his slumbers, was calling to me, "What is the matter, Brother Miller; whom are you talking to?" I requested him to rise and dress himself, so that we might take a morning walk, as was our custom.

Whilst on our walk I related to Brother Edwards my vision, and told him my mission was fulfilled, for my firm belief was that Joseph was dead. Brother Edwards told me that I had preached too much, and that my mind was somewhat deranged, and that I must not think of going home until our present appointments were fulfilled—the last a week hence—and as to the rumors of trouble at Nauvoo, he did not believe a word of them. I told him that if I stayed he would have to do the preaching.

On the day that we fulfilled our last appointment, we started home. On passing a tavern, the landlord walked out on his porch, and addressing us said, "Are you the gentlemen that preached at the schoolhouse today?" We answered "Yes." "Walk in, gentlemen," he said, "and refresh yourselves." Handing us some ice water, and at the same time handing us a Nauvoo paper, he said, "You will find an article that may be of interest to you." We read an extract from the Warsaw Signal, giving an account of Joseph and Hyrum Smith's deaths. After reading we started on. Brother Edwards, being an excitable man, was wholly unmanned, and insisted on an immediate separation, as traveling together might endanger our lives. He broke off from me as one distracted, and I did not see any more of him until I saw him in Nauvoo four weeks afterwards.

On my arrival in Nauvoo I visited Elder John Taylor of the quorum of apostles, who was sick of his wounds received in Carthage jail at the time of Joseph's death. Dr. Willard Richards was there, and, after a few remarks in regard to the mob, I asked Dr.

Richards whom Joseph had left to succeed him in the prophetic office. He replied that all was right; that there were sealed documents left which would be opened when the twelve apostles should get home that would settle all these matters. Sidney Rigdon had already returned from Pittsburg, where he was sent before Joseph's death, and had made some moves as a leader of the people, and, from hints and innuendoes that I heard frequently, I was induced to believe that Joseph had designated his son Joseph to succeed him in the prophetic office; and on this belief I rested.

On the return of the twelve a public meeting was called. The apostles and Sidney Rigdon were on the stand; Brigham Young acting as principal speaker. Sidney urged his pretensions as a kind of guardian or temporary leader. Young made a loud and long harangue, and as I had always taken him to be a blunderbuss in speaking,—and, on this occasion, to me apparently more so—for the life of me I could not see any point in the course of his remarks other than a wish to overturn Sidney Rigdon's pretensions. As this meeting was a pretty general conference of the elders, the twelve assumed a temporary leadership, which was pretty generally conceded to them, as they were the quorum next in authority to the prophet and presidency of the whole church. N. K. Whitney and myself were put in nomination as trustees in trust for the Church, instead of Joseph Smith, deceased, and were voted in by acclamation and acknowledged as such by all present.

There was a good deal of speaking from the stand. The principal speaker, however, was Brigham Young. I must confess that all the proceedings at this time were anarchy and boisterous confusion, as it appeared to me, and I felt, indeed, as one who had lost a friend.

I had no one in whom I could implicitly confide in all things, as he to whom I sought in all times of trouble for counsel and advice was now no more. Oh, who can appreciate my feelings? Let me be excused from saying more on this painful subject.

Subsequent to these times of intense excitement I had frequent attempts at conversation with Brigham Young and H. C. Kimball in regard to Joseph leaving one to succeed him in the prophetic office, and in all my attempts to ascertain the desired truth as to that personage I was invariably met with the innuendo, "Stop, or hush, Brother Miller; let there be nothing said in regard to this matter, or we shall have little Joseph killed as his father was; implying indirectly that Joseph Smith had appointed his son Joseph to succeed him in the prophetic office. And I believe that this impression was not alone left on my mind, but on the brethren's in general, and remains with many until this day.

Lyman Wight became disaffected towards his brethren of the twelve. The man left in charge of the mill in the pinery sold out

possession of the whole concern (the mills being on Indian land, possession was the best title) for a few thousand feet of pine lumber. Those mills and appurtenances, worth at least \$20,000, thus passed out of our hands for a mere trifle by the act of one indiscreet man.

He brought part of the lumber to Nauvoo and all the company that had been engaged in the pineries. Lyman, ever fond of authority, placed himself at the head of this company, and as it had been announced by the twelve from the stand that Joseph had laid out a work that would take twenty years to accomplish, Lyman averred that he would commence his work then, and solicited me to take my place and go with him to locate the Black River Company. I told Lyman there was a way to do all things right, and we would get Woodworth and Brown, and get the authorities together, and clothe ourselves with the necessary papers, and proceed to meet the Texas Congress as before Joseph's death agreed upon. Woodworth and myself waited on Brigham, requesting him to convene the authorities so that the proper papers might be made out, and so we could be able to complete the unfinished negotiations of the treaty for the territory mentioned in my former letter. To my utter astonishment Brigham wholly refused to have anything to do in the matter, saying that he had no faith in it, and would do nothing to raise means for an outfit or expenses. Thus all hopes were cut off of establishing a dominion of the kingdom at a time when there seemed to be a crisis, and I verily believed that all that we had concocted in council might so easily be accomplished. I was really cast down and dejected.

Lyman had a conference with Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, and they advised him to go up the river to Prairie La Crosse, as I afterwards heard, and he did so.

About this time James Emmit raised a company, as he had received a mission to go among the Indians, by the appointment of Joseph and sanction of the council, and he also set off. I thought frequently to myself, "Oh! Lord, when will misrule cease?" Sorrow and gloom were not infrequent attendants on my midnight hours.

The work on the temple was vigorously prosecuted and that of the Nauvoo House resumed. Much music and banqueting were indulged in, and other pleasure parties. This matter went on through the fall and winter—except for a little display of mobocracy. It was published at the beginning of September, in the counties round about, that a general wolf hunt would come off a month or two hence, to be limited to Hancock County. It was understood by Mormons and others that it was really to make an attack on the Mormons. Governor Thomas Ford being an old acquaintance of mine, I wrote to him touching the matter, and he in reply assured me that he would be in Hancock with a battalion of soldiers and

break up the wolf hunt. Accordingly he came, General John J. Harding in command (afterwards killed in the Mexican war). On the day of their arrival in Nauvoo the legion had their fall training and passed in review before the governor. He had over four hundred men and two cannon, and requested me to show his quartermaster a suitable camping ground below the city, and also procure him two scows to transport his cannon and artillerists to Warsaw, as he intended to surprise that hotbed of mobocracy by land and water before daylight. I showed them their quarters two miles below the city, and then set out to procure the scows. I got some men to take the two scows down, and I rode down to announce to General Harding the safe delivery of the scows there, after dark. On getting to the lines of their camp, or within ten paces, I was met by a sentinel, who enquired my business. (I had been so busy that I had not taken off my uniform.) I told the sentinel that I wanted an interview with the officer of the night. He was immediately called for and came. I told him to inform Governor Ford and General Harding that I had brought the boats to transport their cannon, and I wanted a conference with them. The officer bowed and said, "Who shall I say requires their presence?" I told him "Miller." In reply he said, "Shall I say General Miller of the—taking off his cap—first cohort of the Nauvoo Legion?" I replied, "If you please," and he forthwith went on his errand. All this time the battalion was drawn up, forming a hollow square. The officer of the guard soon returned, presenting the respects of Governor Ford and General Harding, and said that they would wait on me in a few minutes: that they were just in the act of exercising their command a little in firing a few rounds to see how they would carry themselves in case they might come in contact with the mob. Woodworth had brought me down in a buggy, and I alighted and took my station in the line of the sentinel's beat as he walked backward and forward. Immediately the firing commenced. I heard the command given, "Elevate your guns," but it seemed to me that a constant blaze of fire along the greater extent of the line was directed right at me, and, as the sentinel got near the place where I stood, a shot struck him and he fell, crying aloud, "I am dead." I took him up and carried him within the lines and called for a surgeon. Whilst he was coming I examined the wound, finding the ball had passed in on the right hip bone and, ranging back, had passed out through the spine. The surgeon came, and I assisted in carrying the wounded man to the hospital tent. (The man died.) I inquired for Ford and Harding and was answered that they could not tell where they were; everything seemed to indicate alarm and confusion. I said aloud that I believed that the whole movement was intended to kill me, so as to have it said that it was done by accident, and that I was almost determined in my mind to bring down my cohort and

wipe the whole tribe of dogs out of existence. No commissioned officer could be found, and after uttering a few formal blessings on the unmanly, cowardly dogs, I got in my buggy, and Woodworth and myself returned to the city. The whole force of the renowned Governor Ford soon decamped, bearing with them the trophies of their late victory.

We had no mob movements the rest of the year: all other things were about as they had been. From the month of January, 1845, till June we had very little disturbance from our foes, but they were quite vociferous in threats. Colonel Deming, who had espoused the cause of the Mormons, being the acting sheriff of Hancock County, got into an encounter with Dr. Marshall, clerk of the county commissioners' court, who was a violent anti-Mormon. Marshall made the assault, and Deming drew his revolver and shot Marshall dead on the spot. Deming was held to bail, but before the trial came off he died of fever, and Jacob B. Backenstos was elected in his stead; he was also favorable to the Mormons. The excitement now became very great, all taking sides. Those that were opposed to Mormons were called Anti-Mormons and those friendly were called Jack-Mormons. In the latter part of the summer a mob of three hundred embodied; they encamped near Warsaw, at a place called Green Plains, and began their forays on the Mormons by burning houses, barns, stacks, and committing other deeds of violence. They continued their marauding, occasionally killing, until more than two hundred houses were burned, together with most of the small grain.

I went in person to Springfield to see Governor Ford. I rode night and day. Ford told me to stand in our own defense, but not make an offensive war. On my return, Backenstos set about restoring law and order, but was driven before the mob, which chased him about eighteen miles with a view to killing him. Just at the moment of being overtaken by the mob, O. P. Rockwell and J. Reding met him—they were going as a guard to bring a family to Nauvoo that had been burned out—and he called on them, in the name of the people of the state, to defend him against those murderers (the pursuing mob, ten in number, and headed by Francis Worrell, one of Joseph's assassins). Worrell leveled his gun to shoot, and at that instant the sheriff commanded Rockwell to shoot, which he did, and felled Worrell to the ground by passing a ball through his heart, exclaiming that he was good for that crowd (he was armed with a fifteen shooter). They all fled precipitately, and Backenstos came up to Nauvoo to raise a posse-comitatus to assist him in restoring law and order.

But Brigham Young would not agree to let a force go from the city until he should have failed in all the county. About this time I went to Carthage to sell some country orders. I went in a

buggy and had my wife and a female friend of hers with me; whilst trading my country orders for dry goods, an officer stepped to me and arrested me on a charge of treason against the state, telling me in a low voice that there was a mob of forty men, and their design was to commit me to jail and kill me that night, and told me not to betray him. I went into court, leaving my wife and her friend sitting in the buggy. The room was crowded, but room was made for me. Two lawyers were prosecuting, viz: Backman and Hopkins. They demanded of the court a *mittimus* to be made out, and said that, the crime charged not being a bailable offence, I must therefore go to jail. I told the court that my wife was sick, and urged him to send a guard with me until I could take her home, and said that I would forthwith return and await the decision of the court. This, however, was not agreed to, and the *mittimus* was ordered. I arose, opening my coat, saying that I had made the roads and killed the snakes in the country, and must needs be an old citizen; further, that all Carthage could not put me in jail; that they were a set of almost still-born and white-livered dogs, and that, by the God of Moses, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I was going home and none should hinder. Hereupon, drawing a large knife and revolver, I made for the door, at which they said, "Consider yourself in bonds under a verbal recognizance of five hundred dollars to be made of your own goods and chattels," and ordered me to be there a week from that day.

I went out, they making room for me to pass, and went home. I have frequently thought it a miracle that they let me go. Sheriff Backenstos got no help from any part of the county, as the Jack-Mormons feared they would share the same fate as the Mormons in case they assisted the sheriff in restoring law and order, and he was again forced to flee to Nauvoo for protection, the mob declaring that they would burn his house and destroy his property. Brigham Young had at the time of the sheriff's return a council assembled to consult on some plan of safety. Backenstos came into the council, stating the danger he was in, and said that he must have help from Nauvoo, as he could not get it elsewhere, and he wanted men at that instant to bring his family out of Carthage that night. Brigham Young said that men could not be got in readiness in one hour, as it was not over that until sundown. I replied that they could. He said, "Will you do it?" I told him I would try, and started out of the council room, and by the setting of the sun I was ready with one hundred and four choice men who, I had no doubt, would have attempted the taking the loads out of cannon, even if men were standing with lighted matches to touch them off, if I would command it.

We forthwith set out for Carthage to bring to Nauvoo the sheriff's family, and to stop the burning of houses, which was still

going on from day to day. On our approach to Carthage we were fired upon, but the firers immediately fled before us, AND WE MADE NO STOP until I drew up my command ready for action in front of the sheriff's house.

About this time I discovered lighted torches passing in various directions; I apprehended that they intended to burn their own houses and lay it to the Mormons in order to raise a greater excitement against us if possible. I sent men all over the village, and had every man arrested and brought before me. I told them that I had discovered from their movements that they intended to burn their own houses and charge it on the Mormon posse that was then acting under the direction of the sheriff. I assured them that, if a house was burned then or after I left, I would put the place to the sword without discrimination. While these things were going on without, the sheriff was preparing his family for a move to Nauvoo.

We soon started, taking the road to Warsaw until we came to the road leading from Bear Creek settlement to Nauvoo; here I detailed six men as a guard and conductors to take the sheriff's family to Nauvoo, and Backenstos, the sheriff, in company with us, took the route to Bear Creek settlement, to arrest the house burners, who were reported to be there carrying out the work of destruction. By this time it was near day-break. When we got to Sidney A. Knowlton's (a Mormon), we bought grain for our horses and food for ourselves and called a halt for the men to feed and refresh themselves. While we were eating our breakfast a messenger came to let us know that the work of burning was going on. The sheriff gave orders to prepare for a march, and said that he would go ahead with one division of my command, under the command of Colonel John D. Parker, and that I might bring up the rear. There was no time lost, all hands being eager to avenge the wrongs of their suffering brethren. Colonel Parker's division set out, headed by Backenstos, and I soon followed. I had not proceeded far when Backenstos rode up to me, saying, "Do you see those smokes over there?"—pointing about two or three miles off to our left. On my answer, "Yes," he said, "Go and rout them, and I will go ahead with Colonel Parker and cut off their retreat." We all set off at half speed; I approached the house-burners under cover of a narrow skirt of woods—wholly unperceived till within a hundred paces of them. I commanded them in the name of the people of the state to surrender. They mounted their horses and put off at full speed. I had some difficulty in crossing a ravine, which gave the enemy about a fourth of a mile start of us. I ordered a charge, telling the men to have no regard for order, but that the fastest horses were to go ahead and bring on the action, and all others were to go at the top of their speed until they should come up with the advance, and then fall into line. We had a race of three miles on the even prairie,

when four of our best horses overtook the enemy, and fired on them, killing one man on the spot and wounding two others, who fell from their horses and crawled into a corn field near by and died. In a minute there were over twenty horses running through the prairie, saddled and bridled to be sure, but with no riders on them, the men having dismounted and fled through the corn field, and all others escaping on their horses into the woods near by. Thus a victory was won by firing three guns, which resulted in the killing of three of the house-burners.

I formed my squadron and made them a short address, rather by way of command. By this time Backenstos and Colonel Parker, who were to have cut off the enemy's retreat, came up, and I ordered them to fall into line on the left, and then called a council of the officers of my command to consult on such things as should be thought best to do. It was proposed by the sheriff that we should go direct to Nauvoo and get an additional force, and return and rout the house-burners in their camp—numbering three hundred then in camp—a mile from us. As we were under the sheriff's control, of course we all agreed to his proposal, and immediately set off for Nauvoo, where we arrived a little after dark, having marched sixty-five miles in twenty-six hours. On getting to Nauvoo, I learned that a force of something over a hundred men, under command of Colonel Stephen Markham, had, on that morning, been sent to reinforce me. Sheriff Backenstos called on me early next morning to make ready for a return to Green Plains. In a short time we took up the line of march, and at four o'clock of the same day we got to Colonel S. Markham's camp, nearly thirty miles from Nauvoo. The same night I sent two discreet men to spy out the situation of the enemy's camp. They returned with all the facts relative to their encampment and intentions. They were in two bodies, one-fourth of a mile apart, in the woods on the side of a large corn field; they were three hundred in number, and intended to remain in camp until they could be reinforced by men from Missouri and the counties round about. I instantly insisted on Backenstos sending a dispatch to Brigham Young to send two pieces of artillery and four hundred men; to send one company by water to scuttle all the boats and skiffs from Nauvoo to La Grange, and take their station opposite Tully, in Missouri; another company to take their station at Warsaw, another to be posted opposite Keokuk (thus securing all the crossings of the Mississippi River below Nauvoo), and the rest of the men and the cannon to come as a reserve to back us up. I said that our plan was to lay ambuscades on all the roads leading from the enemy's camp, and make two divisions of the remaining force, and attack the camp of the enemy from the side of the corn field, where they kept no guard, and put them to the sword just at the break of day of the second morning, and argued that by carry-

ing the plan into effect we should be forever clear of mobs. The sheriff sent the dispatch with the plan of operations by O. P. Rockwell the same night, so as to have everyone in the place appointed by the time fixed for the attack.

We got no tidings until two days after, when Rockwell returned with a letter from Young, stating that he had no doubt of the success of the plan concocted to destroy the mob, but that we might in the meantime have many brethren killed, and withal bring upon us all the surrounding states. He assured Backenstos that in a day or two the men and cannon would be sent down to our camp to assist us in making arrests. Before the next day after this all the mob took fright, likely at the approach of the reinforcements, and they all crossed the Mississippi and encamped on the Missouri side.

On the arrival of our reinforcements, Backenstos marched us to Warsaw, then to Carthage, and encamped us on the Court House square, detailing strong guards, posting them in various parts of the county, and doing such other things as he thought the peace of the people required.

Such was the state of affairs when Governor Ford and General J. J. Harding arrived with a strong military force into Hancock County, disbanded the sheriff's posse-comitatus, arrested Backenstos for the killing of Worrell, and put the county under martial law. Sheriff Backenstos was taken to Quincy and tried before Judge Purple and put under bond of \$3000 to appear at the next term of court.

The mob that fled to Missouri, upon the introduction of the governor's military force, took courage and recrossed the Mississippi River and commenced depredations, leaving us in a worse condition than we had been at any time since the church had been in the state. About this time Brigham Young proposed leaving the United States; his proposition being that, if the Mormons were left in peace, he would leave the state, taking with him all the official members, and that this exodus should begin before the springing of the grass the ensuing spring. The remainder of the fall was taken up in negotiating with the people who wished us out of the country, and the governor and his military force.

From this time forward all was hurry and bustle, active preparations going on for the early exodus of the Saints from the city where the God of heaven had chosen to establish them in righteousness, if they would but keep his commandments.

Most truly and sincerely,

GEORGE MILLER.

Saint James, July 4, 1855.

Dear Brother: In my last letter I closed with a brief relation of the manner in which Alpheus Cutler supplanted me in a contract for a large amount of building.

This left me in such a situation that I knew not what to do, as it was getting too late in the season to pitch a crop. I was also destitute of the means of subsistence; in this crisis there was something necessary to be done. I had five wagons and not teams enough to haul them, since the loss of my cattle that were stolen at winter quarters; I therefore sold one yoke of oxen and a wagon, on the proceeds of which we subsisted for the time being. About this time Joseph Kilting and Richard Hewitt came down from winter quarters, expecting to get employment on the buildings which they supposed I had undertaken. I told them of the failure in getting work on account of Cutler's treachery, and that I had seriously contemplated going to Texas to look up my son, John F. Miller, who had gone off with Lyman Wight, as I had recently learned of his whereabouts. They proposed going part of the way with me, and in two or three days we departed for the Cherokee Indian nation, as that territory as represented as a good place for mechanical and other labour.

We took what is called the line road, having the Indian Territory on our west and the State of Missouri on the east. We prosecuted our journey without any serious difficulty, and when we got to Maysville, a small village on the west line of Arkansas, we turned off to the right, taking the Ft. Gibson road, and on the ninth day of July, 1847, arrived at Tahlequal, the capital of the Cherokee nation. Upon our arrival here I looked around a day or two for work. I had a great many offers of several kinds of mechanical labour at good prices. I went to work, not losing a day. In a short time I became quite popular among the Cherokees on account of my close attention to my labour. The brothers, Hewitt and Kilting, proposed to me that we should have meetings every Sunday at one of our houses (or my tent, as I then lived in one). The first meeting we held was at Hewitt's, and only our own folks were in attendance, but, before the end of the services, two white men came in, one a Methodist preacher and the other a merchant. They both had half-breed wives. They solicited me to preach in the Court House, saying that I could occupy the house once every Sunday, either forenoon, afternoon or at candle-lighting. I assented to their request, and on the next Sunday had a large congregation in the Court House. From this time on I became the popular preacher.

Thus things moved on smoothly through the summer and fall, and after the session of the Cherokee Legislature, I was solicited

by them to preach twice a week. My compliance with their request created a clamor and jealousy among the missionaries and the teachers in their seminaries, some of them having been among the Cherokees over thirty years. They sent in a petition to the principal chief, setting forth that they had been preachers and teachers among them all their best days; had grown old in their service, and had always been faithful to their interests; that they had educated their legislators and statesmen, and had been notorious for the interest they had taken against the United States in behalf of the Cherokees; that they were identified as of them, and had no country or interests aside from the Cherokees: that when I preached I had crowded houses, and they had to speak to the empty walls; and, furthermore, that the Legislature had never called on them to preach, notwithstanding the services they had rendered the nation; whereas I, a stranger, holding heterodox principles, could preach to crowded houses and received the caresses of the principal men of the nation. They therefore prayed that my preaching be stopped. I was confidentially told that the chief informed the petitioners that he could not constitutionally grant their prayer. After being apprised by a friend of what was going on, and having but a short time to stay, I gradually broke off preaching.

In the course of the summer and fall my son and myself and the female part of my family earned twelve hundred dollars and received the pay, and, having finished my contract, except some small things of minor importance, which I turned over to Kilting and Hewitt, on the fifteenth day of December, 1847, I loaded my wagons and started for Texas. The Indians did not wish to give me up, but, having made my plans and having now means in abundance to prosecute my journey, I would not yield to their solicitations. My journey was not characterized by any remarkable occurrence until I got into Texas. I, however, had beautiful, dry weather the entire extent of my journey.

I passed through the Creek, Seminole, Chocktaw and Chickasaw Indians' territory. I will not leave this country without giving it a passing notice. In point of soil, climate, mineral and agricultural products, it will rank above Arkansas. The face of the country is undulating and in some parts mountainous. The soil, productive in wheat, rye, oats, cotton, rice and maize (or Indian corn), is better than southern Missouri and Arkansas, and more highly cultivated; and in regard to refinement, in civil society and institutions of learning, it is an age before them. The hand of Almighty God seems to have favored this region of country. Beside iron ore and bituminous coal, saline springs or wells abound, so as to make salt in great abundance for the immediate wants of those Indian nations, as also for all southwestern Missouri, western Arkansas and all northern Texas. Timber and stone for building are

abundant, and it is not surpassed by any country in point of water-power.

We crossed the Red River at the village of Warren, in Texas, passing down from the sources of the Trinity River to the Cedar Springs, about four miles above Dallas. The part of Texas that I passed through, lying between Warren and Dallas, is the most densely populated of any portion of the state, and under a better state of cultivation, and is capable of sustaining more people than the same area of any other portion of that country. This part of Texas is unhealthy from some cause not apparent on its face, as the country is undulating and there is little or no swamp or wet land unless it may be on the bottoms or margin of the larger water courses. The country from Dallas to the falls of the Rio Brazos is very thinly settled, and, in fact, cannot be otherwise than sparsely populated for the lack of wood and water. When I passed through there were but two houses on the road for a distance of one hundred miles. In the vicinity of the falls of the Rio Brazos is the village of Bucksnorts, with settlements up and down the river. On crossing the Brazos I entered upon a region of country destitute of water, and, although I crossed two or three valleys where large bodies of water run in the rainy seasons, I did not get water for our teams till I reached Little River, forty miles farther on. At this place my cattle began to fail, taking a disease that all northern raised cattle are liable to. They are attacked with stupidity and high fever, urinating frequently, passing apparently nothing but blood. The disease terminates in the death of the animal in about three days.

When we arrived at the city of Austin, I had yet alive out of my entire stock—consisting of ten yoke of oxen, eight cows and calves, and one horse—but four yoke of oxen and three cows. At this point I ascertained that my son lived west about seventy-five miles, with no house intervening. I ferried the Colorado River at this point, and the first night lost one cow and a yoke of oxen. Here I left a wagon and divided its load among the other three, and, as my family until this time had ridden in this wagon, they now walked on foot, from the least to the greatest. After having gone about thirty-five miles from the city of Austin, I could go no further for the want of teams to draw my wagons. I therefore sent up to Lyman Wight and my son for teams to haul my wagons and their contents to his place; and, according to my request, my son came down to my camp with teams and some additional wagons to haul us and our effects. On the arrival of my son I had but four head of cattle remaining alive out of thirty-six, the whole number of cattle with which I crossed Red River; and in a few days after but one survived.

The cause of the mortality among the cattle reared east and

north of Red River upon being taken into Texas I could not myself, nor ever heard anyone else, satisfactorily account for. The malady is not alone confined to horned or black cattle, but attacks horses also.

However, horses have a different kind of disease, called Spanish fever, and, in acclimating, more than half the number die; but not more than one of ten cows and oxen lives a year after coming to the country. Native cattle generally are fine looking and very healthy. And, with ordinary industry and care, no portion of the United States is better suited for the growing of every kind of cattle, the grazing being perpetual and acclimated stock uniformly healthy. The greater portion of Texas is better suited to a pastoral life than any other place of which I have any knowledge, and with proper care and little labor a frugal man may grow into boundless wealth in herds and flocks, having no necessity for winter stores to keep them. There is, however, care required on account of the numerous insects, incident to all low altitudes, which excoriate the skin of animals. There is a fly that deposits an egg that in a few hours hatches into a maggot, which sometimes endangers the lives of animals if not seen to in time. The means of subsistence can easily be secured by a very small amount of labor and attention. All the hill parts of Texas are healthy, away from the large creeks and rivers, but can never be densely populated for the lack of timber and water. On the sea coast, and for a distance of a hundred miles or more inland, the country is badly watered and generally unhealthy, and lacking timber, but not to the same extent as the part just spoken of. The country now under consideration, being a good grazing region through its whole extent coastwise and a hundred miles inland, contains the agricultural wealth of the state. Beginning with the rivers Trinity, Brazos, Colorado, Guadalupe, San Antonio, Nueces and Rio Grande (common to Texas and Mexico), together with all the minor streams flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, we have the sugar, cotton and rice growing portion of Texas. The plantations are all cultivated by negro slave labor. The yield of sugar (although this article could be raised to any extent as far as the climate and soil are concerned) is barely sufficient for the wants of the inhabitants, and, in many instances, large quantities are imported. This lack, no doubt, is altogether attributable to the want of capital among the planters, and, as in all other countries where slave labor is wholly resorted to, the growth in wealth and individual enterprise is comparatively slow and always a half century or more behind the countries where few hired laborers are employed to conduct their agricultural interests. In contemplating the natural resources of this country, one must note its capacity for producing grapes, mulberry trees, lemons, oranges, figs, almonds, olives, peaches and apricots to any extent almost in the range of human

comprehension. If it were under a system of good husbandry, it would no doubt abound in silk, wine and oil, tropical fruits, milk and honey. The honey bee abounds all over Texas, and whenever you meet with timber and hollow trees or crevices in the rocks, you can generally find the bee and honey. In all my travels from the Rio Trinity to the Nueces River coastwise, and from the latter to the Red River northeast, I rarely found fruit of any kind, and four-fifths of the entire population, in my observation, had not a fruit tree of any kind, or an ornamental tree or shrub about them. Beans of every variety may be raised to great perfection; sweet potatoes, peanuts, cucumbers and melons of every variety cannot be excelled in any country. Other edible roots and plants are inferior in quality and quantity to those grown in the other states of the Union.

It is a frequent occurrence in traveling through the country that you may for weeks not meet with a vegetable of any kind at the tables of the inhabitants. Their uniform diet is meat, bread and coffee; no butter or milk, although they may have from ten to five hundred, and even a thousand, cows and calves. Poultry can easily be raised to a great extent, as they have no winters to prevent the laying, setting and hatching of all fowls that lay more than one brood of eggs in the year; and you may find hens' eggs at all times of the year at every house where you find hens. Having said some things in regard to the natural and physical resources of this country, I again resume my narrative.

After getting to my son's house I found that he was living in a common stock association of some hundred and fifty persons, under the control of Lyman Wight, in the vicinity of a German-Dutch colony, located in the mountain region of Texas, on a tributary of the Colorado River, called Piedernalles (signifying "stony river" in the Spanish language), in the County of Gillespie. This community had a grist and saw mill, which they had, but six or nine months before my arrival, got into full operation. They had also a turning lathe, blacksmith's and wagon shop, together with comfortable houses. They furnished me a house until such time as I could build one, which I accomplished in about two months. They extended every kind of hospitality and aid in helping me build a cabin, or cabins, suitable for the convenience of my family.

Wight's company seemed to be in a prosperous condition, but were in debt to merchants in Austin some two thousand dollars or thereabout, and with all their industry the debt seemed to be growing larger, owing to Wight's bad financial management. They made overtures to me to join their association, which I declined, but, however, let them have the use of my wagons and other property, and money to a small amount, in all about eight hundred and sixty dollars, and agreed to put our labors with theirs until such time as I could make it convenient to leave them and go on my own account.

I soon became convinced that Lyman Wight had become so addicted to drinking that he would, if he persisted, destroy himself and bring ruin upon his community. He had also misled them by false teaching in regard to lineage and the laws of matrimony, and many other things. I took the liberty of speaking to Lyman Wight, and some few of his adherents, in regard to the corruption and errors they were running into, not doubting that I could convince them without getting their ill-will. But I soon found my mistake, and it made doubly manifest to me that, by a multitude of transgressions of the laws that God has given for the purifying and guidance of His people, the transgressors will lose the spirit that directs the mind to all truth, and become wholly darkened, and will invariably persecute those who point out to them their errors with the most bitter feelings. It was so with Lyman Wight and a number of his followers. From this time forward Lyman would, by innuendoes, allude to the acts that I had in a friendly way advised them to abstain from. I plainly saw the handwriting on the wall, and fully discovered that the war was in sight.

In the latter part of August I began to make arrangements to go by myself, and, on naming my intentions to Wight, he flatly told me that I could not have a particle of my property; that whenever anyone apostatized from the church (as he called himself and followers), they should go out empty. I told him that I had not joined his association, as he very well knew, and that I would have the things that I had brought here, less the expense of the teams to move me up to his place. He said he would call a meeting to take the matter under advisement.

As a result of their deliberations they decided that I should go away, if I left them, my son John, who had married Wight's daughter, siding with them. I told them I was going if I walked and carried my family on my back, and that I then warned them that I would have every dime's worth that they were there combining to rob me of; that, if I had covenanted or agreed to join them, I would not draw back, but as I had not, I wanted them to distinctly understand that I was after them with warm cloths, and hot blocks, and sharp sticks, until I got the last cent. They defied me and urged me to go ahead.

I went to the Dutch colony and hired teams to haul my family, as I had very little of anything else to haul. I learned that Lyman Wight, lest I should bring evil upon them, had sent some men after me to waylay me and assassinate me on the way, urging that it was better for one man to die than for a whole community to be mobbed and suffer. One man preceded me to Austin to advertise the people against me as a renegade. I, however, went ahead, not knowing where I should stop. I had promised the teamsters that I would pay them in corn, and in the city of Austin I ascertained that I

could buy corn of a Mr. Glasscock, if I would dig in a millrace by the yard, to pay for it—this at a very low price—but I could do no better. Therefore I went on a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles and commenced operations, thereby paying the teamsters for hauling me down, or rather across, the country to the place. I now again resorted to living in tents, as I had no wagons or anything else to help myself with. But in a short time Wight sent me an inferior light wagon and a span of mules to help myself with, and after two or three months of the most excessive labor by myself and boys, we accumulated a little stock of provisions and three or four cows and calves, and, by cutting the millrace, sufficient to pay for hauling my family to this place and pay for the stock I had on hand, and fifteen dollars over. I told my employer that, on account of the sickness of my son Joshua and nephew, I should have to seek other employment. He told me that he calculated on my finishing all his digging, amounting to four or five hundred dollars' worth, and that he would not have employed me at all if he had not supposed that I would finish the job. I told him that I had taken no definite amount of yards to cut, that I had been cutting his millrace by the yard, at the rate of nine cents the cubic yard, and that he had paid me for the most part of what I had done as we had agreed, and that the exposure of my family and their ill health would not permit me to prosecute his work any further. He said I could get a house in the neighborhood to shelter my family, and, if I abandoned his work, he would prosecute me for damages. I told him I had no one able to work but myself, and it took all my time to take care of my sick, and therefore I could work no longer. I therefore moved off twenty-five miles to a place where I expected to raise a crop for the ensuing year, and adopt some mode of living without the toil of digging a millrace for my daily bread. But my tyrant employer made good his word, and attached my wagon and team to secure the damages. I went to see a lawyer, who informed me that the whole matter was illegal, and that he would bind himself to set it all aside for the fee of fifty dollars, if I would secure him payment of his fee; that Glasscock was a rich man, and had great influence, and that, although he might recover damages from me, he would have to fight for it to the last bat's end; and that he could not work for nothing. As the property attached was worth about a hundred dollars, together with the fifteen dollars he owed me on my work (Glasscock told me that Wight had cautioned him to watch me, and he was bound to do it), I abandoned the whole concern, as I could get no security to aid me in the prosecution of my suit. Glasscock afterwards sent me about ten or fifteen dollars' worth of groceries.

I now had shanties or cabins to build to shelter me from the weather, as the rainy season had fully set in, and my tents were

worn out. To augment my perplexity I had no team to aid me but what I hired, and if ever man had suffering and privation, I think a large share fell to my lot there. In the month of February, about the time for planting my corn, my wife Mary had a stroke of palsy that made her as helpless as an infant, all attributable to Lyman Wight's cruelty toward me. I sent my son Joshua after my son John, who had married Wight's daughter, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, to come and see his mother, as she wished to see him and did not expect to survive the shock of her sickness. But John did not come on account of some preventing cause. In about three weeks from this time I decided to go to the city of Austin and seek employment as a builder, and therefore employed teams to haul my family and effects down to the city. The second day on my way down to my destination I met my son John and Wight's son, Orange L. Wight, with a message from Lyman Wight and his association that if I would return and take possession of a farm they had, with the growing crops, about eight miles distance from their residence, of nearly a hundred acres in cultivation, they would assist me with teams and provisions, together with a sufficient number of men to cultivate the crop, and give me half of it, and also reimburse me for the property which they had taken from me by violence and force until I should be satisfied. I accordingly agreed to accede to their proposals, and, on getting to the city of Austin, I discharged my wagons that I had employed to move me and pitched a tent, where I remained five days until my son John and O. L. Wight came with wagons and teams to take us up to Wight's camp.

A few days after getting to Wight's place I learned that a number of his company had left him since I had been there, but that they were better off financially than when I left them. I discovered a disposition in Wight to procrastinate in the execution of their late agreement with me, and a proposal was hinted to me that if I would join the association it would be made greatly to my interest to do so. I went to Wight, after fully weighing the whole matter in my mind, and plainly told him what I thought of his conduct and cruelty toward me and family, and said that my wife had been victimized on account of it, and that, if he did not comply with the agreement, I would take vengeance and inflict punishment upon him for all the wrongs that I had suffered at his hands, and that I would do it in a summary way. He, without further delay, complied with his agreement, or put things in the way of compliance, and I fully engaged all my time with my utmost energy and skill to gather about me the means of comfort. But when I could look about me and realize the distracted condition of the church in their scattered situation, without a shepherd that I knew of, I felt in my heart that I was a mourner, and became almost weary of life. While in this

state of mind I had a dream, in which I saw Joseph Smith in the heavens in a glorified state, together with countless numbers of glorified beings shouting hallelujah, praising God and the Lamb, and bidding me welcome to the celestial abode. A thin veil separated us, and their brilliancy was whiter and brighter than the sun. Joseph spoke to me and told me that if I would come I might, but I had better not come, as my work was not yet finished on earth. At this time the spirit of praising God came upon me, and I shouted, whereupon part of my family, not having retired to bed, hearing me supposed I had a night-mare, and pulled me from my bed. When I awoke my eyes were so affected from the light I had seen that I could not for a time distinguish the surrounding objects.

On another occasion I had a dream that I saw Joseph Smith sitting in a room talking to a person whom I have since seen. Upon my entering the room Joseph looked at me, saying, "God bless you, Brother Miller; I am instructing my successor in the prophetic office—how to manage and conduct the affairs of the church." The appearance of the person shown me by Joseph Smith in the dream was so stamped on my mind that I could not keep it from my view for a moment, and it was secretly whispered to me that I should soon hear news that would cheer my drooping spirits.

Most truly and sincerely,

GEORGE MILLER.

Saint James, August 10, 1855.

Dear Brother: I resume this subject where I left off in my last communication. Whilst pondering in my mind the scattered state of the Saints, and the fact that I could hear of no shepherd that I believed was authorized of God to lead the church, I was really in a state of gloom and despondency.

One afternoon after the toil of a warm day I came to my house to rest, and found some papers setting forth the appointment of J. J. Strang to the prophetic office, instead of Joseph Smith, deceased. It is true that I had heard his name spoken of as leader and prophet, but in my mind I numbered him with other pretenders; as I had not wholly abandoned the belief that Joseph Smith had appointed his successor in one of his own posterity.

I therefore wrote to Brother Strang a letter questioning his assumption of authority, and requested him to publish my letter. But the next day after mailing my letter I received another package from Brother Strang containing a small tract setting forth Brother Strang's appointment and calling to the prophetic office. On a close and critical reading and investigation of this tract I changed

my opinions, and wrote to Brother Strang countermanding the publication of my former letter. From this time I had frequent manifestations of Brother Strang's being called of God to lead his people, even as Moses was to lead the Israelites out of Egyptian bondage, and I began to set myself earnestly to make preparations together with the Saints. I was prospered in all my undertakings, and managed so as to be well provided with teams and four or five hundred dollars to bear my expenses to Beaver Island.

John G. Miner, who had been with Lyman Wight, having had a difference with him, quit his organization; and Miner solicited me to intercede with Wight to get a wagon and team for him, and said that he would go with me, as he was convinced that Brother Strang was the true successor of Joseph Smith. I spoke to Wight in his behalf. He said that Miner had a large family of children, and that all the work they had done as members of his association had not half fed them, and that they had been a great expense to the company; that he had brought nothing into the company, and that if a just account had been kept, Miner would be many hundred dollars in his debt, or rather in the debt of the company, and he could not consistently, with the rights of the company, give him anything; that he was an unprincipled knave, but that if I could haul him away he would add a yoke or two of oxen to my outfit. I decided to take him part or all the way, as he manifested a great anxiety to go, and furnished him with an old wagon and two yoke of oxen to haul his family. I also gave him money, according to the number of his family, to bear their expenses, as a matter of liberality on account of his destitute condition.

I had all preparations made to start on the 12th of October, 1849, but my horses strayed off so that we could not find them until the afternoon of the 13th, at which time we yoked up our oxen and started. If it had not been for the circumstance of my horses straying I should have started the afternoon of the 11th; and, as everything that transpired from the day I made up my mind to move to the Beaver Islands seemed to be directed for my good, so also on this occasion I received a letter from Brother Strang that gave me much comfort; this I should not have received if my horses had not strayed, as it came to hand on the evening that I had set apart for starting on my journey.

We had a great deal of rain for the first ten days of our journey, a circumstance unusual at this season of the year, in Texas. The waters were mostly high and difficult to cross. We, however, had no evil befall us until we crossed the Brazos River. We crossed at the falls; there was a crowd of emigrants crossing at the time of our reaching this place, which set us back in crossing with our wagons, four in number. We swam our oxen and horses, and took the wagons in pieces and ferried them over in canoes, to-

gether with our baggage. Whilst this toilsome labor was going on we put Miner in charge of the camp and cattle. When all was ferried over, we began to prepare for a start, but, through the negligence of Miner and the little boys left to assist him, they had so managed as to let all our oxen stray off but one yoke. My son Joshua and my nephew and myself got up our horses, put the remaining yoke of oxen in charge of Miner and went in pursuit of the lost cattle. After much diligence we found them about five miles off in the Brazos bottom; however, not until the second day. When we got into camp we found that Miner had let the yoke of oxen we left in his charge escape, and after a day or two's search for them without hearing any tidings of them we abandoned them, and proceeded on our journey lest we should lose more of our oxen, as the bottom was so thickly set with vines, brush and high weeds that it was only with utmost care that we could keep them together by constant herding.

I found in Miner and his careless, wasteful family a cumbrous load to drag along, but on account of his professed faith and his apparent desire to get to the church I woud not abandon him. I had given him two yoke of oxen and a wagon and also money to defray his expenses, but he did not seem to realize my liberality, and used very little economy in the expenditure of the money I had given him, and I apprehended that he would soon be out of money, and that if he got through to the church he would have to be assisted. I therefore made no other calculation than to take him through to the church, if he would try in a small degree to help himself.

We had a very rainy fall and much high water, which made our progress very slow. We, however, kept moving, and every night got nearer our destination. The day after we crossed the Trinity River I heard that Clark Lyman Whitney, who had come from Council Bluffs to build a mill for a Mr. Overton, an old Missourian, was there only two days in advance of me, on his return to Council Bluffs, and from thence to Salt Lake. I started on horseback the same night that I received the intelligence to overtake him, and on the third day in the forenoon I overtook him at Preston, on Red River, and, as we had been a long time acquainted, we had a joyous meeting.

I, without ceremony, told him where I was going and my reasons for so doing; and in a concise manner laid before him Brother Strang's appointment to the prophetic office and calling, according to the revelations relative thereto in the covenant and commandments given to the church through Joseph Smith. After a short conversation with him on the above subject, he acquiesced with me in my opinion, and, without hesitancy, said he would go with me if he had but the means to travel on. I told him I had money and would divide it with him, and when we ran out of funds we would stop

and work for more—(Whitney's family went on the island)—and thus keep moving until we got to our place of destination. I returned and met my family, and Brother Whitney remained at Preston (the place at which I overtook him) until I arrived there with my family and effects; and on my arrival at Preston we ferried Red River, entered the Chocktaw nation and prosecuted our journey north.

It rained almost every day, and night also; consequently we got along very slowly—and uncomfortably for the women and children. We had to lie by many days on account of high waters, and after taking into account the advanced season of the year, the cold and wet weather, together with the delicate condition of some of the females, we came to the conclusion to stop at the first good place to obtain profitable employment, and make our winter quarters. We had difficulty that we did not anticipate on account of our Texas oxen having been raised altogether on grass; there were some of them that could not be taught to eat corn and hay (when we were able to procure it), and three of our oxen died of fatigue and hunger before they would eat the corn.

On the 12th day of December, 1849, we arrived at the North Canadian River, a tributary of the Arkansas, one of the principal trading posts in the Creek and Seminole Indian territory; and here we stopped for the winter. We obtained an abundance of employment, by which we procured a full supply of everything necessary to make ourselves comfortable, and to feed our teams. It was not long before it was known who we were, and I was solicited by some of their missionaries to preach, and I consented. We had a full attendance of missionary priests, traders and some few Indians and half-breeds that could speak English. After I had done sermonizing the missionaries held a council (as I was afterwards informed), in which it was agreed that it would be an injury to their cause to enter into a controversy with any of the Mormons, as they had no one amongst them able to meet us in a religious controversy, and their better policy would be to treat us respectfully and courteously, as we were esteemed industrious and intelligent men; that their true policy would be to chime in with the public opinion and avoid, if possible, any injury to their cause by indiscreet controversy with us on doctrinal tenets.

During our stay in this country we made many friends amongst the Indians and some of the halfbreeds. I preached frequently to the Indians through an interpreter, and many were believers, and I could have baptized many, but I did not know how to instruct them, and I had doubts also that my authority would likely be irregular, as I had not been authorized and sent to preach the gospel by the legitimate head of the church. I preached many sermons, at the request of the traders, and became quite popular amongst

them. They patronized us and paid us liberally for our labor, and, after we had realized a sufficiency of money (as we supposed) to take us to the church, we could scarcely get away from them, as the traders and Indians, without exception, wished to retain us amongst them.

We got all our engagements fulfilled and were ready to leave the country. Miner decided to stay, as he had not made enough money to bear his expenses to the church. We proposed helping him if he would go, but he declined to go with us, having several jobs of work on hand unfinished, and he could not get pay for them unless they were completed.

On the 4th day of July, 1850, we started for Beaver Island, the little company consisting of twenty-three persons in number, viz.: Brother Whitney and his family; my son, Joshua L. Miller, wife and children, and my own family. The weather was exceptionally warm and rainy, and we made slow progress, and after reaching the west side of the state of Arkansas the murrain broke out in our cattle. We had three oxen that died of the disease, and upon consultation we decided to stop and exchange the remaining oxen for horses, and our ox-wagons for horse-wagons, although we were fully aware that we should have to do it at a great sacrifice. The exchange of our oxen and wagons necessarily took some time. We had wagons to fit up and repair and harness to buy, and it was not until about two weeks after our stop that we were again ready for an onward move. We, however, got all our preparations made and on the afternoon of the 22nd of July we again resumed our journey. Having all horse-teams, we progressed finely and comfortably, taking into account the great amount of rain that occasionally fell whilst we were on our journey.

We passed through the state of Missouri diagonally, crossed the Missouri River at Jefferson City, the capital of the state, and the Mississippi River at Hannibal; at this place we had twelve miles ferriage, and for the privilege paid a round sum. I do not now remember the exact amount. Nothing of particular interest occurred on our journey through the state of Illinois, except the hindering of our progress caused by the high water, and on the fourth day of September, 1850, we arrived at Voree, where we were kindly received by the Saints there, and greatly cheered and refreshed by the manifest kindness extended to us by all the brethren, which was indeed consoling to us after the exposure, toils and trouble incident to my journeyings, and the attendant perplexity of being without a shepherd.

The sensations roused up in our bosoms by the manifest brotherly kindness of all the Saints has left a remembrance of gratitude on my mind that time can never erase. We found the brethren closely engaged in hauling in their grain crops; we laid hold with

our teams to assist them. I made known to Brother Benjamin Wright, who was in charge of affairs at Voree, my intention of going to Beaver Island, the seat of the First Presidency, and we took under advisement how to dispose of my wagons and horses and procure the necessary outfit, whereupon we came to the conclusion that I should turn over all I had to Brother Wight (or rather the association) and that he should provide me with such outfit for the island as their circumstances would justify. Brother Whitney concluded to remain at Voree, where he died the succeeding spring. On my part, I worked with my might in assisting the brethren in their ordinary labors, until such time as it might be convenient to get my outfit for the place to which my desires inspired me to go.

No one can possibly realize my gratitude to the God of heaven for my safe deliverance from the perplexity of mind and burning anxiety for respite from the misrule of the haughty and arrogant usurpers of authority in the Church and Kingdom of God, and my eager expectations of being in a week or two placed again under the guidance of the true shepherd of the flock of God's people on earth, but those alone who have passed through such ordeals as I have in the last six years, subsequent to the death of Joseph Smith, and up to the time of my arrival at Voree.

GEORGE MILLER, JR.

So much for George Miller, the elder. I now come to the second part of my subject—the life, or, to be more exact, some few incidents in the life of the son, George Miller, Jr.—the George Miller who is with us today.

He was born February 11, 1850, in Indian Territory, among the Creek Indians, and was the only son of George Miller, Sr., by his second contemporaneous wife, née Boughton, who died in 1851 in Michigan. His father, a Mormon bishop, and, of course, a polygamist, was an intimate friend and a firm believer in Joseph Smith, but he hated Brigham Young as the devil hates holy water, and the compliment was apparently returned, for we have seen that on at least one occasion he vehemently suspected his enemy of compassing his assassination.

Of his mother little is known, for she died when he was a baby. He was his own man from the age of twelve—literally and absolutely. He started without father or mother and without a red cent, and all that he has he has made by the sweat of his brow. He is thus a self-made man in the highest sense of the term, and is proud of it.

The young George had every opportunity and every excuse for developing into a first-class blackguard, as he himself has often

told me, for he was thrown in those troublous times into the company of as ruffianly a type of humanity as God ever allowed to exist. And around the camp-fire at night he has told me time after time tales of his early life which have made me wonder how an orphan boy, under such circumstances, could have grown up other than an Apache, but the stuff was there—"De Tal Palo Tal Astilla"—and from his parents he inherited that essential integrity for which he has been known in California for nearly sixty years. Literally, George Miller would not betray a trust, tell a lie or do a dirty trick for all the money in the world. An enthusiastic Mason, he simply and unostentatiously subscribes to the high beliefs and tenets of that order, and lives up to them. Unlike his father, he has a simple and old-world faith in the integrity of his brethren—judging others by his own standard. The elder Miller, you will recollect, put Mormonism before Masonry.

More than once I have known him seriously imperil his estate financially and socially to help out some old friend who was down and out and in serious trouble, never hesitating for a second to count the cost, but simply practising the golden rule. He is perhaps most widely known to the present generation as an old-time Indian hunter. In fact, his whole life has been that of a hunter. He hunted Indians until they were all killed off, and grizzly bears until he himself, in 1901, killed the last grizzly bear in the San Bernardino mountains—and thereby hangs a tale—since which time he has had to be nominally content with the official two bucks per season, except when employed by the proper authorities to secure specimens of the *Ovis Canadensis* for the Golden Gate Museum of San Francisco, where many of his trophies may be seen.

I append a copy of a letter which, at the request of Byron Waters, he wrote to the Pioneer Society of San Bernardino in 1916. In his own language he tells the tale of the life of a pioneer in these regions in the sixties.

COPY OF GEORGE MILLER'S LETTER TO BYRON WATERS IN RE: INDIAN TROUBLES AT SAN BERNARDINO FROM 1863 ONWARD

FIRST FIGHT AT MILL

*Jonathan Richardson, William Kane, George Lish, Tom Welty
Henry Law, George Armstrong, Frank Talmadge,
A. J. Currey, Thomas Enrufty, George
Birdwell, Frank Blair*

Highland, Cal., July 18, 1916.

Byron Waters.

Dear Friend: To make good my promise that I would give you a little early history of our Indian troubles in San Bernardino County, I will commence back. In 1863, as near as I can recollect, they began to get quite bold. They came into the valley and killed a man by the name of Polito, a Spanish man, at the mouth of Little Sand Canyon, above Del Rosa, about where Jake Huff now lives. They made their escape over the mountains through Little Bear Valley, and stole a mule from Sam Pine, the father of ex-Supervisor Pine, who was living there at that time with his family. They went on down Willow Canyon below the narrows in a side canyon. They killed a mule and then ate him; they seemed to love mule and horseflesh better than beef. I think a short time after that, at the mouth of Davy James' Canyon, now known as Cable Creek, they shot a horse and mule of W. F. Holcomb and Pete Smith, while they were hunting. I think about the same time they shot [but did not kill] Dr. Smith in Cajon Pass. This Dr. Smith was the man who first located Arrowhead Hot Springs. Bill Holcomb and others gathered up a party and followed them over into the Rock Creek country. They took no provisions with them; had to live on venison straight, and so had to give up the chase. About that time S. P. Waite was living in Cajon Pass at the upper toll-house, with his family, having to keep a sharp lookout for Indians. He discovered a bluejay darting down at something up on the bluff above the house; it raised his suspicions that something might be there. He thought he could see an object there, and so he took a shot at it. The next morning he went out to investigate and found an Indian lying there.

Now I will go back a little and speak of myself in order to get the date more definite. I went up on the mountain with Justus Morse and old man Wixom to work in the shingle-mill in Dark

Canyon. Old man James was running a saw-mill at what is known as Knapp's Flat. Old man Huston was running a saw-mill at the east end of the flat on the creek coming down from Squirrel Inn. We call it Huston Creek. I got one of my fingers cut off in the mill while making shingles, and a bad cut on the leg with an axe; so I came down to the valley for repairs. I then went out to Yucaipa to work for James Waters; stayed there about three months; came back and went to the mountains again, and then went to work for A. J. Currey, who afterwards became sheriff of the county. After I had worked for him about a year, I bought him out. We were living in a little canyon running in Little Bear Valley from the south side, just east of where Lapraix mill stood afterwards. We were living previously for a short time in a house that had been vacated by Frank Talmadge. Bill Holcomb was living in a house close by that had been occupied by Sam Pine. The place is covered with water now of Little Bear Lake. I took Bill Holcomb in as a partner some time after that to finish working up the timber I had on hand. The Indians were very troublesome all this time, stealing cattle and horses. Everybody had to be on their guard. Old man James, just before I went to work for Currey, had moved his mill in Little Bear Valley Canyon, now known as Blue Jay. He sold out to William Caley, Jonathan Richardson, George Armstrong and J. J. Willis. Frank Talmadge was driving a logging team for the company at that time, he buying out Armstrong afterwards, Garland P. Thomas buying out J. J. Willis.

Now that brings me up to about 1866. The Indians were very bad, killing stock on the Mohave River, in particular that of the Bemis boys and Dunlap, the owner of the Dunlap & Parrish ranch —the one on the west fork of Mohave, now known as the the Las Flores rancho. It was there, while they were driving up their cattle, the Indians ambushed them and killed Parrish, Bemis and Whiteside, while they were riding up a small draw, looking for a cow and yearling that had escaped the herd. It was between sundown and dusk they were killed. They recovered the bodies of Parrish and Bemis that night. They were stripped of all their clothing. They found Whiteside the next morning. He had been wounded evidently, and had put up a fight from the indications. His body was also stripped of all clothing. He was shot full of arrows, as well as having a bullet hole in his shoulder. His head was smashed in with a rock. This occurred about one mile east of the house, a short distance from the mouth of Grass Valley Creek, west. Just as soon as the horses came in with saddles covered with blood, everybody took the back trail to find the bodies of the men. It being dark made it difficult, and they got only two of them that night, Bemis and Parrish, finding Whiteside the next morning. Then the chase began, driving the Indians into the desert and mountains. I

do not know how many Indians there were, but I presume there were two hundred and fifty to three hundred all told, old and young. They were mostly Piutes, and a few Chimihueve and renegades. They inhabited the north side of the mountain range and desert. The next depredation was in Little Bear Valley, about where the dam runs across the Arrowhead reservoir. There was a little pen stalk water saw-mill standing there—sash saw—turning out about 800 feet of lumber in twenty-four hours, first built by Jerome Benson, and rebuilt by old man Meeks. The Indians slipped in when no one was in, and robbed the houses, and afterwards burned them. They then came up the valley to Bill Kane's house, just below where Talmadge's last mill stood, in Little Bear Valley. George Lish and John Dewitt had just brought up supplies of provisions to go to work, and just turned their horses in the pasture and went across the valley for a few minutes. On their return they found the Indians in possession of horses, guns and provisions. The Indians made a dash for them. They made their escape to Talmadge's mill, now called Blue Jay Camp. The next morning Talmadge and Richardson, Armstrong and Kane, took two saddle-horses and one pack-animal and started after them. They went down by the house and found it burned to the ground, grindstone broken and everything destroyed they could not carry off. Considerable snow fell during the night, about five or six inches, and that made tracking good. So they were determined to find where the Indians were located. They had already sent to San Bernardino for help that had arrived, and gathered all women and children into the mill house, so that they could go on without any fear for the families. So on they went for Willow Canyon. Right at the head in a little flat, just this side of the gate house of Arrowhead Reservoir Company, they saw eight Indians. The Indians saw them first and ran. Talmadge and Kane were on horses, Richardson and Armstrong afoot, leading the pack animal. Talmadge and Kane, being on horses, ran after the Indians, it being easy to follow the tracks in the snow. They chased them on down on the right side of the canyon just below where the first tunnel comes through from Little Bear Lake. The Indians, being pressed too closely, got in behind a big log. Talmadge kept above the trail a little; Kane followed right after them. He ran right on them before he knew it. They shot his horse several times; his horse threw Kane off, and he got behind a tree. The horse went back to the pack animal. The Indians were trying to get Kane, he having dropped his gun in the fall. Talmadge had got off his horse, and shot and killed the one just drawing a bead on Kane. Kane had lost his gun when he fell from his horse; he had nothing but a pistol left. Talmadge had a double-barrel, muzzle-loading gun. The Indians then turned their attention to Talmadge. Kane ran



George Miller (seated) with the skin of the last grizzly bear killed in the San Bernardino Mountains

back to the other boys. Talmadge fired another shot. He could not hold his horse any longer and hold his gun. The Indians scattered. Talmadge went back to meet the boys. They all went back to the mill. That ended the first round. The next day they gathered in what guns and ammunition they could; one or two more men from San Bernardino came up; they moulded up all the lead they could get hold of; got powder and caps, for all we had was muzzle-loading guns in those days, and started to locate the Indians once more. They left with the women four men: J. J. Willis, G. P. Thomas, G. Birdwell and one other man. They decided not to go the wagon road down to Bear Valley for fear of being way-laid by the Indians. More snow had fallen by this time, almost two feet, I think. In the party that day were Frank Talmadge, Jonathan Richardson, I think; William Caley, A. J. Currey, Thomas Enrufty, better known as "Noisy Tom"; Henry Law, George Lish, Tom Welty, Frank Blair, Bill Kane, George Armstrong, I think, and Joab Roar. It was so long ago that I am not positive as to those two. As I said, they decided to go down the canyon on the left side toward Bear Valley. They left the road about two hundred yards below the mill and started up over the first ridge. Just as they reached the top they met about sixty Indians. The timber being thick, the fighting was done mostly from behind trees. I think the Indians opened fire first. They must have had about forty guns, and some had bows and arrows. The firing lasted some time, several hundred shots being fired. Tom Welty got shot through the shoulder, Bill Kane in the leg. Two men being wounded, and about four men and two guns being all they had left to protect the women folk, they went back to the mill. They left one dead Indian and several wounded. That ended another scrap. The Indians having got the worst of it, leaving two dead (N. B. in the two scraps—so G. M.) on the ground and a good many mortally wounded, they went down for a warmer climate, towards the desert. Those Indians that were killed had their shoes, or sandals, tied to their belts and their feet in the snow. They all were bare-footed, as their tracks showed in the snow.

We determined to drive them out of the mountains. We gathered up some more men from San Bernardino, with provisions, and a wagon to haul the blankets, and our supply, not being much at that. Some went over the mountains; some went through the Cajon Pass. We made our first headquarters at the Dunlap and Parrish ranch, now Las Flores Rancho—see note "A" at end. In the army of the Mojave at first outset were W. F. Holcomb, Jack Martin, John St. John, Samuel Bemis, Edwin Bemis, Wm. Bemis, Harrison Bemis, Bart Smithson, John McGarr, Jonathan Richardson, Frank Blair, George Armstrong, George Birdwell, Joseph Mecham, Jack Ayres and one man—I don't know his name. He

was so no-account he would not get out of camp or do a solitary thing—the laziest man I ever saw in my life. We divided up into small parties each day to go in different directions to get the trails to find where the Indians had gone to. We found all trails of them going northeast on the desert from Rock Creek on the west to Cushmanberry on the east track; all led toward the Rabbit Springs. We then moved down to the Mojave River to get closer to our work, in some heavy timber—the place is now known as the Verde Rancho; it was not owned by anybody at that time. From there we put out our scouting parties, and soon located the Indians on a rocky mountain north and west of Rabbit Springs, just north of the west end of a dry lake.

I was with the Bemis boys and Jack Martin during the time we were scouting. A brave set of men they were, but cautious and on the alert. The next thing to do now was to make an attack, as soon as we could get all hands together at about 20 miles from our camp west, and we decided to make a daybreak attack.

Three or four men then got sick all at once—toothache and headache—and they went home then.

The next day came more men, Dave Wixon, Noisy Tom, Sam Button and a man by the name of Stout, and his son and son-in-law. Those who went home were Ayres and Mecham—I have forgotten the other names. We sat up that night till about 12 o'clock. Then we divided into two parties. Stout was made captain of the men who went by the wagon road. St. John was made captain of the men who went north of the mountain. It was a considerably greater distance for those going on the north side of the mountain. I want to say right here that this was the coldest weather that I had experienced in many a day. Men's moustaches froze from their breath. I was not old enough to grow hair on my face at that time. We wandered around through the night in the "chollas" (cactus) half frozen, and arrived at the foot of the hill in broad daylight. We should have been at the top of the mountain at that time. Stout and his party, following the road, a much shorter distance, got there on time. They saw us just starting up the hill. They did not see any Indians. They fired off a gun to let us know they were there, and hallowed a few times, and started down to the wagon. That woke up the Indians, and put them on their guard. We could see the Indians running about from place to place, one with something in his hand, a piece of blanket, and directing his men. The Indians did not see us. They were watching Stout's party, and trying to cut them off from the wagon. All this time we were hurrying the best we could, the ground being very rocky and hard climbing. We would go half at a time; then we would get behind rocks and wait until the others came up. They would get under cover and we would go on again. We got right in there among them before they

knew it. Then the guns began to crack and arrows began zipping about, and you could not see any distance for so many big rocks. Jack Martin and Bill Holcomb, Noisy Tom and Bill Bemis went on the west side of a big rock. Richardson and I were on the east side of the rock. We started to go round on the south side, where the most shooting was. An arrow struck Richardson in the breast. He staggered round, and I caught him in my arms, and got him behind a rock and started on. I had gone but a few feet when I met St. John, our captain. He said, "Where are you going?" "I was going," I said, "to get help, as Richardson was badly wounded." He went and looked at him. I showed him the arrow he was shot with, covered with blood. He shook his head and said, "You can't do anything for him; let the battle go on." He turned round to me and said, "George, you see that bush there and a little piece of blanket? That rock is split in two. The Indians are going through and getting away. You crawl right up to that little pile of rock; don't let them get out that way; don't shoot unless you are very close. I will go round and get the other boys, and come over the rock and meet you." I crawled up within twenty feet of where he told me to go. The Indians were yelling like ten thousand coyotes. I lay about as flat as a man could lie on the ground, laid my pistol right where I could get my hand on it, and used the gun first. The Indians were passing at the left of me and a little in the rear of me. I hardly knew which way to expect them. I heard the rocks rolling behind me and looked across a little canyon. I saw Dave Wixom and Harrison Bemis crawling down the hill toward me. I beckoned them and they came to me. I felt very much relieved when they crawled up to me. About that time I heard Noisy Tom's voice and saw the heads of them coming over the rock—Noisy Tom, Holcomb, Martin, St. John, all of them in a breast, guns ready to shoot. When Tom saw me with my gun in the direction of him, pointed at the blanket and bush, he hallooed out at me, "Miller, don't you shoot this way, you little S. B., you." As St. John said, the Indians had made their escape through the split in the rock—all that were in that company, except two squaws, one boy about fourteen, one girl about ten, and a baby. They took them prisoners. In the fight were Noisy Tom, Holcomb, Martin, St. John, Richardson, Wixom, H. Bemis, S. Bemis, W. Bemis, E. Bemis, Blair and Armstrong. The two last stayed hid all the time the fight was on. J. McGarr and Button were taking care of the horses. John McGarr and Samuel Button had taken the horses in the meantime around to the wagon. Now the next thing to do was to get Jonathan Richardson down to the wagon, and with him the prisoners we had. Richardson was very weak and sick, and the ground was very steep and rocky, but we got to the wagon in safety. If those Indians had known that there

were but a dozen men of us, they could have wiped us off the face of the earth. Our coming up and attacking them in the rear surprised them. They were busy trying to cut Stout's party off from the wagon. With us coming up they thought they were trapped, and they scattered like quail, and lucky for us they did. Now to get Richardson to San Bernardino we had to send an escort with him, Bill Holcomb, Sam Button and Armstrong and Blair. That ended that scrap.

Then we went on after the broken remnants of them. We chased them around through rocks. They were getting together as fast as they could. Our party getting weaker all the time, we thought we could handle a few of them more easily than all of them together. I was with Bill Bemis, Ed Bemis and Jack Martin. The next day we went up to the old battleground to pick up the trail of some of the stragglers. We soon picked up a trail leading down the north slope of the mountain. We followed them down to the valley, where they turned up a sand wash running into some low hills. They seemed to have gotten together again. The trails looked as if there were 150 or 200 of them. We were close to the foot-hill at the mouth of the canyon.

We heard a shot close by, only a few rods away. We looked around, but could not see anything. It was almost sundown. We had no water and had six miles to walk, so we went to camp and reported.

The next morning, as soon as we could see, all hands went to take up the trail where we left it the evening before, leaving three men in camp. In a short time we had the trail again. We had not gone far from where we left the trail the evening before, and heard the gun fired, when we found where they had stayed all night—not over four hundred yards from where we turned back the evening before. The canyon was about one hundred feet across at the mouth, and very rocky. They went right up the sand wash and you could see the tracks a hundred yards ahead. They then turned off out on either side and came back to the mouth of the canyon, and fortified both sides, and there lay in waiting for us. Had we gone any further the evening before, they would have killed all four of us without doubt. We then followed on, skirting the foothills. We were close on to them; they would not come out in the open valley, but kept in the rocks, except when crossing the mouths of canyons. We followed on until about three o'clock in the afternoon.

We had no water, having no canteens. We started back to camp. We had traveled all this time in a half circle. We were nearer camp than when we first took up the trail in the morning. We met Stout's son coming with two horses, leading one for his father, the other for his brother-in-law. He had a canteen of water

and a lunch for the three. They decided to follow them on, as they were still going on in a circle. St. John and Martin remonstrated with them, and told them how they had set a trap for us the evening before, and said they had better go to camp with us. They would not listen. They were on horseback and were going to follow a little further. I was dry and thirsty and hungry; had had no water since early morning, and hurried into camp. Dinner was ready; so was I. So I washed myself and got a plate of beans and had started to sit down, when I heard the guns begin to pop. The other boys had all got in by that time. I picked up a field glass and looked in the direction I heard the shooting, and saw a man coming on a bald-faced horse across a dry lake north of us. The man had no hat on his head. I knew it was Stout's son and horse. I could not see the other two men. We were all gone and going to meet him before he got to camp. We were there just in time to save his father and brother-in-law. Stout's horse was shot, and his son-in-law had a broken arm. Stout had several bullet holes through his coat, but none had hit the flesh. They had followed the Indians to a little point through a little pass, with two little buttes on either side. The Indians lay in the rocks on both sides of them and opened fire on them as they came through. How they ever escaped I do not know. The Lord must have been on their side. We opened fire on the Indians as soon as we got there. They were making for the top of the mountains. I started to go round a point of the hill. John McGarr had tied his horse to a grease bush and the horse was about to break loose, hearing so much shooting. John hallooed at me to get his horse before he got away. I had just seen two Indians running up through the rocks and was hurrying round on the other side to get a better shot at them. So I jumped on the horse, and started in a hurry. The horse started bucking. I was hanging on for dear life. Two Indians ran out from behind some rocks not over fifty yards from me; they never stopped to shoot at me, but ran farther up into the rocks. By the time I got the horse stopped, and got off, they got in behind some more rock. I then found that I had lost all my bullets. I took the horse's tracks and followed back until I found about a dozen. By that time the shooting had stopped. Then the next thing was to get in the wounded man and horse. It was near sundown. We held council and found, when we had furnished an escort to San Bernardino with the wounded, there were only Jack Martin, the four Bemis boys and myself, and we decided we could not do any business. So we came on with the rest of them. I went on ahead with part of the crowd that night on horseback, as Richardson had left his horse with me. The balance of the men went with the wagon. We were to meet at the old camp on the Mojave River. It was bitter cold that night. It was storming on the mountains; the sleet blew in our

faces all the way to the Mojave. The wagon lost the way, and landed about eight miles above us on the river. They had all our blankets and provisions. The snow fell on us that night about six inches deep. We had not had anything to eat since daybreak the morning before. We found the wagon the next morning about nine o'clock, and got some breakfast, what little there was to get. I could tell you a funny story that happened there, but it will do some other time. While we were there, Joe Serrill's brother, and, I think, John Burkhardt, killed eight Indians at the mouth of Cushenberry Canyon.

Now I will commence where I left off. We waded through the snow over the Cajon Pass almost frozen and starved. We hadn't had a square meal for thirty-two days. We got to the upper toll-house. A man by the name of Fears, I think, was there, and others. Some of the boys got meals at seventy-five cents; I did not have the price. So I went on down to the lower toll-house. John Brown, Sr., was there and his son, Joseph Brown. Mr. Brown says, "Boys, I expect you are hungry. I am not very well fixed to cook for so many at a time, but come in; I will serve you all as fast as I can. You shall have the best I have got. You deserve it."

They all took him at his word but John McGarr and myself. I was as hungry as a coyote, but did not want to impose on good nature. I got home about two o'clock in the night, having been gone from home just thirty-two days. Yours truly,

GEORGE MILLER.

Note A: I want to state right here, before I go any further, as to the mode of fighting, that they keep up a constant yell all the time. They make more noise than 10,000 coyotes; never come out in the open to fight, but fight from behind rocks and trees, and keep up a constant yell all the time. There is one thing they never do; that is, they never leave any wounded on the battle-ground. They take and carry away every one that has a spark of life left in him. You never know how many are wounded and killed.

Note B: Army of the Mojave—W. F. Holcomb, Jack Martin, John St. John, Sam Bemis, Harrison Bemis, William Bemis, Edwin Bemis, Bart Smithson, John McGarr, D. H. Wixon, Jonathan Richardson, Frank Blair, George Birdwell, Joseph Mecham, Stout and son, Griffith (son-in-law), one man (I dont know his name), Sam Button. Shot: Parrish, killed, Bemis, killed; Whiteside, killed; Dr. C. Smith, wounded; Polito, killed; Weltz, wounded; Kane, wounded; Wolley, killed.

Note C: Those who participated in first fight at Rabbit Springs

—John St. John, Bill Holcomb, Ed Bemis, Harrison Bemis, John McGarr, Jonathan Richardson, George Armstrong, Jack Martin, Sam Bemis, Bill Bemis, Thomas Enrufty, Dave Wixom, Frank Blair. Bard Smithson stayed with the wagons and horses at all times, he and two other men.

But I am getting ahead of my subject. I must go back to his early days, and finally will wind up with some more or less picturesque, but always forcible, anecdotes, wherein he and his friends, many of whom have since gone over the Big Divide, bore conspicuous parts.

Born February 11, 1850, in a log cabin in Indian Territory, among the Creek Indians, at the age of eleven months he went to Michigan, where his mother died. In 1854 the family moved to Meringo, Illinois, where his father died in the following year. The next trek was to Iowa in 1856, with the object of uniting forces with Joshua Miller, his half-brother, in their journey to California. In 1857 the party was well under way, but was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River boat on which they were traveling coming to grief near Fort La Vaca, where they were landed. John, another half-brother, was now appealed to for help, and he promptly came from Texas, and the journey was continued overland in oxen-drawn wagons. In 1858, Burnett County, Texas, was made, and in 1859, Mormon Mill, where they waited a year before a sufficiently strong wagon train to cross the plains was collected.

In 1860 they arrived with their ox-teams in California, and in August, 1861, in San Bernardino. Their immediate party included John Miller, with his second wife and three children; Joshua Miller, with his wife and five children; Elizabeth, who married first one Robert Keir, by whom she had one child, and later Bill McCoy, to whom she bore four children, all now dead, except Tillie, who married Walter Shay, now chief of police of San Bernardino.

George Miller, Jr., the subject of this paper, who married Eleanora Hancock (who came to California from Iowa in 1854), by whom he has had eight children: Joseph, born June 1, 1872, died at birth; Nancy, born March 30, 1873, died at birth; Augusta, born February 1, 1874, married John R. Crandell, and by him she had two children; George, born December 5, 1875, accidentally killed in 1913; Ida, born December 4, 1878, married J. O. Lamb, had two children: Mary, born September 20, 1881, married W. P. Rogers, no children; Willie, born September 30, 1884, married Stella Edwards, one child (Delia Vaughan, aged 18 months); and Charles, born March 16, 1891.

In 1862, at the age of twelve years, George, now his own man,

went to work for Sandy Keir for one year. In 1863 he worked successively at Taggart's brick yard, Wixom's shingle mill and for Jim Waters at Yucaipa. In 1864 we find him working for one Rose, who owned a shingle mill, and later on for one Currie, cutting logs. In 1865 he bought out Currie, being of the mature age of fifteen years, and went into partnership with Bill Holcomb, of whom more anon. The partners spent 1868 prospecting in Death Valley, Inyo County, and in 1869 in the San Bernardino Mountains. In 1870 he went to Arizona and spent the year freighting, driving a mule team out of Prescott, and in the following year, still driving his mule team, he returned to Grass Valley, San Bernardino, and married. In 1872 he bought eighty acres of land at \$2.50 per acre and planted it to peaches, apricots and alfalfa, and in 1901 to oranges. This land is now worth \$1500.00 per acre.

This biographical sketch is very incomplete, but a perusal of it enables one to draw a mental picture of the life of a pioneer in the sixties, and explains perhaps the fact that right now, when he is in his sixty-eighth year, there are few men of half that age who can keep up with George Miller in the mountains.

A hunter from birth, he has a knowledge of woodcraft that is extraordinary, and, his climbing muscles having been developed by over sixty years of constant use, he never seems to tire in the mountains. Starting at five A. M. he strikes his own gait, and although traveling slowly, as all good hunters do, he keeps it up until dark. Many a time I have mildly suggested that it would be a good idea to sit down for five minutes for lunch, only to be told that he preferred to eat his walking. Many a time, when hot and tired out from a long tramp I have taken advantage of the opportunity to cool off in a mountain stream, has he severely and with an almost pained expression remarked, "That isn't hunting deer."

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about George is his possession to a weird degree of the sixth sense, the sense of location. Even old and experienced hunters occasionally get temporarily lost in the mountains—at night, for instance, or in a strange country—but George Miller, never. Like the carrier pigeon, he takes a bee-line back to camp, and many are the stories told about him in this connection.

On one occasion, in the northern part of the state, I was hunting with him in a very rough country—quite unknown to him. As usual he persisted in tracking deer until it was dark. The remonstrances of myself and the guide, however, were finally efficacious, and we started, as we thought, campwards, the guide leading. At once George remarked quietly, "That isn't the way home." The man who had been born and bred in the locality, and had acted as a guide there for more than thirty years, and who was tired and hungry and more than a little sore at having been kept out unneces-

sarily late, answered sharply that he was quite capable of finding the way in his own country. George said nothing more, but some two hours later, when the guide grudgingly confessed himself hopelessly off the right track, quietly assumed the latter's functions and tacking ship led us straight back to camp, which lay in a totally different direction from that which we had been following. I could easily multiply such examples, but this one suffices to illustrate my point.

It is while sitting around the camp fires at night that George sings his best forty-niner songs and tells his best hunting and prospecting yarns. Of the former, "Sweet Betsy of Pike," to the tune of "Villikins and His Dinah," and "Lather and Shave," to a tune of its own, are my favorites, though his repertoire is an extensive one, and I shall never forget the delight of a famous singer in Berkeley, in whose salon, on our way back from a bear-hunt in Siskiyou County, I persuaded George to oblige with these two gems. The singer said she had always wanted to hear a forty-niner song—and she heard two!

Of his yarns, which are many and varied, those which appeal to me most are the ones that refer to his one-time partner, Bill Holcomb, now, alas! gone on his last hunt. He tells how Bill Holcomb (born in Iowa in 1832; died at San Bernardino, California, 1912) came to California in 1850, traveling by the northern route, and in an ox-wagon to the Green River, which empties into the Colorado; in crossing the latter his raft capsized and he lost his entire outfit. He continued his journey on foot, living with his friend, Jack Martin, on rose buds for four days, a diet which may seem romantic to us, but was not very filling. On the fifth day, being at their last gasp, they miraculously found a canteen of water and a sack of food, and, to his dying day, Bill Holcomb always solemnly referred to this as an example of the direct intervention of Providence.

After arriving in Upper California, they passed on to Calaveras County, hunting for the market and looking for gold. Again they had got into very low water, when one day they ran on to a creek, the sandy bottom of which glittered with gilded particles. Visions of wealth floated before their eyes, and until literally starving they worked feverishly to collect the coveted wealth. Foreseeing a mad rush to their treasure-trove, Bill traveled eighteen miles to the nearest point where he could buy grub, going and coming by night to elude pursuit. At length their last cent was spent, and at length, too, they had a sack full of gold. Brazenly now they swaggered into a store in a market town, where they ordered lavishly and without thought of expense a goodly supply of food—producing in payment a small quantity of the golden dust. A queer expression came over the face of the store-keeper—a look wherein pity was

mixed with suspicion—as he remarked, "That is no good to me." "Why not, you d— fool? it is gold," replied Bill. "No, it is isinglass," replied the man. It took long to convince Bill, by demonstration with the scales, that the man was right, and, when he was finally convinced, he sat down and cried. All their toil and privations had been for nothing, and, worse than that, he had not a cent to buy provisions for himself and famished partner. Fortune favored them here, however, for the kindly store-keeper took pity on them and grubstaked the greenhorns, paying them \$10.00 a day to work in his own placer mines. His exchequer being replenished, he soon after decided to visit his brother in Oregon. Sending ahead for a ticket, he journeyed to San Francisco, whence the boat sailed, went aboard and retired at once to his room, being fearful of being robbed of the real gold which he now carried in his belt. All at once the ship's whistle blew a great blast preparatory to starting. With a wild yell the rustic Bill rushed madly on to the crowded deck, shouting at the top of his voice, "You d— fools, why don't you jump? The ship is blowing up!" When the nautical mystery was at length explained to him, he was so ashamed that he fled to his cabin and hid there. Coming on deck some few days later he felt strangely squeamish, and it flashed across his mind that he had had a drink with a stranger who was desirous of robbing him, and had plainly doped his liquor. Hastening to the captain he handed over his belt, with tears in his eyes, imploring him to send it to his mother, so that the villains should not get his money. On the captain explaining to him that he was seasick, Bill yelled at him, "You scoundrel, you are in with the gang!" Truly he was very green.

Time passed, and Bill became a wiser and a sadder man. His next venture was on the Feather River, where he "made good"; but a flood came and the partners barely escaped with their lives. After this came a spell of hunting (elk, bear, antelope) for the market; then, via Ventura, he came down to San Bernardino in 1859, slaying four grizzly bears and discovering the Holcomb Valley mine within a few days. The usual story follows: Jack Martin got drunk and gave the show away; the rush of miners followed, and the partners, frozen out, left for Arizona with \$18.00 between them. In Arizona they located a mine which they sold to one Dick Gurd for \$500.00; it netted Gurd one million a little later on.

His next move was to San Bernardino, where he worked in lumber, becoming acquainted with George Miller in 1864. Thereafter they were bosom pals to the day of his death.

In the year 1877 the two were hunting grizzly bears in what is even now a wild spot known as Devil's Hole, at the head of Little Rock Creek, when an event occurred, reference to which was for many years a sore point with Bill Holcomb. A certain amount of

hunters' rivalry existed between them. They were the best of friends, both crack shots and first-class hunters, but Bill was extremely anxious to get a particularly fine old grizzly which had long eluded them, and determined to "put one over" on George. Selecting a time when the latter was otherwise occupied (looking for a strayed horse), he took up the track and finally in a most difficult country he caught a glimpse through the dense undergrowth of the bear. Leveling his trusty 45-90 he pulled the trigger, and down came an old brown horse. To chagrin succeeded fear, for the horse must belong to Indians, who would not be slow to follow up and take revenge. That night at the camp fire it was evident to those present that Bill had something on his mind, and finally, after several drinks, he was prevailed upon to confess, first, that he had mistaken a horse for a bear, and, secondly, that he had endangered the lives of his companions by shooting the Indian's horse. It was a bitter pill for Bill to swallow, this double confession, not made any easier by the unmerciful chaff of his companions. In fact, it was too good a story for the latter ever to forget, and is still one of the favorite jokes which, to this day, the pioneers of San Bernardino laugh over. As a matter of fact, the horse was ownerless—a derelict that had strayed and got into that abominable place and couldn't get out. Only a few years ago George and myself found evidence of a similar occurrence in a wild spot in the Haystack Mountains, Santa Rosa Range.

Now comes the sequel: In 1901, just fourteen years after Bill Holcomb shot the horse, George Miller, the younger, shot the last grizzly bear killed in these parts—this was not the famous club-foot mentioned in various books (among them, "*Yosemite Trails*," by J. S. Chase, though, as a matter of fact, a shot from George Miller's rifle, and not the trap as mentioned by Chase in above named book, was the cause of the said club-foot), but a magnificent silver tip weighing thirteen hundred pounds, measuring over eight feet long.

One could write a large volume of the reminiscences of this great old hunter, reminiscences which rival those of James Capen Adams as detailed in the account of his life by T. H. Hittell, but the above must suffice. For the past ten years I have regularly taken my vacations in the form of hunting trips with George Miller, and have picked up a fairly accurate story of his life in the evenings around the camp fires, where, with some persuasion, he would tell yarns of the times now long past, when this was a first-class big game country, and with a little more coaxing would sing the songs of forty-nine.

I hope in the above disconnected and fragmentary sketch I have in some measure justified the title "*De Tal Palo Tal Astilla*." To me it has seemed that the same indomitable energy in the face of difficulties, the same resolute courage and tenacity of purpose, charac-

terized both father and son. Both were more than a little "sot in their ways," both had cast-iron constitutions, which enabled them to endure privations which the average man would wilt under: not "facile," either of them; both were good men and true, who, uncontaminated by their somewhat lurid surroundings, emerged clean, and played the game as they understood it to the limit—both were possessed of that two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage which Napoleon so admired, that level-headed, unruffled readiness to face the music, whatever it might be, at any time or in any place, and that with matter-of-fact, simple modesty, as if it were all part of the day's work. Of such a breed were the founders of this state, and I, for one, take off my hat to them.

When one reads, on the one hand, of the father, half pityingly and with thinly veiled contempt, telling the story of how his miserable companions, after four days of incredible hardships and no food, began to waver and grumble, whereas he, accustomed to both, was in no ways inconvenienced by either; and, on the other, of the son who hunted a particularly wise old grizzly bear for fourteen years, and, on at length coming up with him, tackled him alone in the dense brush, in the night time, armed only with an antiquated, single shot rifle, one cannot, it seems to me, fail to come to the conclusion that heredity does play a part in the make-up of men, and that the old saying is a true one, "*De Tal Palo Tal Astilla.*"

SWEET BETSEY FROM PIKE

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsey from Pike,
 Who crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike,
 With two yoke of cattle, a large yellow dog,
 A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog.

Chorus:

Sing tooral lal, looral lal, looral lal la,
 Sing tooral lal, looral lal, looral lal la,
 Sing tooral lal, looral lal, looral lal la,
 Dog on you, why don't you sing tooral lal la?

One evening quite early they camped on the Platte,
 'Twas near by the road on a green shady flat,
 Where Betsey, sore-footed, lay down to repose—
 With wonder Ike gazed at that Pike County rose.

Chorus:

Their wagons broke down with a terrible crash,
 And out on the prairie rolled all kinds of trash;
 A few little baby clothes done up with care—
 'Twas rather suspicious, though all on the square.

The Shanghai ran off, and their cattle all died;
 That morning the last piece of bacon was fried;
 Poor Ike was discouraged, and Betsey got mad,
 The dog drooped his tail and looked wondrously sad.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,
 When Brigham declared that sweet Betsey should stay;
 But Betsey got frightened and ran like a deer,
 While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

They soon reached the desert, where Betsey gave out,
 And down in the sand she lay rolling about;
 While Ike, half distracted, looked on with surprise,
 Saying, "Betsey, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

Sweet Betsey got up in a great deal of pain,
 Declared she'd go back to Pike County again;
 But Ike gave a sigh, and they fondly embraced,
 And they traveled along with his arm round her waist.

They suddenly stopped on a very high hill,
 With wonder looked down upon old Placerville;
 Ike sighed when he said, and he cast his eyes down,
 "Sweet Betsey, my darling, we've got to Hangtown."

Long Ike and sweet Betsey attended a dance;
 Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants;
 Sweet Betsey was covered with ribbons and rings;
 Says Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your wings?"

A miner said, "Betsey, will you dance with me?"
 "I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free;
 But don't dance me hard; do you want to know why?
 Dog on you! I'm chock full of strong alkali!"

This Pike County couple got married, of course,
 And Ike became jealous—obtained a divorce;
 Sweet Betsey, well satisfied, said with a shout,
 "Good-by, you big lummux, I'm glad you backed out!"

LATHER AND SHAVE

It was down in a city, not far from this spot,
 Where a barber he opened a neat little shop—
 He was silent and sad, but his smile was so sweet
 That it pulled everybody right out of the street.

Chorus:
 With his lather and shave—and finish them off.

One horrid bad custom he thought he would stop,
 That no one for credit should come to his shop;
 So he got him a razor full of notches and rust
 To shave the poor devils who came there for trust.

One day an old Irishman, passing by on his way,
 Whose beard had been growing for many a day,
 He looked at the barber, and set down his hod,
 "Won't you give me a shave for the pure love of God?"

"Walk in," says the barber, "sit down in this chair,
 And I'll soon mow your beard off right down to a hair,"
 So his lather he spread over Paddy's big chin,
 And with his trust razor to shave did begin.

"O murther!" says Pat, "now what are you doing,
 Leave off with your tricks or my jaws you will ruin,
 If I had you outside, I would surely you flog,
 Do you think I've got bristles, and you're shaving a hog?"

"Hold still," says the barber, "and don't make a din,
 While you're moving your jaws I'll be cutting your chin,"
 "Not cut, but saw, och, the razor you've got,
 It wouldn't cut butter if it wasn't made hot."

"O murther!" says Pat, "now don't shave any more,"
 And straight he bolted right out of the door,
 Saying, "You may lather and shave all your friends till you're sick,
 But, by Jasus, I'd rather be shaved with a brick."

'Twas not long afterwards, Pat was passing the door,
 When a Jackass he set up a terrible roar,
 "O murther!" says Pat, "just list' to the knave—
 He's giving some poor devil a love of God shave."

Secretary's Report for the Year 1917

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California, I beg leave to submit the following report of its proceedings from the Annual Meeting

December, 1916, to the Annual

Meeting December, 1917

Number of meetings held	9
Number of papers read	20
Number of new members elected.....	11
Number of members belonging	97

JANUARY MEETING

The Fur Trade of the Pacific Coast . . . Dr. Robert G. Cleland
John Bidwell, A Prince of Pioneers . . . Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt

FEBRUARY MEETING

Some Early History of Owens River Valley . . . J. M. Quinn
Enrique Dalton of the Azusa C. C. Baker

MARCH MEETING

Dispensing Justice Under Mexican Rule C. C. Baker
The Recapture of Los Angeles Miss Hazel L. Wiggs
Houses that Came Around the Horn for the Alameda Gardens,
Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt

APRIL MEETING

A History Seminar of the University of Southern California, given
by the Professors and Graduate Students under general direc-
tion of Professor Tully C. Knoles.

Program

History in the Intermediate Schools Vierling Kersey
The Conspiracy of Aaron Burr Mrs. Virginia Rowell

MAY MEETING

San Diego Mission as Seen by Captain Archibald Gillespie in
in 1846 Mrs. Mary M. Bowman
A Call for a Convention in 1851 to Divide the State,
Mrs. Mary M. Bowman
De Tal Palo Tal Astilla—"A Chip Off the Old Block,"
Dr. H. W. Mills

JUNE MEETING

Stephen M. White Miss Louisa Horton
Some Aspects of the Land Question in the San Joaquin Valley,
Leon Yakley

OCTOBER MEETING

The Gordon Manuscript Miss Julia Baughman
The Life Work of Gen. John Bidwell, a Pioneer of 1841, Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt
Los Angeles Five Hundred Years Ago . . . Dr. Hector Alliot

NOVEMBER MEETING

Thomas O. Larkin's Account of California as Seen before 1845, Dr. Robert G. Cleland
Diplomatic Relations between Russia and Japan, Dr. James Main Dixon

DECEMBER MEETING

The Work of a Southern California Historian, Miss Elva E. Murray
Report of the Proceedings of the Pacific Coast Branch of the
American Historical Association . . Prof. Tully C. Knoles
Officers' reports.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. GUINN, *Secretary.*

Report of Treasurer of Historical Society of Southern California

December 4, 1917

RECEIPTS

Dec. 5. 1916. Balance on hand.....	\$258.68
Dec. 4, 1917. Membership Fees and Dues to date	133.00
	\$391.68

To the Officers and Members of the Historical Society of Southern California: I beg leave to submit the following report of its finances from December 5, 1916, to December 4, 1917

DISBURSEMENTS

Dec. 12, 1916. J. M. Guinn, Stationery and Postage	\$5.65
Jan. 24, 1917. J. M. Guinn, Postage and Envelopes	7.00
Jan. 27, 1917. McBride Printing Co., 450 An-	
nuals and 36 extra pages at \$1.40.	213.40
Apr. 10, 1917. McBride Printing Co.	2.00
Nov. 10, 1917. Stamped Envelopes and Stamps..	2.11
	230.16
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Dec. 4, 1917. Balance on hand.....	\$161.52

M. C. BETTINGER,
Treasurer.

PUBLICATIONS



Historical Society

OF

Southern California

Volume X

ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS OF 1915-1916-1917|

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

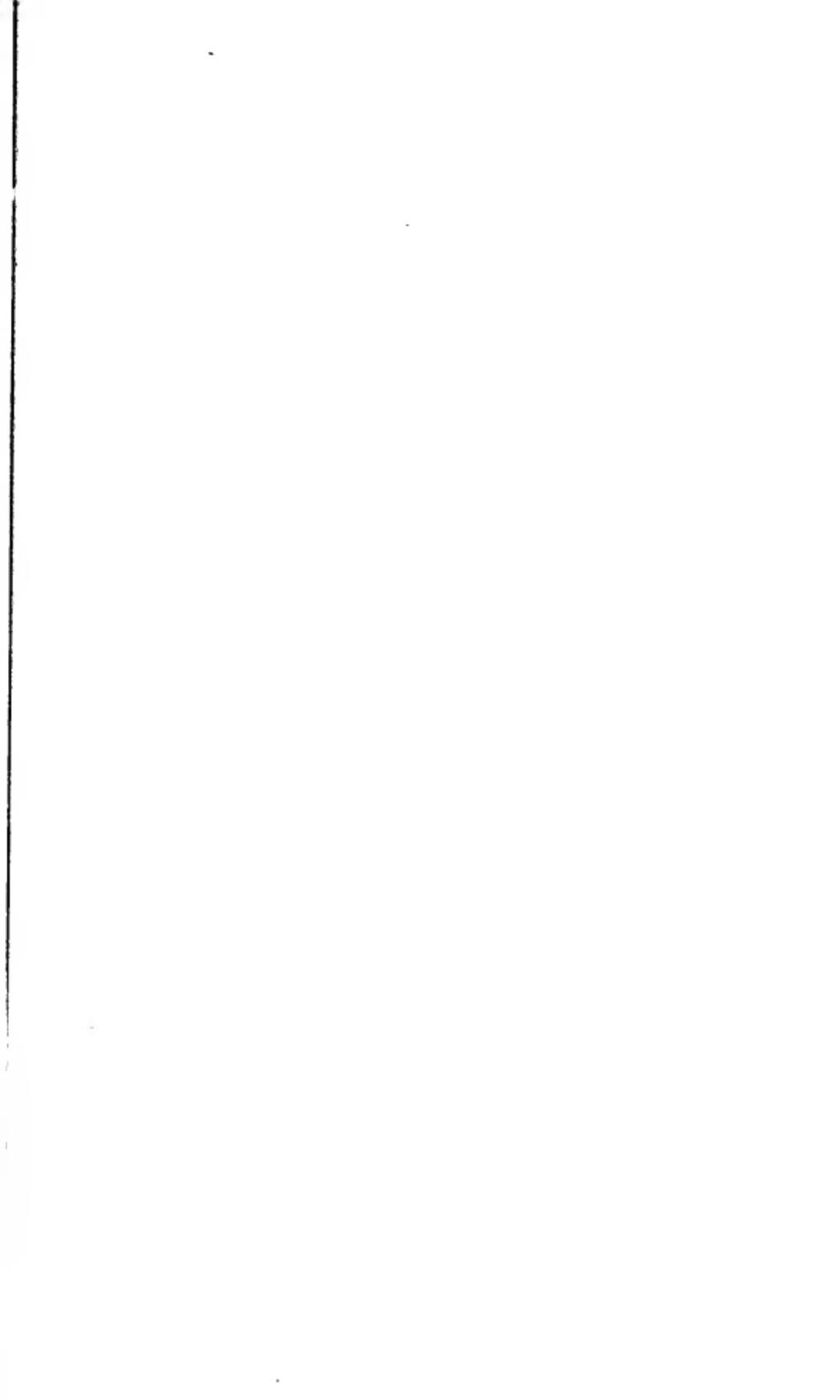
Contents of Parts I and II, Vol. X

	Page
Officers of the Historical Society, 1916-1917.....	4
Aspects of the Study of History.....Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.	5
Thirty-three Years of History Activities.....J. M. Guinn, A. M.	16
A History of Los Angeles Journalism.....Julia Norton McCorkle	24
A Presbyterian Settlement in Southern California.James Main Dixon	44
The Passing of the Rancho.....J. M. Guinn, A. M.	46
The Great Los Angeles Real Estate Boom of 1887.....Joseph Netz	54
Gifts Made to the City of Los Angeles by Individuals.Arthur Chapman	69
James Harmon Hoose, A. M., Ph. D., LL. D.Tully C. Knoles, A. M.	75
A List of Newspapers in the Los Angeles City Library...C. C. Baker	80
California's First American School and its Teacher.Mary M. Bowman	86
The Lost Islands of San Pedro Bay.....J. M. Guinn, A. M.	95
Brownies in Their Home Land.....James Main Dixon	101
The Title of a Mexican Land Grant, George Butler Griffin, Litt. D. F. R. S. E.	107
John Bidwell's Arrival in California.....Robert G. Cleland, Ph. D.	110
Meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association.....Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.	114
Commodore Stockton's Report.....J. M. Guinn, A. M.	116
A Letter of Don Antonio F. Coronel to Father J. Adam on the Founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles and the Building of the Church of our Lady of the Angels, with a Translation and Corrections.....George Butler Griffin, Litt. D. F. R. S. E.	124
A Review of Newmark's "Sixty Years in Southern California," J. M. Guinn, A. M.	128
REPORTS—	
Secretary's Report for Years 1915-1916.....J. M. Guinn, A. M.	131
Treasurer's Report for Years 1915-1916.....M C. Bettinger	132

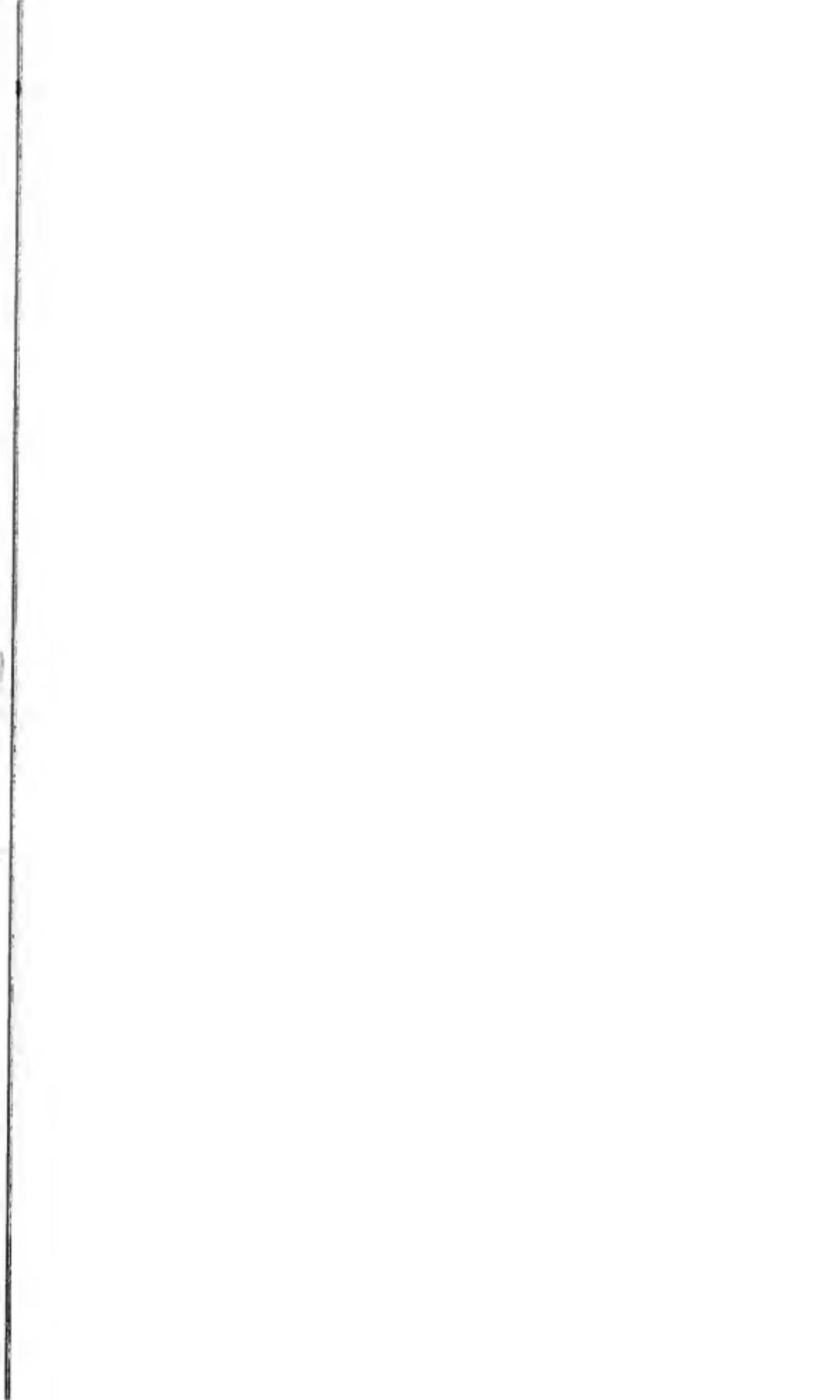
Contents of Part III, Vol. X

	Page
Officers of the Historical Society, 1917-1918.....	4
What Is Nationality.....Tully C. Knoles, A. M.	5
Don Enrique Dalton of the Azusa.....C. C. Baker	17
The Dispensing of Justice Under the Mexican Régime...C. C. Baker	36
Some Early History of Owens River Valley.....J. M. Guinn, A. M.	41
John Bidwell: A Prince among Pioneers...Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.	48
Thomas R. Bard and the Beginning of the Oil Industry in South- ern California.....Waldemar Westergaard, Ph. D.	57
Larkin's Description of California.....Robert G. Cleland, Ph. D.	70
California State Division Controversy.....Mary M. Bowman	75
Deposition of Archibald H. Gillespie concerning Mission San Diego in 1846.....(Furnished by Mary M. Bowman)	79
The Work of a Southern California Historian.....Elva E. Murray	82
"De Tal Palo Tal Astilla".....Dr. H. W. Mills	86
Secretary's Report for the Year 1917.....J. M. Guinn, A. M.	175
Treasurer's Report for the Year 1917.....M. C. Bettinger	177









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